Under Pressure By George Agnew Chamberlain

A dramatic novel of modern Mexico

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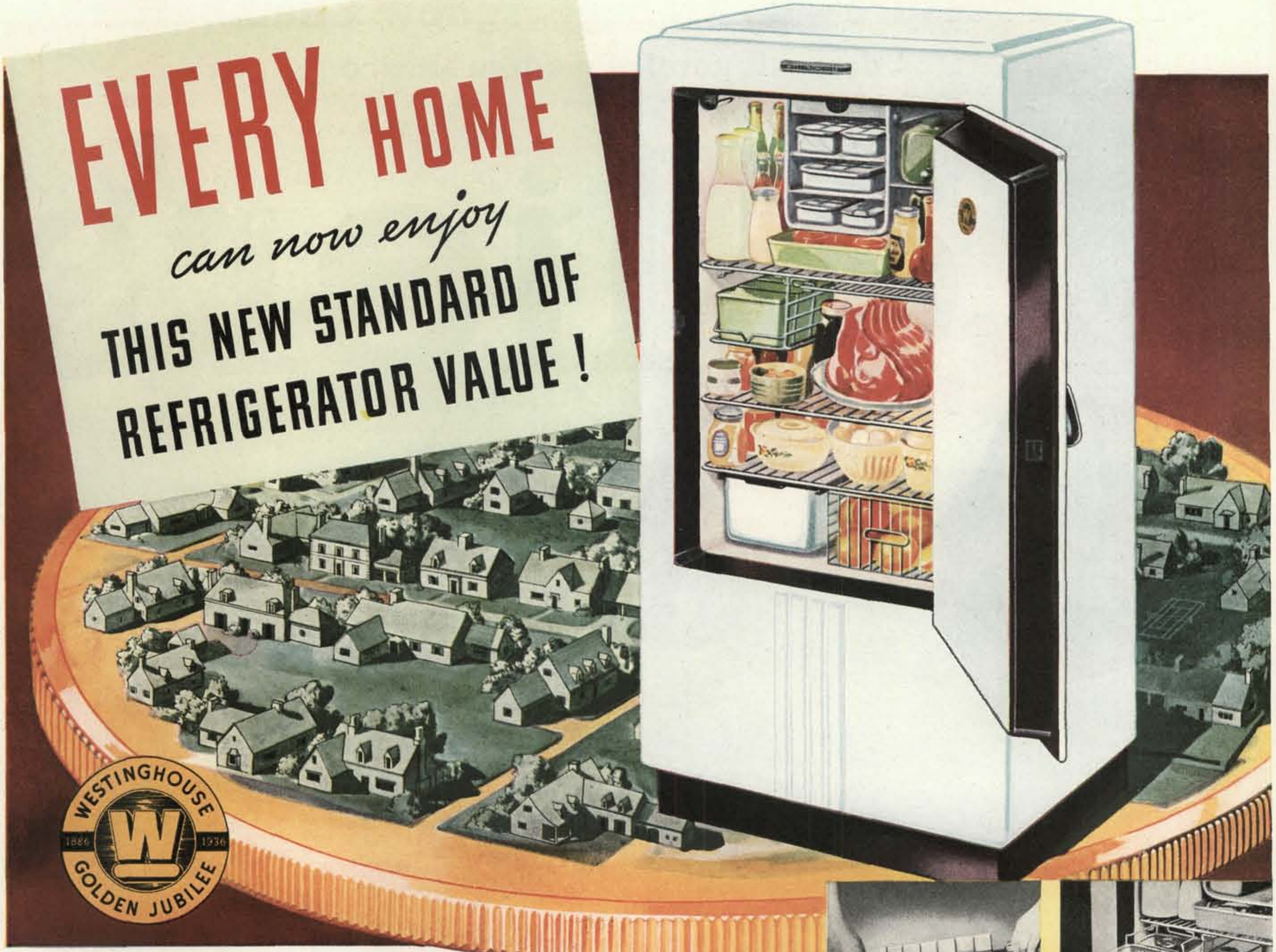

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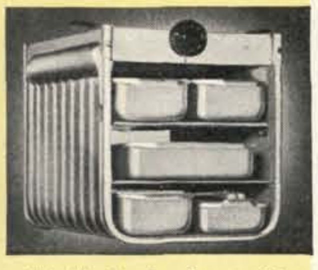

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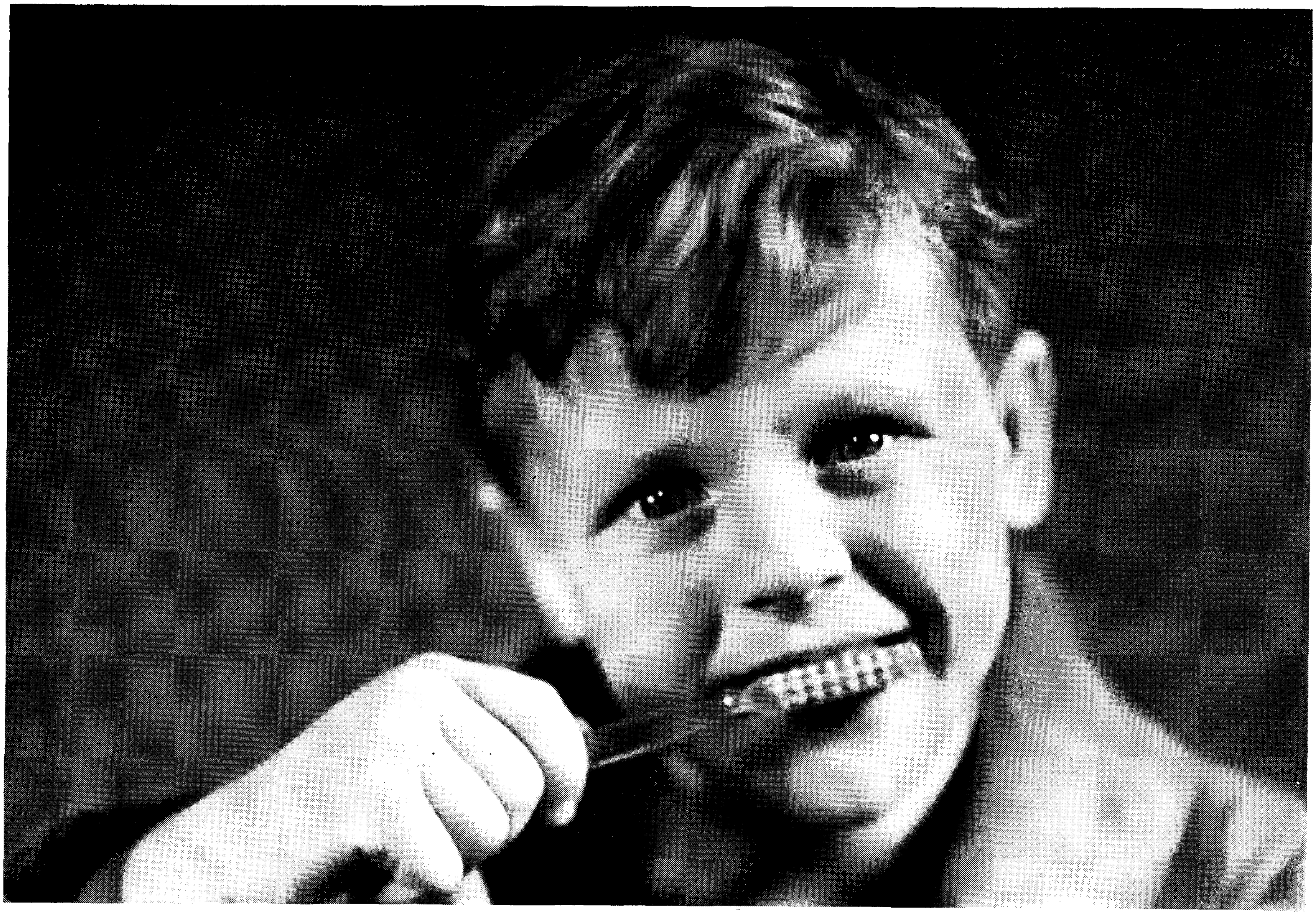

A Fellow Headed for West Point can't let "Pink Tooth Brush" slow him down!

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

TODAY... *thousands* of children, as well as grown-ups, take care of their gums as well as their teeth. For they've been taught and they know that modern gums, because of modern menus, do need regular and special care.

The soft foods on which we moderns live do not give our gums enough work, enough stimulation, to keep them healthy. Your gums grow lazy. They grow flabby and tender. And finally some day that "tinge of pink" appears on your tooth brush.

At the first sign of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* It may mean real trouble—a series of gum treatments *at once.* But usually he will explain that your gums are ailing—*showing "pink"*—simply through lack of exercise. And in that case, his advice will usually be "more exercise, more work"—Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well.

Remember, modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make Ipana and massage part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth.

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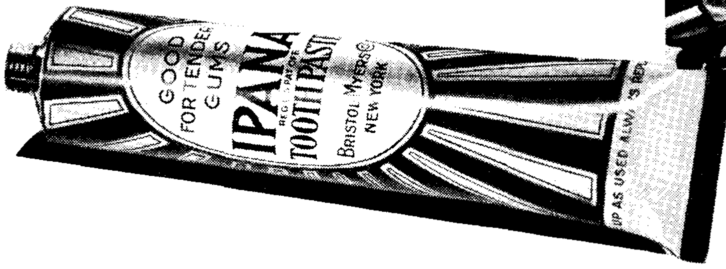
- Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



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Next Week

HYMIE MINSK, the horse player, is in pretty much of a hurry, as he knows of a right good thing in the first race at Belmont, and no doubt this is the reason he gets shoes two sizes too small.

Well, the good thing in the first race blows, and right away Hymie commences to notice that his shoes seem full of feet, for there is nothing like a loser in the first race for making a guy notice his feet. And if you do not see how this leads to Mr. Calvin Colby making a speech in Columbus Circle and going into the wholesale delicatessen business with a very beautiful doll, you had better take a gander at "Tight Shoes," by Mr. Damon Runyon.

IN THE flood of patriotic oratory that is about to engulf you chin-deep, the voice of the veteran will not be conspicuous. He is at home, listening to the sweet music of a deck of fifty-dollar bonds. But his friends (who owe their jobs to that friendship) will be as shrilly vocal as ever. Perhaps more so. For, with the bonus safely passed, the veteran might conclude that he no longer needs professional friends in Washington. Walter Davenport describes the impending campaign in "Rally Round the Bag, Boys."

THE note said that Henry Morehead was the "Sole Heir" to an estate valued at upwards of one million dollars. Henry threw up his job and prepared to lead the life of Riley. There was just one hitch—the estate was an apartment house, and Henry couldn't get a cent out of it. By that time, though, he had seen the girl in 4-B and was pretty well content with the deal. The final results are told in a short story by Paul Jones.

IF you had been used to owning an empire for as long as the Hapsburg family, you might get so that you'd miss it very much. That's the state of mind of Archduke Otto, whom T. R. Ybarra interviews for you next week.

THEY shot Stony Horn, marshal of Jove City. They ambushed him from three directions and left him for dead in Lucas Canyon. His friends gave him a fine funeral and then, years later, Stony Horn came back. He came back wearing his guns and looking for his girl. This "Strange Return" is described in a short story by MacKinlay Kantor.

GEORGE CREEL, Kyle Crichton, Sax Rohmer, Quentin Reynolds, George Agnew Chamberlain and others are represented by one masterpiece each. Make yourself comfortable.

This Week

●

April 11, 1936

Cover by Ronald McLeod

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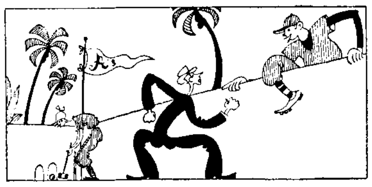
●

Any Week

MR. BASIL HALL of Macon, Georgia, is worried lest it be overlooked that the Prohibitionists are holding their breaths. Mr. Hall became agitated the moment Senator Borah announced that if he were nominated for the presidency he wanted Mr. Frank Gannett for his running mate. Says Mr. Hall: "Mr. Borah is a dry and Mr. Gannett is a dry. Have a care, fellow citizens."

OUR occasionally respectable friend, Mr. Rud Rennie, the sports writer, of New York City, informs us from Florida that there was quite a furor in the training camp of the Philadelphia Athletics one night. A baseball player tried to break in—the scoundrel.

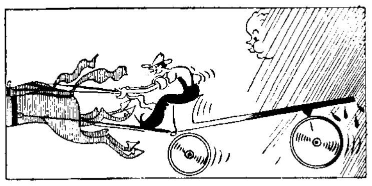


TO collectors of curiosities comes Mr. Jake Mundlin of San Diego, California. "For any reasonable offer," says he, "I will give one autographed photograph of the late Huey Long, a membership in a large Townsend Club, a pair of dues cards in the Socialist party, six EPIC pamphlets by Mahatma Sinclair, a bale of Utopia literature, a picture of Howard Scott and four books of his on Technology, a letter from Doc Tugwell, one share of stock in a nudist camp and a lot of miscellaneous bushwah about planned plenty. Will trade for a good inner tube or several unused U. S. postage stamps. I've just landed a damned good job."

"I WONDER," writes Mr. Fred G. Huntington of Billings, Montana, "what some of our statesmen will do for publicity when, if ever, the war debt problem is disposed of. They all ignore the facts set out so clearly in Churchill's article in Collier's a while back. Senator Vandenberg's recent pronouncement on the subject reminds me of an incident of some years ago when I was prosecuting attorney here. A young fellow blew into our town and immediately went to Jake's store where he purchased a pretty good sweater for a very bum check. Within the next two or three days he stole a couple of automobiles and committed several other serious offenses. We gave him a stiff jail sentence. Coming from the courtroom I met Jake and told him that justice had been done. Said Jake: 'Sure, Fred, sure; but couldn't you maybe scare him a liddle so that maybe he pays me for that sweater?"

MRS. WILLHA PRENDERGAST of Moline, Illinois, wants to know "what guarantees our government has that the people on relief are of good Christian character." We don't know. But Mrs. Prendergast goes on: "I have heard of many plans to end the great expenditures we are laying out but none of them is right. I also have heard of a great many schemes to make our government cleaner but they will not work. I have a plan that will work. Let no man or woman hold office or vote or get relief unless he or she can prove by letters from their pastors that they are good Christian citizens. I have heard that our government is giving relief money to build race tracks with. This must be stopped."

BUT Mrs. Prendergast should remember that all she hears about horses and racing is not necessarily true. For example, here's a most apropos letter from Mr. George A. Dryden of Balboa, Canal Zone. Mr. Dryden spent his boyhood in western Iowa. Oddly enough, there were a great many very fast horses in western Iowa in those days. And they were all owned by liars. Old Julius Brown was one of the owners. "Old Julius," says Mr. Dryden, "drove his speedy team to town one day to get his branding iron repaired. Before the job was done a severe thunderstorm threatened—possibly a tornado. Old Julius lived twelve miles out and they begged him not to start home in that storm. But he did—just as a record-breaker started. A few days later we asked the old boy whether he was nearly drowned on his way home. And Old Julius said: 'Nope, never got a hair wet. Hosses didn't know it was rainin'. But it rained some on the back of my wagon.'"



FOR some reason Mr. J. T. McHenry of Pass Christian, Mississippi, insists that we print his story of the stupendous fish he caught there. But we shan't. The only interesting thing we can see about Mr. McHenry's fish was that in its stomach he found three unopened WPA pay envelopes—sixty-six dollars in all. And Mr. McHenry thinks that any poor fish on relief who can spend his time around Pass Christian ought to be caught. Mr. McHenry sent the fish to the Honorable Jim Farley.

ON an empty stomach?

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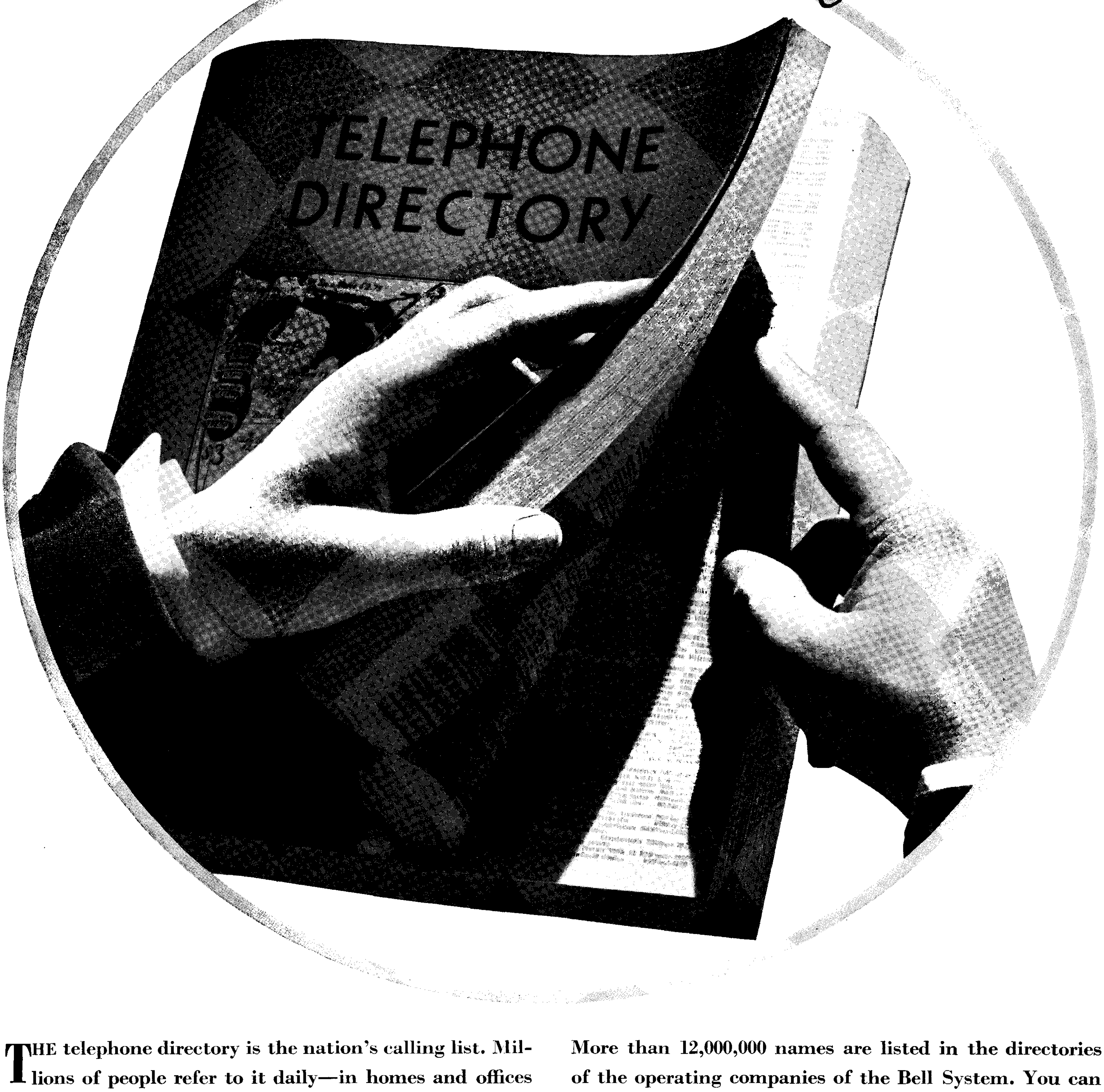
THE NATION'S *Calling* LIST



THE telephone directory is the nation's calling list. Millions of people refer to it daily—in homes and offices and in public pay stations. It is the busiest book—it plays a part in countless activities.

For the names in the telephone book are more than names. They are friendships and homes and families. They are bridge parties and golf games—business successes—buyers and sellers of wheat or pins or skyscrapers.

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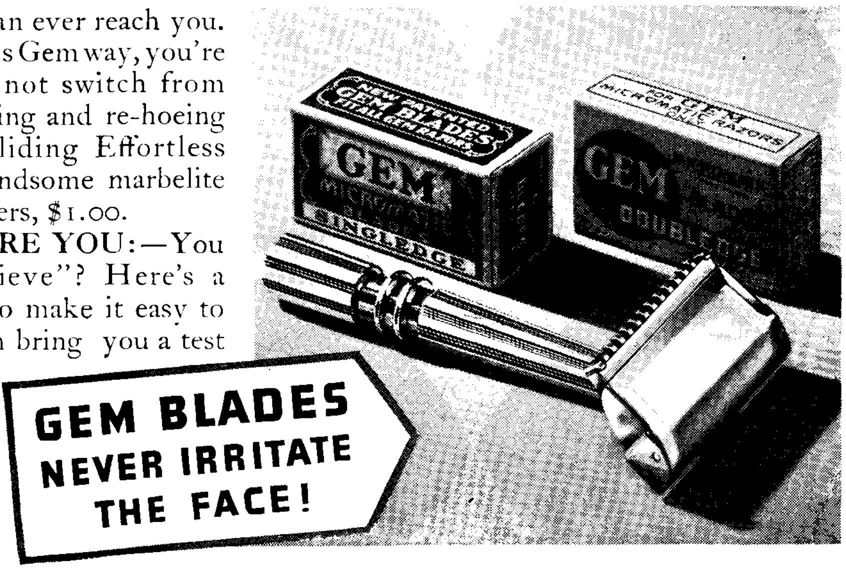
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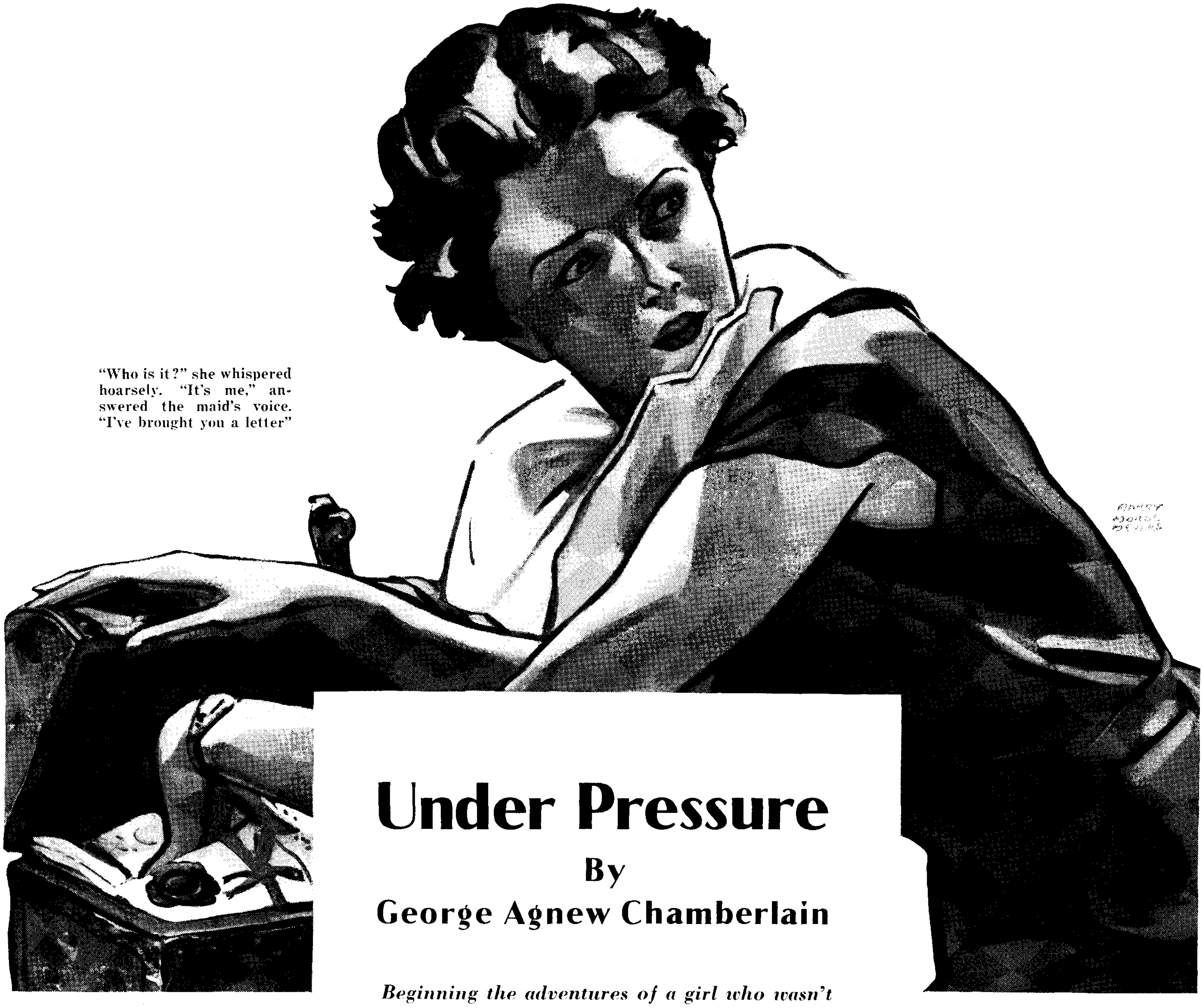


"Who is it?" she whispered hoarsely. "It's me," answered the maid's voice. "I've brought you a letter"

Under Pressure

By

George Agnew Chamberlain

Beginning the adventures of a girl who wasn't afraid to fight for her own, against long odds—a swiftly moving drama of love and wild intrigue

JOYCE sat on a leather puff beside her small-paned window, looking out and down at the turning maple leaves. She was nineteen—tomorrow she would be twenty. Nobody living knew it but herself—nobody. She had lied about her true birthday since she was eight and, owing to a single overwhelming catastrophe, it had been easy enough to confuse her father. Twelve years—twelve years in Elsinboro, six of them without him, terribly alone with her stepmother.

Yes, you could be alone with somebody else—far lonelier than if you were by yourself. She was alive—tremendously alive inside. That was the trouble; it had to stay inside. She palpitated with dreams of what might be—the secret dreams of a young girl who longs to believe in life as something warm, something you can hold in your arms. But when she looked outside herself she stared at a wall.

Elsinboro has its counterpart in Olean or Elmira, but not in Wilkes-Barre, Scranton or Pottsville. Forty thousand strong, it has known no overpowering foreign infiltration and presents a cross-section of the American scene, old style, from a miniature Tammany to an elite who read French, talk liberalism and discriminate between one dollar and another. There are plenty of dollars, gathered by adventurous sons from the four corners of the earth, but there were no fabulous fortunes until Bolivar Smith got an idea fifteen years ago. Six roughnecks believed in it and became multimillionaires almost overnight. They took over the section now known as Platinum Hill and built their incongruous chateaux in a huge circle.

But Joyce Sewell was not of them; in fact, she had no part or parcel in Elsinboro, new or old. She was pure North Shore, descended from generations of the Sewells who christened more clipper ships than any other tribe when the American merchant marine overtopped the fleets of the world. Her presence in the town was an accident—one of those tragic accidents that leave their mark for the whole of life. The scene—so far away, so long ago—lived in her eyes, shut or open. She would listen too, her ears trembling lest they hear. But memory is silent; part of its terror lies in silence.

NO CRASH of guns reached her now—only the remembered flash. No thud of bullets on stone, wood and flesh, no choking scream—only the indelible, the unforgettable scene. Her mother unspeakably murdered. A pause—the eternal pause that had lasted but a second. Her father snatching her up under one arm, a *petaca* under the other, to rush along interminable corridors, followed by shots and the derisive jeers of the marauders who believed he could not possibly escape. Stairs—wooden stairs, stone steps, the secret door and the garden, black beneath towering cypress and spreading ash. Hurry! Hurry! The postern, unlocked, then locked. The starlit open night, immersion in the icy lake, a dugout and finally refuge in a humble peon hut. No—not finally. Followed days in a pannier on the back of a mule, hours in a crowded train, a week on a refugee ship bound for New Orleans, and on that ship Mrs. Irma Thorne of Elsinboro, New York.

Irma Thorne, then three years a widow, believed it was her mission to do people good whether they liked it or not. She was not a refugee but a returning traveler with a well-filled pocketbook. She had soft, tobacco-colored eyes, but there the softness ended; though the truth would have surprised and wounded her, her chin, her stocky body, her will and her conscience were as tough as rawhide. The mere sight of Cutler Sewell's lackluster eyes, gone dead in his head, staring at his little daughter but eternally seeing something else, was a supreme challenge to her peculiar aptitude for service and abnegation. She took charge. She gave Joyce her first bath in ten days and made her a frock out of her own best skirt. She rushed father and daughter to her home in Elsinboro. She was undoubtedly a good woman and by every rule in the copybook Joyce should have loved her. Gently admonished by her father, she tried pitifully to do so and failed. It was no use. She was too young to think things out; all she knew was that a barrier of ice stood between her heart and her benefactress.

"Daddy, let's go away."

"We can't, Joyce; not just now. At present I haven't a cent."

"Please, *papacito*. I don't like her."

"You mustn't say that. She's a good woman—a very good woman."

"I know," quavered Joyce, bewildered by her own detestation but face to face with a fact. "Oh, please, *papacito*, please!"

HE COMPROMISED, yielding to the endearing pet diminutive that had never yet failed her. On the excuse she ought to keep up her Spanish as a possible asset for the future, he took her into his study for an hour every afternoon. That hour had been sacred, proof against any form of interruption from the day when a knock on the door had thrown Joyce into a paroxysm of screams followed by prolonged sobbing. Yet she was no cry-baby; that one convulsive protest was her last, but it had been enough. She and her father talked Spanish in peace, not always for the full hour. Sometimes, quite content to be at his side, she watched him write letters—long, painstaking letters—always to one of two addresses.

When the answers came he filed them away, ever more and more sadly, in the *petaca*. It was a funny little trunk, covered with rawhide stretched on the frame while still wet. The hair was mostly worn off, but there were still arabesques of brass-headed tacks to which he had added a card bearing the following signed inscription: "Upon my death this box and contents become the property of Joyce Sewell, my daughter and sole heir." With each addition to the *dossier* he weakened, became less the man of property and more the chastened sacrificial goat. The day came when Irma Thorne married what was left of him for appearances' sake and for his and for Joyce's—not for her own. Perhaps he knew the surrender would kill him, but at least his orphaned child would have a roof over her head. She was sixteen when he died.

Elsinboro is famous for pretty girls with the high coloring and sparkling eyes that spring from hard winters, but none surpassed the peculiar appeal of Joyce Sewell. At twenty she was handsome rather than pretty, with deep blue eyes under black brows and dark hair, and a skin like nacre—white yet healthy. Her glance was fearless without being bold. She seldom smiled, but when she did a sudden light seemed to illumine her whole being. She was more sought after than seeking and liked to be alone. Only after years of patient jockeying had she succeeded in appropriating as her private domain the second story of the addition which gave her stepmother's house its name of The Ell. This victory was vaguely bewildering to Irma Sewell but not to Joyce, in whose veins coursed the blood of fighters, traders and buccaneers.

FEAR had been left out of her lexicon like one of those simple words one can never remember how to spell, yet she could know terror in retrospect. That's what she was doing now—staring at terror. Abruptly she sprang up from the leather puff, her fingers pressed to her temples. She was a fool to remember, to keep looking back at Paradise, driving herself to the verge of distraction. She knew she must not do it—must not, must not! Seeking to banish the haunting vision by filling her eyes with some other sight, she hurried out and presently was striding along the ascending crescent of Platinum Hill. Howard Sempter, catching one glimpse of her supple figure, shouted at her from an upstairs window; she pretended not to hear. Mike Kirkpatrick slowed down his car and tossed her an invitation to ride, trying to make it sound careless.

"No, thanks," said Joyce crisply.

"Aw, Joycie, be yourself! Give the empty seat a treat."

How she detested people who called her Joycie! She pushed through a hedge into the freedom of the rising fields, fleeing from Howard and Mike and all they stood for. There must be something else. Somewhere, somehow, there must be an answer to the warmth that was in her, somebody who would release her heart instead of making it draw into a tight knot. Dodging thorn apple bushes, picking her way among the rocks, going over or under fences, she climbed higher and higher until, turning at last, the full flame of autumn leaped at her from valley and mountain.

Far, far below, the house which for so long had given her such bitter shelter lay hidden beneath its mantle of maple leaves, out of sight, out of mind. Yet within its walls the stage was being set for an encounter destined to shake her life to bits, gather them together and recast them in a new mold.

HELM BLACKADDER was a rock of a man, forty-nine and virile, with bushy brows, steely eyes and crisp gray hair. He was a native son, a product of Elsinboro so interwoven in the town's pattern it had never occurred to him to consider any other place as a base. Yet in his capacity as an excellent engineer and a daring promoter he had burrowed in South Africa, combed Korea and lived in Chile and Venezuela with varying degrees of profit.

In the intervals he had known Irma Bostwick, Irma Thorne and finally Irma Sewell. Part of him frankly admired part of her; she had a bulldog quality and so had he. But there remained an undiscovered zone which so far had acted like a buffer between them. It flattered him he should be the only male companion of her youth she condescended to call by his first name, yet the wariness of the man who has never married still protected him. Now she had sent for him and as he entered her very comfortable living-room he wondered why.

"Well, Irma, what's on your mind?" he asked her.

"It's Joyce, Helm; but do sit down. Take that big chair. It looks as if it had been made for you."

"What's the matter with Joyce?" Blackadder demanded.

Mrs. Sewell frowned and then substituted a look of patient resignation. "You know all I've done for her. Don't think I mean I begrudge it, since it was my duty and there's no greater satisfaction in life than seeing one's duty and doing it. But can you believe in spite of everything she actually dislikes me? She does, though; I think she always has." She waited, but since Blackadder refrained from comment she continued: "But that's not the worst of it; she's harming herself, deliberately destroying her great chance."

"How?" he asked bluntly.

"Oh, all this extra-curricular studying she's been doing. She's kept up her Spanish so you'd think she could teach it anywhere, but now she wants to take a business course."

"Secretarial?"

"No; she doesn't give it any fancy name—just plain stenography and typing."

"WHAT'S wrong with that?" demanded Blackadder. "It's the way several of the highest paid women in the world got their start and I can name half a dozen cases where it's been a royal road to marriage. So I don't see how it could hurt Joyce."

"You don't?" said Mrs. Sewell. She edged forward on her chair. "Listen, Helm; I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you. Howard Sempter, Emil Schaaf and Michael Kirkpatrick have all proposed to her over and over again."

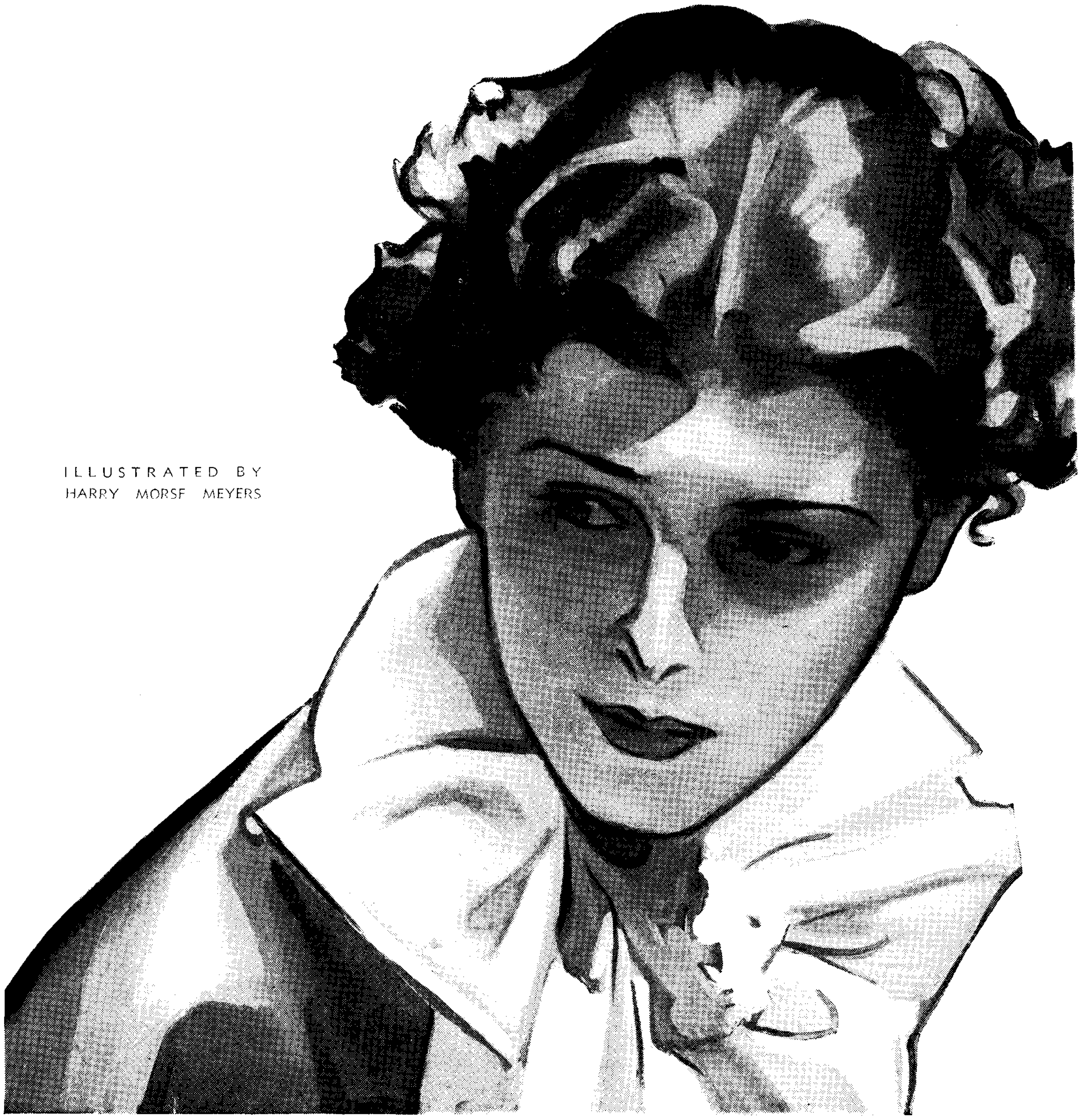
"Half of Platinum Hill!" said Blackadder, scowling. "Well, she's no businesswoman and never will be."

"Why? Why do you say that?"

"Because if she were she'd marry them all, one after the other, and retire."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Sewell, truly shocked.

"Isn't it cash you're after?" persisted



ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"Then what's left?" asked Joyce dismally, as much of herself as of him. "We're coming to that," said Blackadder sharply

Blackadder. "What's the difference between marrying one or all of them, except for the matter of quantity? If you can swallow one slug you can swallow three."

"All the difference in the world," said Mrs. Sewell fervently. "I believe a woman can love any man if she sets her mind to it. There's a lot of nonsense in all this talk about heaven-made marriages. A man has one need above all others and that's a home. He may dodge it for many a year, but he'll come around to it in the end, or pay. So has every woman a supreme need and that's a man, around whom to build her home. If he's the center of that, he's bound to be the center of her being. You know it's true, Helm; you may hate to admit it, but you know it's so. Don't you?"

Her earnestness could not help but arouse admiration and he studied her intently. She was a trim woman for her age, fine around the eyes but hard in the jaw. As far as he was concerned that was no drawback; he liked hardness, not for itself but because it gave him something to fight. His eyes left her face and swept the room. She certainly knew how to make her surroundings attractive without losing sight of solid comfort. Never before had she announced her creed in words; and what she had just said might be worth thinking over, since she looked the sort who would mind her own business—own all of her man inside the house and none of him out. Though he was not engaged to her even tacitly, he had a feeling he might be at any moment, but he side-stepped.

"Which one of the three do you think *she'd find it easiest to tolerate and to* handle?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you. It's got to be one pretty soon or none."

"Why? What's the hurry?"

"Can't you think it out for yourself? If Platinum Hill goes after a girl with no money it's largely because she isn't a stenographer."

Blackadder's scowl deepened. "I hate to agree with you but I guess you're right. It's a shame one town should be saddled with three of that brand of snob, but if she's so attractive, what about a boy or two of the good old stock? Aren't any of them hanging around?"

"They would be if they could afford it, but they know they can't. The nice boys she knows are all in college, with years to go before they'll begin looking for a job. They're too young. I have enough income to manage on and wait, but I know Joyce—she won't stay with me much longer and she hasn't a penny."

"WHAT about her father? I remember hearing he owned one of the show-places in Mexico. Do you know what that means? A *hacienda* that doesn't run over twenty thousand acres would be at the foot of the class."

"He lost it—everything he had. He wasn't even compensated for the murder of his wife, though his lawyer assured him he would be. Cutler used to speak of it as blood money and wouldn't have thought of taking it except for Joyce. And it's she that matters now. She's got to be saved from herself and you must help."

"I? Why me?"

"Because you're real, Helm, and the only man I know well enough to turn to. There's something in her frightens me. Sometimes she's a burning bush and the next instant she's quicksilver. Please, Helm. This child was put in my charge by a direct act of God. Whether she loves me or not it's my duty to guide her life along the lines of common sense. Which do you want her to do—go around looking for a job at fifteen dollars a week or be the first to bring a little culture to Platinum Hill? Which gives her the best chance for a full life?"

"A missionary, eh?" said Blackadder, his lips quirking oddly. He lifted his heavy shoulders and let them fall. "Well, Mike oughtn't to be so bad. I remember his father as a ditch-gang foreman with a laugh and plenty of punch besides."

Mrs. Sewell sighed resignedly. "I would have chosen Howard Sempter, but 'trust a man to pick a man' is a good rule, though we women seldom follow it. So it's to be Mrs. Michael—not Mike—Kirkpatrick. Anyway, it sounds a lot better than Mrs. Schaaf." At that moment there was a sound of somebody entering the hall. "Joyce, is that you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She's never once called me mother," whispered Mrs. Sewell to Blackadder, a hurt and bewildered look in her liquid brown eyes. Then she raised her voice. "Come here, dear; we want to talk to you."

Blackadder disliked being rushed and felt he was being drafted without his consent, but immediately Joyce entered he was conscious of an odd reaction as though all his gears had gone suddenly into reverse. He tried to remember when he had last seen her; evidently it had been before she had bloomed into the disturbing creature now before him. He had a feeling the room had been empty and now was full, but that was not all. The girl was more than handsome. There was an ardor in her bearing, her eyes and her half-parted lips that not only aroused his combative nature but promptly convinced him Irma was right—the sooner this potential dynamo was married off, the better for all concerned.

SHE nodded to him and turned to her stepmother. "Well?"

"Oh, do sit down, Joyce. Can't you sit down and talk reasonably for once in your life?"

Joyce started toward a chair but stopped. "No; if we are going to have one of our reasonable talks, I'd rather stand."

"That means I'll have to stand too," said Blackadder, sensing he faced a wise and clever fighter. "It doesn't leave me a choice, does it?"

"Not if you feel you have to stay."

"Joyce!" cried Mrs. Sewell sharply. "How can you be rude to Mr. Blackadder, a man twice your age and my oldest friend?"

"I wasn't trying to be rude," said Joyce coolly. "I was wondering why he's here."

"I've told you. Because he's my oldest and almost my only friend. We were boy and girl together and if I can't turn to him in my trouble I can appeal to nobody."

"Your trouble!" exclaimed Joyce. "If you'd only leave me alone, let me go my own way, you wouldn't have a thing in the world to worry about."

"That's just it—I can't. I can't stand aside and watch you ruin your life. It wouldn't be right."

"Who knows what's right and what's wrong?" said Joyce bitterly. "Nobody, yet there are always people who are sure they do."

"Yes, my dear, there are. I lay no special claim to wisdom, but I do try never to fail in bowing to the rule of conscience."

"I know. But having a conscience—morning, noon and night—doesn't make people infallible; it just keeps them from seeing the other side."

"That's not true," said Mrs. Sewell hotly. "It's because I do see the other side—all the other sides—I can tell you to your face, here before Mr. Blackadder, if you don't take Michael Kirkpatrick while you still have the chance you'll regret it the rest of your life."

"So it's narrowed down to Mike, has it?" said Joyce. "How did you come to pick on him?"

As if she were resigning the floor Mrs.

(Continued on page 80)

Tap-Dancer's Husband

A kiss at a coeducational college may be loaded with dynamite. And our hero knew it, too, but—

By Brassil Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN A. GEORGI

THEY speak sadly of Bill Corliss in the English department at Paxton; another young writer gone to the bad and the movies. "A flame," Dr. Phelps calls Bill, "stamped out on the altar by tap-dancing feet." Jean Brandon's. Dr. Phelps never liked her.

Jean was a co-ed, a lithe, long redhead, cheerful and cheeky, and indifferent to art; a student assistant in the women's gym, teaching backbends and cartwheels and that sort of thing. She was that sort of girl, the daughter of the Dancing Brandons, once of West Coast vaudeville, now of the School of the Dance, in Polson, Montana; devoted parents, sending Jean their love every month, and checks that were often good. Jean kept their pictures in her room in Dale Hall. She was proud of them; artists, she called them.

She met Bill in the fall of her junior year, blundered into his class in the writing of fiction; not called to write fiction, but needing two credits in English and willing to try.

Bill Corliss was a big young man with unruly dark hair and fierce, innocent eyes in a nice lean face; with a master's degree, a Phi Beta key, and the knowledge of life that goes with them. Bill was also an author in the literary little magazines, writing highly stylized tales, of nothing very much—of frustrated folk brooding in beautiful prose. Dr. Phelps, who ran the English department and Bill, approved of the tales; so did Bill, and his students, barring Jean. A minority of one in the writing class, one curly red sheep among the white lambs of the English majors.

A small voice in dissent: "I like happy endings," she said. And braving the pitying looks of the English majors, "when people are unhappy, even in stories, they ought to do something about it."

Bill's smile masked annoyance. This redhead, with her blue, unconvinced eyes, bothered him oddly. Some look of laughter withheld in the wide, sweet-curving mouth, something gallant and young and a little defiant in the small lifted chin and the long singing line of her throat. She disturbed him.

TO PUNISH her now, "Well, Miss Brandon," he said, "let's see how you do it." And taking her first attempt at a story from the typescripts on his desk, he read it aloud to the class.

It was what one might expect. Young lovers, a quarrel, a happy ending. The boy kissed the girl. "And he felt," she had written, "like the stars were under his feet."

"Not too bad—for a first attempt," Bill said.

Then the English majors, as hounds toss a rabbit, fell on the poor little story and tore it to pieces.

"Weakly imagined," they said, "feebly written. That last, for instance, 'like the stars were under his feet.' Not at all. Dreadfully sentimental."

Only then Jean Brandon protested. Her blue eyes defying Bill and all of them, her wide, boyish smile hiding hurt. "I still think," she said, "that last line is swell."

Bill shook his head. Smiling down from his rostrum, he asked, "Do you know, Miss Brandon, how a young man feels at such a moment?"

There were titters politely suppressed, stilling for the vanquished one's answer. It came, defiant and clear: "Do you, Mr. Corliss?" she said.

Shocked silence, and Bill at the desk, getting red. Happily, the bell rang ending the hour. Gathering up his papers, he said, "Miss Brandon will report to my office," and showed the class a young dignified back.

Bill had lunch that day at the Faculty Club with Dr. R. Bertram Phelps, who had come to Paxton to modernize the English department, to redeem it from old Dr. Thorne, who taught everyone Shakespeare and young writers the English grammar. Being young and unwise, over the luncheon table Bill spoke of the rebellious redhead, and asked his chief's advice.

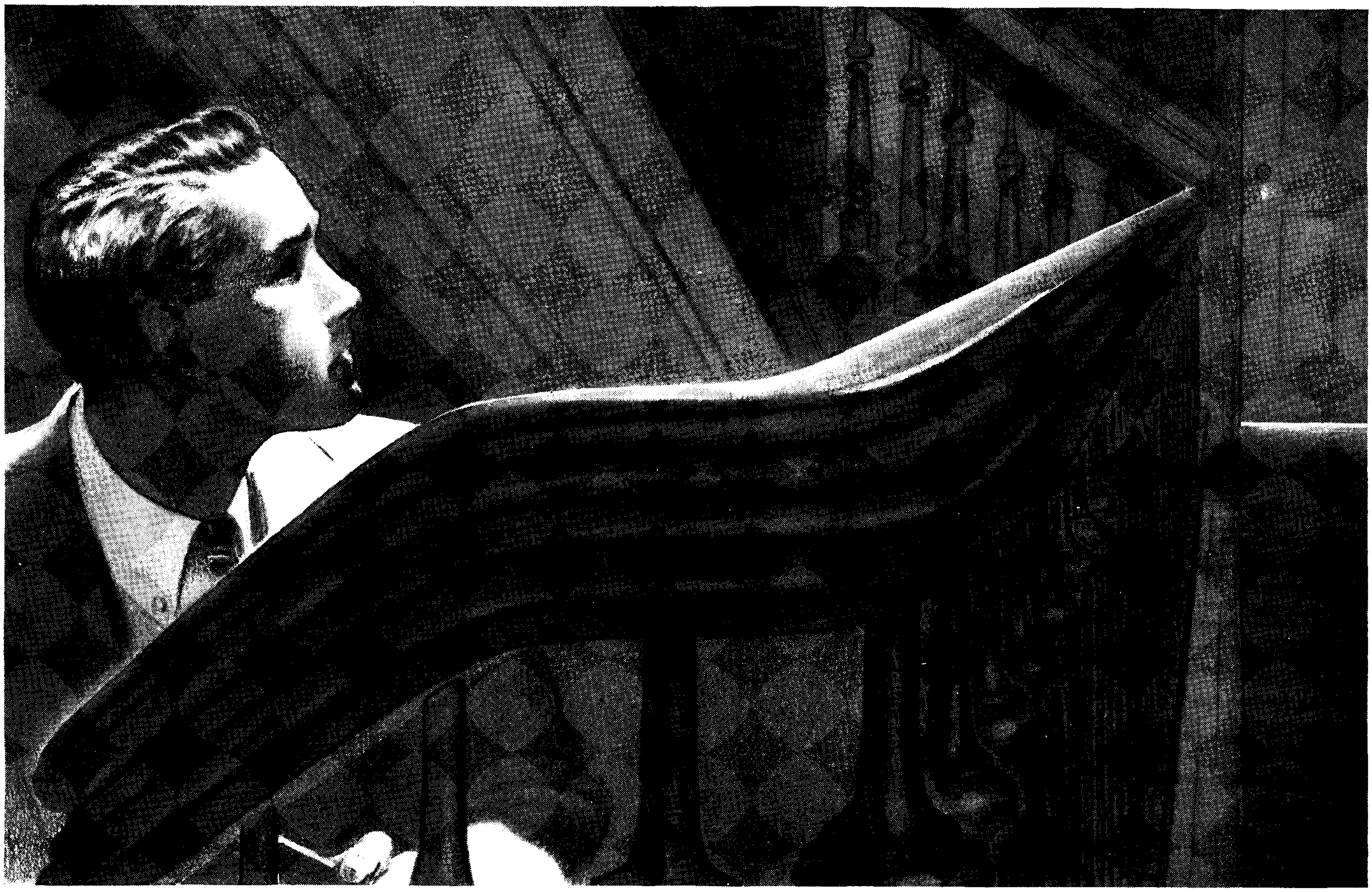
PHELPS smiled up from his salad, a thin-lipped idealist with pale, disapproving eyes. "You can't afford to tolerate impudence, Corliss. Tell the girl to report to me."

Bill looked uncomfortable. "But I want to be fair, sir. I'm not at all sure—"

Phelps cut in quietly. "You may be sure of this, Corliss, you have no time to waste in the classroom, or out of it, on a daughter of Babbitt, a commonplace co-ed."

Bill changed the subject. Whether Phelps liked it or not, he decided, spooning fruit cup nervously, he would handle this redhead himself. And he did.

Jean Brandon came in at five, when the sunlight had left his office and the building was growing quiet; quick light steps in the hall, a slim darkness against the ground glass of Bill's door. Bill opened



He went in from blinding sunshine, up a dark stairs and down a dark hall. He stood listening in the hall the door and closed it behind her.

She stood holding books, freckles across her nose, wide eyes with dark lashes like bangs. A wide, white smile. "Mad, Mr. Corliss?"

He had meant to reprove her kindly and firmly. He found himself saying, "Do you think I'm afraid of co-eds?" He was, but she couldn't know it. He was five feet eleven of young sternness. "Is it your impression, Miss Brandon, that English instructors are inhuman, inhibited?"

Her smile was demure, but not her eyes. "Aren't they?" she said.

There was just one answer to that. And he made it with awkward vigor. Her books tumbled to the floor. Her lips were very still. The old clock on the wall ticked twice. He released her then, and they looked at each other. He was more embarrassed than she. Catching her breath, she gave him back his comment in class. "Not too bad," she said, and above flushed cheeks her blue eyes mocked him, "for a first attempt."

He picked up her books for her, opened the door for her courteously, "Will you please go away," he said, and stood, heart beating fast, hearing the click of her heels down the hall. He closed the door and put her out of his mind, a small unimportant matter, an incident ended. He fell asleep that night putting her out of his mind.

Jean Brandon stayed away from class, and he watched for her on the campus. Sitting at his desk, resolutely not thinking about her, he would hear feet in the corridor, but they were never her feet.

ONE evening, after six, he was on his way home, and she was on the steps of the women's gym. He stopped, hatless in the dusk, hands deep in his topcoat pocket. "Good evening, Miss Brandon."

"Hello," she said coldly, and with seeming reluctance came down the steps to him.

"Why haven't you been to class?" he asked.

"Dr. Phelps called me in and advised me to take something else." Her young voice was resentful. "Didn't you know, Mr. Corliss?" Her eyes searched his in the gloom. "Didn't you want me out?"

"No," he said quietly. "Had I wanted you out, I would have told you."

They walked together across the darkening campus. The silence between them was troubled and strange.

In front of Dale Hall she stopped to leave him. In the light flooding from the dining-hall windows, she turned to him a small, friendly face. "Don't mind, Mr. Corliss. I don't—as long as you didn't put me out."

"I do mind," he said. And angrily, "I've been wanting to see you, about what occurred in my office."

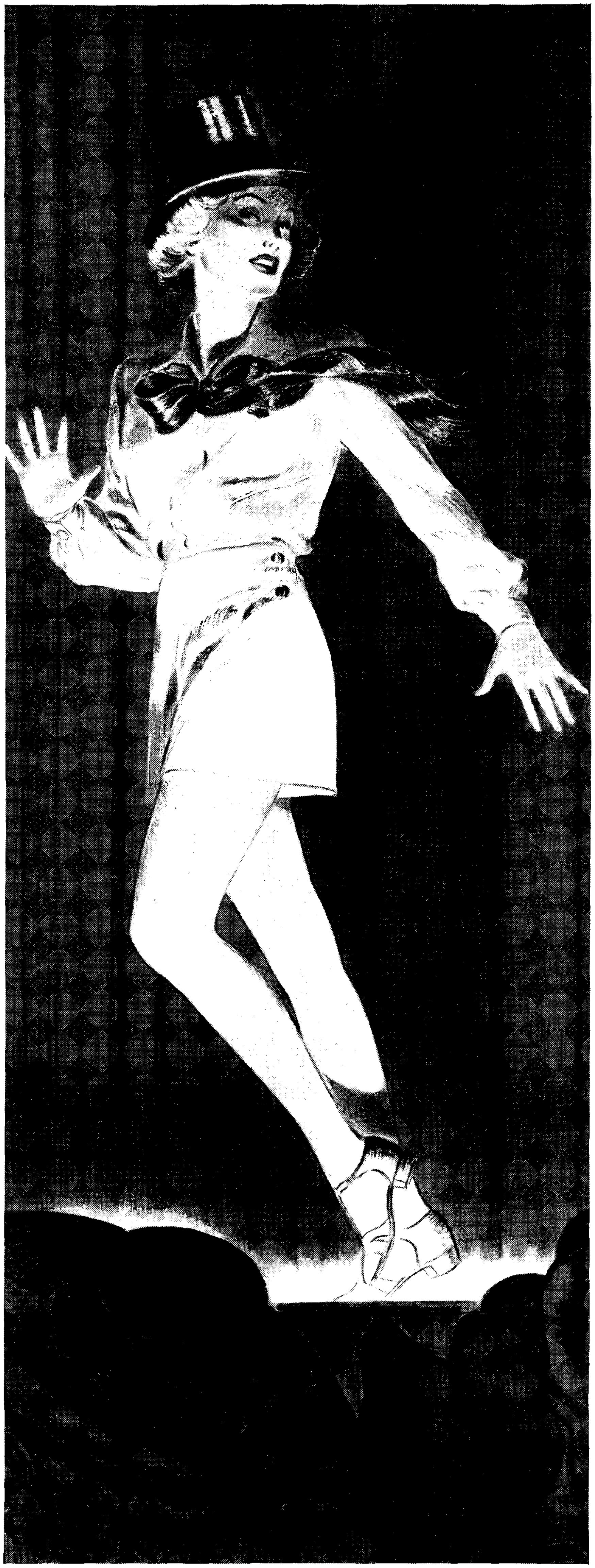
A wistful smile. "That's all right, too." A small, brave voice. "I asked for it."

"You misunderstood me, Miss Brandon. I didn't want to apologize." He grinned, confessing. "I've been wanting to do it again."

Her face was glad in the light, and her voice was a whispered song. "You may, Bill."

And he did. There on the walk, under the stars and the dining-hall windows, and the incredulous eyes of the dean of women. She left her dinner to call Dr. Phelps. "I'm sorry to tell you," she said, "I find it very hard to believe of one of my girls, but she certainly kissed him back."

Bill Corliss and Jean Brandon were often together that quarter; at football games and dances; they were seen parked on the river road in Bill's old coupé. Dr. Thorne warned Bill he was heading for trouble. There was a wall between students and faculty folk, he said. "You can't break it down, Corliss. You can only climb it, then you're on the other side."



Jean came last, there for them all to see and loving their seeing

Bill smiled briefly and thanked him.

Dr. Phelps spoke to Bill, and when that did no good, he sent for Jean, and graciously took her into his confidence. "Frankly, Miss Brandon, Mr. Corliss is my first appointment. It means much to me that he be a credit to the department. Also, I believe in his future. He has, I think, a spark of divine fire, of real genius. Given the right guidance, the right environment, he may well do work that will last, that will make him immortal."

Jean's eyes were defiant. "And you're sure I'm the wrong environment?"

Dr. Phelps gave her an austere smile. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I am."

JEAN laughed at him, and told him to tell it to Bill. She shouldn't have done that. Dr. Phelps is not a man at whom a student may laugh with impunity. He talked with Dean Metz, and Dean Metz with Jean. Nothing came of that, either. Jean laughed again. Dean Metz closed the interview saying in her nice Wellesley voice, "I'm afraid, Jean, very much afraid, that I never again can consider you one of my girls."

That night Jean and Bill went dancing together.

At Paxton, as at most colleges, there are several ways of removing embarrassments, and Dr. Phelps and Dean Metz knew them all. At the quarter's end, Jean got a note from the president's office, to the effect that her scholarship record did not justify the university in continuing her part-time employment. On the same day came a note from the treasurer's office, regretfully suspending her from classes until her arrears in tuition were paid. In other words, Jean could go home.

She told Bill about it with a brave little smile. It was just one of those things, she said. She would find work somewhere and be back next year. "Will you write to me sometimes?"

They walked from the English building slowly across to Dale Hall, the winter sun bright in their eyes. Under new-fallen snow, the December campus was as white as a dean's conscience. They didn't have much to say, holding hands together. Students passing them noticed the hands. Bill didn't care. There were tears in Jean's eyes, from the sun on the snow, she said.

THAT was on Friday. Sunday night Dean Metz had supper guests. Dr. and Mrs. Phelps, and old Dr. Thorne. Dr. Phelps and the dean were sedately cheerful; old Thorne grumpy as usual, and Mrs. Phelps, as usual, just politely there. They had coffee before the sitting-room fire; a pleasant room, nice with books and roses and the spoils of Miss Metz's summers abroad.

Miss Metz smoked a cigarette. Jean Brandon, she remarked, was withdrawing from school; had, in fact, checked out of the dorm on Saturday morning. "I'm afraid it's for the best," the dean said brightly. "She found it very difficult to learn."

"We all do," Thorne said crossly.

The dean smiled, and Dr. Phelps smiled, and the telephone rang. The dean came back looking strange. "Jean Brandon," she said in a pained Wellesley voice, "is in town. She and Mr. Corliss were married yesterday in Butte."

Dr. Thorne smiled.

Dr. Phelps was curiously undisturbed. "It will give his writing emotional depth," he said. "It can't last, of course. It won't last, Dean Metz."

Jean was Mrs. William Endicott Corliss, a staid young matron beside her husband, inspecting a two-room apartment on the fourth floor of the Paxton Arms, behind the campus, speaking wisely of leases and janitor service. The apartment was partially furnished, with

(*Continued on page* 94)

ACME

Mussolini's Unhappy Warrior

What possessed Mussolini to entrust the high command of his armies in East Africa to an outspoken opponent of the whole idea? He had no choice. And Marshal Pietro Badoglio had no choice but to accept the heavy responsibility of carrying out Il Duce's designs. This is the dramatic story of the motives behind the headlines in the Ethiopian war

By W. B. Courtney

IN THE morning Field Marshal Pietro Badoglio had come to Aksum by plane for his first official visit to the right flank of the Northern front. Head of the General Staff, World War hero and military idol of his countrymen for a generation, and newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Forces and Governor of the Colonies in Africa Orientale, Badoglio represents the highest practical authority in the military affairs of his nation. "They say, too, he is a dear friend of our little King, and plays bridge with him many nights each month," an officer whispered, as we all stood to watch the arrival: "Yet, look!—he is a simple man, and not round-shouldered from the weight of gold braid." The Marshal came over and shook hands and we rubbed the paste of dust and sweat from our eyes and enjoyed the important feeling of witnesses of history. In the village grown-up natives, men and women, gathered their shammas close and high and strutted around in meaningless though rather polite interest. Fly-bitten and naked terra cotta youngsters never looked up from their listless play in the hot shade. But all day long in the messes and tents of the invaders words poured in Latin torrents into which gesticulating hands flung punctuation marks like stones.

"—and it goes to show you what an amazing sort of war this one is," declared my friend, a colonel of engineers, as we met after supper, "because not a man or officer is speculating what Badoglio is likely to do in Ethiopia in a military way; but every mother's son, from gunner to general, is asking, 'Why did the Duce send *him* down here?' "

He went on, bitterly: "I can tell you. This is not my opinion alone, but that of very many regular army officers; for we have talked about nothing else this past fortnight. And it is not good for morale when the shadow of home politics draws soldiers' minds away from the enemy in front of them. Mussolini sent Badoglio here to get him out of Italy. Just to make sure he would not be on hand to lead the opposition if shooting begins at home. That is the gist of our talk.

"Mussolini, you see, is in a fix. Many of us really do believe he invented the Abyssinian campaign as a distraction when revolution impended. Despite what you read in the Italian press, and the inspired accounts from Italy, the war is not popular, even now. Every soldier here is a conscript, who is not in Africa because he wants to be, or because his parents want him to be. England won *her* empire with volunteers. Mussolini lashes the people with victory news, trying to work up a patriotic froth. Skirmishes in Ethiopia are celebrated and glorified in the home press until you might think they are new battles of the Marne or the Piave. But when Giovanni comes home with his eyes shot out, or his young face rotting from Ethiopian plague, and the truth seeps back of the headlines to the poor ones whom Il Duce has already pressed too far with taxes, conscription and his vainglory—trouble at home is still likely. He might conceivably try to stave it off by a mad dog act; dragging England, and perhaps all Europe, into war. Such an end would be more palatable to his ego than running up the Corso Umberto in front of the bayonets of a mob.

ACME ACME

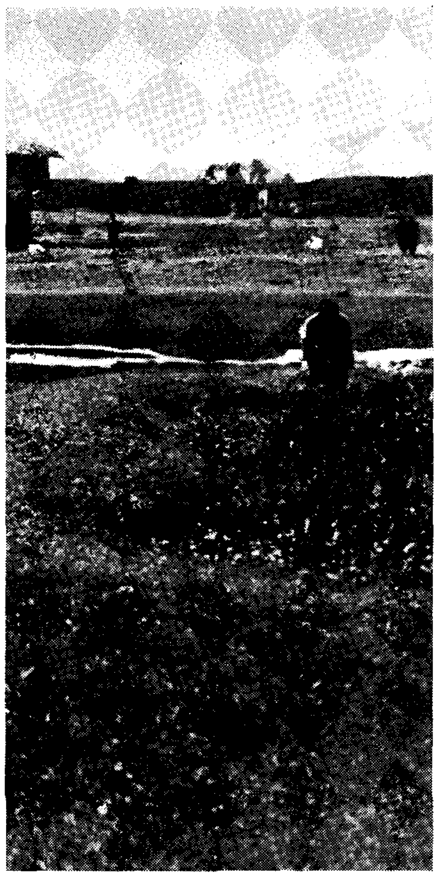
Above: Badoglio, king's man, arrives at Massaua to take over command from De Bono, retiring Blackshirt

Below: General Badoglio inspects the Takkaze area, from which the Italians were later thrown back

Drama, but no Romance

"Thus, in Italy's historic moment of greatest peril—war against England—Mussolini doubles his country's jeopardy by sending her best general thousands of miles away. He figures that if the cards bring revolution he might have a chance, with the help of his Blackshirt thugs, provided Badoglio is not handy to lead the regular Italian army against him."

All this my Italian comrade told me on a night when the moon was full over Aksum and lent something of her older mystery to the hobgoblin religious capital of Ethiopia. Across the mountain-cupped plateau, dust mingled with bog vapors to form a gleaming lemon sea in which the distant peaks of Adowa seemed islands of another world. On the near shore, twenty-five bombing airplanes stood with their wheels in the mist like



Natives drying their shammas outside of Adigrat, the city that may become the new Ethiopian capital

birds in a prehistoric shallow. The village streets were ankle deep in dungy powder that stung our nostrils and deadened sounds; but occasionally one or the other of us would feel uneasy and look behind, and see miniature red lamps bobbing in our wake. Hyenas, the venturesome Abyssinian kind. I have seen them snapping at the legs of tethered mules. In this land to fall wounded, or drunk from tej, is to be a picked skeleton before dawn. We remembered, also, that safer places for white strangers exist than lanes in occupied Ethiopian towns, where snipers take nightly toll. Once a scream in a compound startled us, until we saw a mongoose dragging a chicken along the top of a mud wall. Soiled wraiths haunted *tukul* doorways; it did not lessen the creepiness much to know they were only living native girls in their grimy shammas. We gained our camp in a eucalyptus grove at the base of a rock-pimpled hill, on top of which, like an illustrated page from a book of ancient history, were silhouetted the romanesque tents of the invaders.

"This isn't like the wars that we read about as kids," said the colonel wryly, as we sat in the bitter cold. "I mean, the romance went out when petrol came in. Yet, there's plenty of invisible drama here. I don't mean in the political angles. Heaven knows those have been mentioned often enough. I mean in the personal values. I mean, in Badoglio and Mussolini and—Balbo.

"Let me tell you this, signore. If Mussolini should get into active trouble you will see a race for Rome that will be one of the most exciting episodes of modern history. It will be fuller of spit and passion and melodrama than anything the old fire-eater, D'Annunzio, himself could write. It will be a race between Badoglio and Balbo—each as anxious to get his knife into Mussolini's neck as a hunter is to get the fox's brush. They will race by air.

"Balbo will get there first. He is in Libya, and that is only a short flight. Moreover, Balbo doesn't have to fear any last-minute frustration moves by his staff; for he is an expert pilot, and keeps his own plane on the line. He is a man of ferocious courage.

"Badoglio will finish second in this great air race to Rome: maybe two days behind. He took no chance of being isolated by Fascist marplots when he came down here. He brought his two sons; both pilots. As you know, they are attached to his personal staff; constantly at his side. Thus one, perhaps both, his own boys will fly Badoglio to the kill. His arrival will have more weight than Balbo's.

The Bad Boy of Italian Fascism

"For Balbo, after all, is a graduate of Mussolini's own mob. In the time of the Blackshirt terror, the days of castor oil and slugging and gunplay, he did the chief's work at Ferrara. Grandi, his political twin in Mussolini's esteem in those days, mopped up Bologna. But Grandi has gone precious; he is Fascism's soft voice at the Court of St. James. Balbo, consistent and honest, does not pretend to be anything but what he always has been; a roistering strong-arm man. Balbo's present hatred of Mussolini is wholly personal: it has all the weaknesses of a spite feud. It springs from a sense of injustice. Mussolini, after the fashion of gang leaders, broke him, humiliated him, banished him in the hour of his glory. The Blackshirt heaven is not big enough for two suns. Besides, there were signs that Balbo was ambitious. For all his hand-kissing of debutantes, when he was feted there in Chicago in the week of his flight to the Century of Progress Exposition, Balbo could have walked off the boulevards into the by-streets of Cicero and taken over efficiently the job of any one of those notorious men whose names get onto the front pages of the newspapers but not into the Social Register. Crown Prince Umberto, who is the third of Mussolini's notable enemies, has toyed with the idea that Balbo is the antidote to Mussolini. But the King and the regular army scotched that, for it is too much an inner-circle gang fight. A change to Balbo would not mean enough to our good and decent Italian people who are tired of government by what you would call, in the United States, public enemies.

"But take Badoglio. He is the god of the regular army, trusted and loved by the average people of Italy as well as by the royal family. Badoglio's feeling toward Mussolini is based entirely upon principles and convictions; therefore it is most terrible, signore. Everything that Badoglio's class holds dear has been walked upon by Mussolini. Badoglio is a conservative, a believer in constitutional monarchy, who stands for the old and honorable way of life. He knows what bosh the talk is that Mussolini saved Italy from Communism. He probably believes, as our bourgeoisie have come to believe under the Mussolini regime, that between Communism and Fascism, Communism is the lesser evil because it is an intellectual exercise, a faith, whereas Fascism is government by bullies with no more political code or philosophy than an overgrown schoolboy who tortures little classmates by sticking pins into them. Balbo's hatred of Mussolini is of the heart; Badoglio's of the mind. To Badoglio, Mussolini is not a statesman but merely a cheap, posturing, unscrupulous radical—a *scimmia*—what you call in your country a gorilla. When Badoglio has a conference with Mussolini he feels as your General Pershing would if he were to be locked in a room with your Capone. That we all know, signore."

There you have the opinion of Marshal Badoglio and his place in contemporary Italian life, commonly held—and, under special conditions, frankly expressed—by his regular army officers. These men belong, usually, to the educated upper middle class, which has been marking time politically in Italy since 1922. Their views are typical of it, as you will discover if you win the confidence of workers in the professions.

Mussolini Proves His Mettle

One fault, however, sems to be universal among those Italians who oppose Il Duce: they overlook the truth that Mussolini is infinitely smarter and more resourceful than most of his foes, and that wishing him down will not push him over. Consequently, there is even more drama than my army friend suspected in the lack of sympathy between Mussolini and Badoglio. For the Marshal's importance and strength lie in his ability to face the Duce on equal terms of mental and physical courage, and to offset with moral character Mussolini's political advantages. In the years of their feud Mussolini has managed to exile the Marshal several times; yet it is not likely that he did so with ulterior motive in the present circumstance. Rather, it is more probable that in this troubled hour Mussolini *had no one else to turn to*: It is a tribute to his backbone that he ate the humble pie without delay.

In their final secret conference in the Palazza Venezia early last November both men stood on amazing ground. World eyes watched Hoare and Eden and Laval, as well as Mussolini; and missed the preoccupation of the latter with a domestic episode that must take an extraordinary place in war literature. Here was a nation's leader entrusting his chance of success to a man who had always opposed him. And here was a general who could not afford to win his war if he were to maintain the integrity of his desires; yet who, in duty bound, now would have to strive to place a glory halo on the man he could see only in tail and horns.

"There was a lot of satisfaction for the Marshal in that conference—in one sense," a member of his staff told me on the army transport Sannio as we sailed to East Africa with Badoglio: "From now on, in their relationship, Mussolini will have the handicap of its memory. You could almost feel sorry for Mussolini. There he was, isolated among sycophants, yes-men, precious

(*Continued on page 71*)

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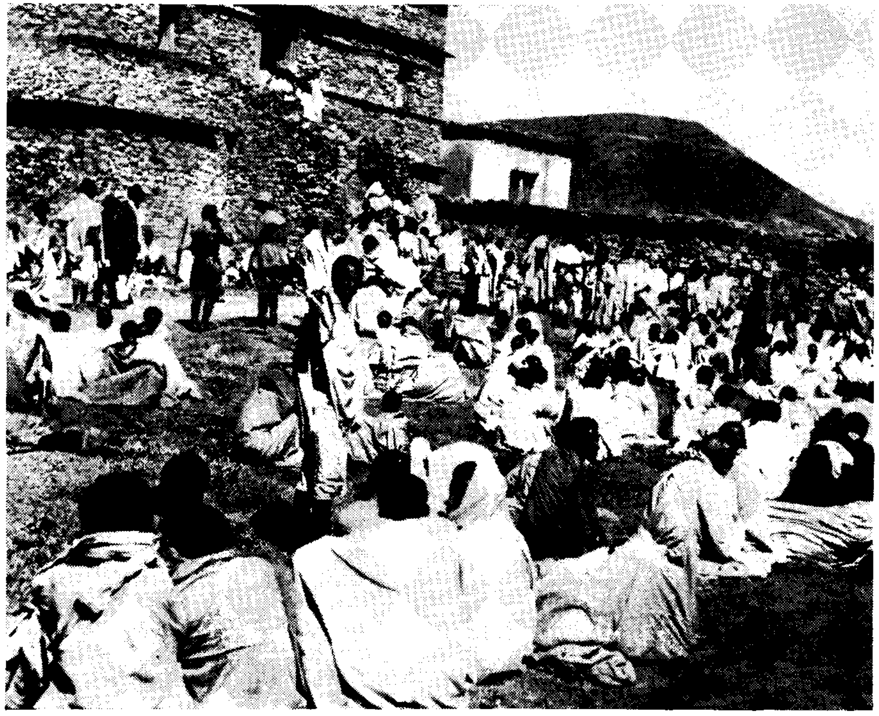
Above: Dictator and soldier, Mussolini and Badoglio, men of widely differing ideals in common battle

WIDE WORLD



Below: Within the walls of Adigrat, Badoglio's headquarters on the Northern Front in Ethiopia

Kiss Me, My Fool!

By Frank Leon Smith

The average man sees a pretty girl, thinks, "Gee, isn't she pretty!" and goes his way. But, as this sparkling story will show, that is not always the proper procedure

IT WAS a busy place. Typewriter keys clattered. Typewriter carriages rang bells and went back with a bang for new loads of words. Executives dictated loudly with many's the "er-er" and "what did I say last?" People shouted at each other in terms of dozens, grosses, thousands. Doors flew open and shut. Workmen rushed in and out of workrooms. Buzzers buzzed at benched office boys, relaxing with practiced ease in postures that would be the despair of Yogis.

Behind the rail sat our heroine, Miss Mildred Morley, a girl so pretty you would wonder what she was doing there in addition to being pretty. She was making rapid boxing motions at a switchboard and at her headset, which kept slipping on her dark hair, as she sang her responses, questions and answers. She wasn't just an operator. She was First Voice for her company, and a charming one.

"Tandy-Badge-Button-And-Banner-Company! Union buttons? I'll connect you with Mr. Fitzpatrick. You're welcome!"

"Tandy-Badge— Oh, good morning, Mr. Hooley! Thank you—you're looking very well yourself this morning! Just a minute—I'll give you Mr. Berg. Hello-hello—Mr. Berg? Mr. Hooley is calling about those Saint Patrick's Day sashes. Please make up a specially nice sash for Mr. Hooley's personal use, will you, Mr. Berg? He's awfully nice and he's going to ride a horse. Thank you, Mr. Berg. Hello, Mr. Hooley—go ahead—here's Mr. Berg."

"Tandy-Badge-Button-And-Banner—just a minute, Mr. Goltz—I don't blame you for being angry. I'll connect you with the shipping room, and you just tell them what you think of them."

"Tandy-Badge—"

The outer door opened and our scowling hero entered, advanced to the rail, and without looking at Miss Morley, he said, "Mr. Hayes to see Mr. Tandy." Then he turned and drummed on the rail.

Miss Morley didn't interrupt her song as she glanced at him. Her swift gaze started climbing at his coat buttons and kept on going until it had told her, "Tall. Nice shoulders. Overcoat fits fine in the back. Looks like a New York haircut, but his hat is up-state."

"Tandy-Badge-Button-And— Oh, hello, Betty. No, I didn't go anywhere last night. Ring off, will you, Betty? The water in our cellar has reached the furnace door!"

"Tandy-Badge— Now George! I have no time to play 'guess who this is.' You're the man who played fiddle for the Czar. And right now the snow in our vestibule is up over the doorbells and we can't find our broom. Goodby!"

"Mr. Hayes to see Mr. Tandy!" announced our irritated hero over his shoulder.

"Tandy-Badge-Button-And-Banner-Company! What? Why, we make celluloid, enamel, printed and photographic buttons. We make trophies, banners, pennants, class pins, novelties— Oh, badges? Yes, for every purpose—tool and time checks, meters, name and number plates, metal and fiber key tags, badges for hotels, railroads, mines, steamships, public utilities, state and municipal governments— What?"

Miss Morley sat back and her eyes blazed. Then she addressed the telephone and said with furious calm, "Wrong number? How delightful! No, there's no charge for the entertainment—but I wish I could send you a bomb for your left ear!"

She yanked three cords from the board and had to replace two of them hastily as she had cut off Messrs. Hooley and Goltz.

"Would you mind telling Mr. Tandy that Mr. Hayes wishes to see him? Mr. Griffin Hayes?"

OUR hero's tone was not of the pleasantest. His gaze, directed off over the flora and fauna of this office jungle, was clouded by his own troubles—but his ears were alert, and reported to him pitch, words and implication, when Miss Morley said, "If it is about college pennants—our Mr. Levinsky is the man to see!"

He whirled in anger and stared in surprise, for it was breath-taking to see anybody like Miss Morley two feet away, instead of behind footlights, or on the screen. He felt his face, set for sternness, breaking into an appropriate smile—but this was no time for nonsense. He stopped the smile. He said stiffly, "Thanks for the dubious compliment, but I am not interested in pennants. My business is with Mr. Tandy—and it's personal."

She rang Mr. Tandy's office. Then she said, "You are to go right in, Mr. Hayes. Do you know your way? *Joyous!*" She addressed a drowsy office boy who had tied himself into the contortionists' knot he had used in high school. "Joyous, please show Mr. Hayes to Mr. Tandy's office."

Joyous unsnarled himself and lurched through the gate in the rail. As Mr. Hayes followed, he heard her say, and clearly, "Kiss me, my fool!" but he wouldn't let himself look to see if she were addressing him, or somebody on the telephone.

When he and his guide were nearing Mr. Tandy's office, the door opened and a bald, stout young man with a cigar came out and cried, "Hi! Griff, old sock! Great to see you! Come on in!"

MR. HAYES shook Mr. Tandy's hand, and he glanced back. He saw the pretty girl, tied to the switchboard by the cord to her headset, twisting to watch him. He saw her blush and turn away, and then he went inside.

"Well, Griff—this is swell. Sit down. Take the big chair. Cigar, cigarette? You big stiff—you're still in Olympic form. No stomach or anything—and look at my front bumper and this bristling pompadour!" Mr. Tandy passed his hand over his shining dome and beamed at his friend.

Mr. Hayes beamed back. Mr. Tandy went on, "Remember the night we got tired of being thrown out of places, and we reversed the field and threw three bartenders out of their own joints before the gendarmes caught up with us?"

Mr. Hayes grinned and held up a protesting hand. "Don't mention it, Dick. Them was the happy days. Now we've had to turn respectable—and in my case—too darned much so."

"What? You haven't gone and got married?"

"Gee, no! But they've got me into politics."

"Disgusting! Don't tell me you're going to buy a big black hat and go to Congress and breathe loud through the nostrils and make speeches about American Womanhood?"

"Gosh, no!"

"Well, what's the matter with the ancestral mills? Last I heard you were quite the boy industrialist." Then Dick Tandy sobered. "Excuse me—Griff—if the old wheels haven't been humming as fast as they orter, I mean—"

"Oh, business is all right with us. Nothing to kick about—and getting better all the time."

"Well, whence the on-to-Washington stuff?"

"This has nothing to do with national politics. Just a little local, city affair. Our mayor died a couple of months ago, and instead of letting the acting mayor handle things until the regular elections, a gang of highbinders has jammed through a special election."

"Ah ha! And from what I hear, those

upstate lads could come down here and give lessons to New York politicians."

Griffin Hayes grinned wryly. "You can see how serious it is with us when I tell you that both the old-line parties, and the liberals, socialists and labor parties have had to form a coalition party to combat the lads who called for the election."

"So? Well, where do you come in? You the candidate?"

"Don't be stupid. No, Dick, I'm only chairman of the Coalition party, and campaign manager and all-round grief bag."

"Oh, ho-ho."

"WE HAVE a good candidate, a worthy man, an able man. The other party has a man who was mayor ten years ago, and the voters have had time to forget that he ought to be in six state penitentiaries at once."

"A crook, eh?"

"Postgraduate. His name is Prall, and if he's elected he will appoint a gentleman named Snurlock as chief of police, and Snurlock is Public Enemy Numbers One to One Thousand, inclusive. The mayor and the chief and a few other choice specimens will take our town and turn the pockets inside out, and when they get through with us, we won't be worth sending to the cleaners."

"Sounds bad. What do they call themselves—The Jolly Robbers?"

"Nothing so naïve. They call themselves the Abundance party. They have an emblem showing a goddess with a big horn of plenty and they are promising the voters everything from extra overshoes to Palm Beach suits and free cruise tickets."

"Ha!—and where is all this abundance going to come from?"

"Where does it ever come from but out of the hides of the voters and taxpayers? Point is, if they win, the Hayes mills and every other plant will have to shut down within six months."

"Gosh, and you people have been in business—"

"Three generations. My grandfather established an emergency fund. My father added to it, and so did I. That's how we kept going through bad years. All out of the barrel, just so our people wouldn't suffer. Why, we have foremen who draw down more than I do. Now, with the barrel about empty, business is coming in, but the Prall-Snurlock element is greedy. They won't be content with killing the golden goose. They'll want the feathers for their personal pillows."

"Well, Griff, if there is anything we can do—"

"There is. They hung this chairman job on me and I'm going through with it. I'm in the market for advice, for ideas, for badges, buttons, banners—"

UNACCOUNTABLY, to Mr. Tandy, Mr. Griffin Hayes got red. He had found himself reciting the litany he had learned at the switchboard. He went on hurriedly, "We haven't much time, for campaign purposes."

Dick Tandy said, "Anything we've got is yours at cost—plus a few campaign cigars for me. I'm going to call in our Mr. Berg, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Nalbone. They've had a lot of experience at this sort of thing. You let us have the figures on your population and layout and number of voters—and we'll want a good photo of your candidate for buttons and so on."

The conference lasted until noon, then Mr. Tandy and Mr. Hayes paused at the switchboard, buttoning their overcoats. Miss Morley blushed and addressed her telephone so intently she was almost cross-eyed. "Be back around two-thirty or three, Millie," said Mr. Tandy.

"Ye call me chief and ye do well to call me chief!" she said without looking up. "Tandy-Badge-Button-And-Banner-Company!"

Dick Tandy shook his fist at her, grinned, and went out with Griffin Hayes. "Er—that telephone girl—I believe you called her—Millie," said Griffin.

"You know darned well I called her Millie! Now look here, Mister Hayes—no tricks!"

"Tricks?"

"No falling in love with our Miss Morley! She's the best operator I've ever had. Three girls ahead of her got married away from me and she gave me her solemn promise she wouldn't do the same."

"Oh, for—!"

"Never mind the Oh fors! She isn't just pretty. She's smart as a whip, and better than any three salesmen I have. I'm going to give her a department later on."

"All right, all right, Mister Tandy. None of my business. I was only going to ask about her. Something she said about water in the cellar made me think she's in kind of moderate circumstances."

Dick Tandy grinned. "She speaks a lingo of her own. The first week she was here, I came back from lunch and I'd had a couple cocktails too many, and I bawled her out for something that wasn't her fault. She said, 'Frank Slade, you have killed your father!' Next day it came to me—that line was from Ten Nights in a Barroom."

"She was on to you, eh? Well, she certainly is a lovely little thing," said Griffin, trying to sound like a patriarch with a four-foot beard.

He was thinking, "'Kiss me, my fool!' That's what the movie vampires used to say when they knew they'd made a conquest. Why—you little smart aleck! You must have caught the look on my face when I saw what a knockout you are! *Your* fool, eh? I'll show you, young lady, when I get around to it!"

He got around to it that afternoon.

When Mr. Tandy came back from lunch, Miss Morley looked up quickly, sighed when she saw he was alone, and when he had gone along she said in a low telephone voice, to a dead wire: "No luck today, sir. None in stock. 'Ships that pass in the night?' Oh, yes, we have those in gross lots. They speak, in passing, and that's about all they do."

AT 4:03 P. M., by the switchboard clock, she acknowledged a call with the usual Tandy-Banner answer, and a strange, muffled voice asked what Tandy manufactured. She recited the line of goods as far as "tool and time checks," then the muffled voice rattled off:

"Name and number plates, hotel key tags, badges for railroads, buses, coal mines, stratosphere balloons, streamlined trains, convicts, social workers and street sweepers. Take it away, Ted Husing! Take it away, Graham!"

Mildred Morley's smile reached back to include two dimples, and she blushed to the locket line. "Mr. Hayes! You fooled me! You must have stretched your handkerchief over the telephone!"

"No—the end of my necktie. Excuse me for trying to be funny when I know you are busy. I have to leave on an eleven-o'clock train, and I'm wondering if you'll have dinner with me. Mr. Tandy will introduce us, if you'll put him on the wire."

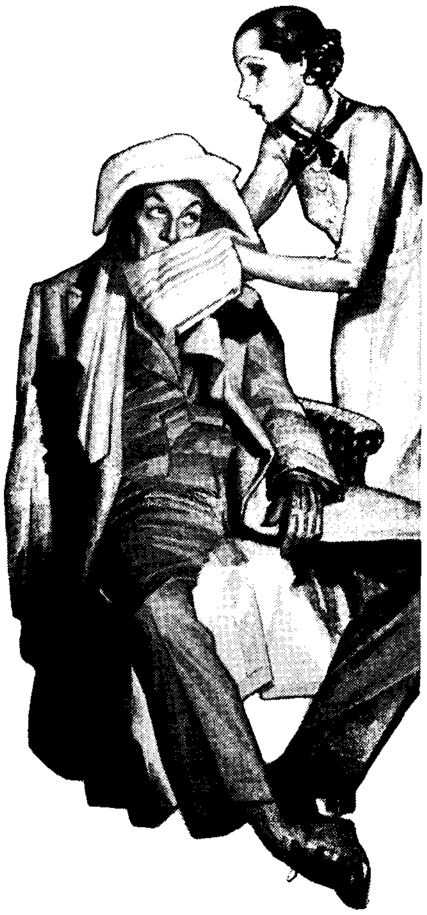
"Now, Mr. Hayes—have you forgotten you are the gentleman I couldn't interest in college pennants?"

"Check. And you are the young lady I snapped at."

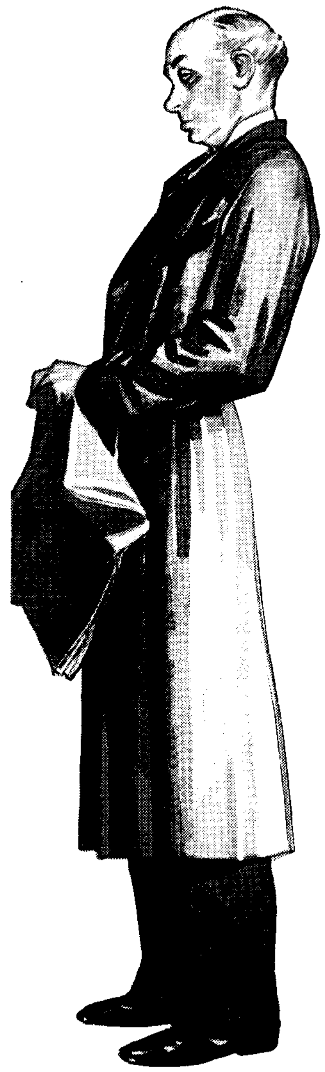
"And now you're sorry about the snap, and I'm sorry about the pennants. Let's see—I'm just an ignorant city girl, who

(Continued on page 90)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



Mildred washed his face, as he sat panting in a chair



"Just balance yourself, my lad," said Mr. Morley

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

TWO candidates—Dr. Orwin Prescott, supported by Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls millions of votes, and Harvey "Bluebeard" Bragg, backed by the League of Good Americans, are fighting for the presidential nomination. Directing the operations of an army of spies and hired assassins is the world's most dangerous criminal: Dr. Fu Manchu, who is determined to bring about Prescott's defeat, and so gain control of America.

Summoned to this country to solve the mystery presented by Fu Manchu's sinister secret activities, is Sir Denis Nayland Smith who, assisted by Captain Mark Hepburn, learns of the Oriental's presence.

Making use of "Scarlet Brides" (scarlet-spotted, spiderlike creatures whose bites are deadly), Fu Manchu kills those of his aides whose loyalty he suspects. Lola Dumas, a beautiful aide who is in love with Harvey Bragg, he mistrusts. He does not murder her; he entrusts her work to Moya Adair, who fascinates him and who, unknown to him, loathes him. . . . A great, climactic debate—Prescott vs. Bragg—is scheduled to be held at Carnegie Hall. Before the much-publicized evening arrives, Fu Manchu succeeds in kidnapping Prescott. He drugs him, and releases him under a hypnotic suggestion. Another captive—Herman Grosset, Harvey Bragg's half brother—he also drugs *and releases*. And the debate is held.

Nayland Smith and Hepburn, hidden in their headquarters on the fortieth floor of a giant skyscraper, make their plans carefully. Near by, also high up in an immense building, Fu Manchu directs the operations of his minions by radio and television. The result of the debate does not surprise the Oriental—"Bluebeard" Bragg scores a notable victory. The drug given to Prescott does its work well, makes him an easy victim of Bragg's brilliant oratory.

Bragg, elated by his success, prepares to leave Carnegie Hall. As he does so, Herman Grosset (who idolizes Bragg) shoots him to death. And Bluebeard's bodyguard riddles the killer with bullets.

VII

"I AM uncertain, Hepburn," said Nayland Smith, pacing up and down the sitting-room. "I cannot read any sense whatever into the cross-word puzzle."

"Nor can I," said Mark Hepburn.

Smith stared out at the never-familiar prospect. The day was crystal clear; the distant Statue of Liberty visible in sharp detail. Some strange quality in the crisp atmosphere seemed to have drawn it inland, so that it appeared like a miniature of itself. Towering buildings had crept nearer: a wide section of New York City seemed to be looking in at the window.

"That Orwin Prescott should suffer a nervous collapse and entirely lose his memory was something for which I was not unprepared. His deplorable exhibition at Carnegie Hall was the result of some kind of posthypnotic suggestion, a form of attack of which Dr. Fu Manchu is a master."

Mark Hepburn lighted a cigarette.

"There was a time," he said slowly, "when I thought that the powers which you attributed to this man must be exaggerated. I think, now, all you said was an understatement. Sir Denis! he's more than the greatest physician in the world—he's a magician."

"Cut the 'Sir Denis'," came crisply; "I was born plain Smith. It's time you remembered it."

Mark Hepburn smiled—a rare event in these days: it was the self-conscious smile of a nervous schoolboy; life had never changed it.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Smith," he declared awkwardly, "because I'm proud to know that we are friends. Maybe that sounds silly, but I mean it."

"I appreciate it."

"I can understand," Hepburn went on, "after what you have told me, that it might be possible, although it's quite outside my own medical experience, to drug a man in some way and impose certain instructions upon him to be carried out later. I mean I can believe that this is what happened to Orwin Prescott. It's a tough story, but your experience can provide parallels. Mine can't. We are dealing with a man who seems to be a century ahead of modern knowledge."

"Dismiss Prescott," said Nayland Smith, curtly; "he's out of the political arena. But he's in good hands, now, and I hope to heaven he recovers from whatever ordeal he has passed through. I am disappointed about the escape of the man Norbert. That was bad staff work, Hepburn, for which I take my full share of responsibility."

"We'll get him yet," said Hepburn, harshly, "if we comb every state for him. His getaway had been cunningly planned. I have checked it all up. Nobody is to blame. This thing goes back a year or more. Dr. Fu Manchu must have been working, through agents, long before he arrived in person."

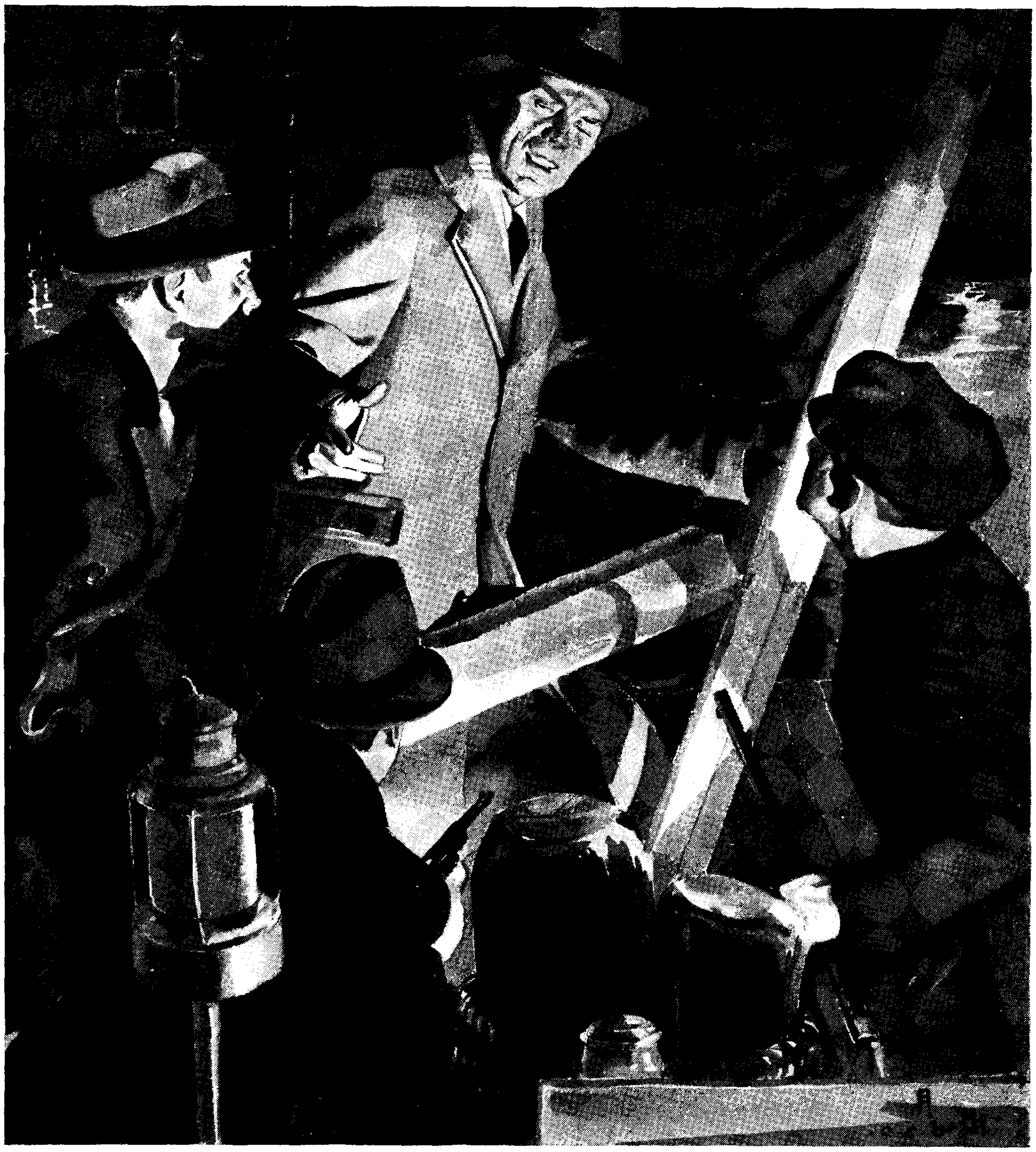
"I know it," replied Nayland Smith; "I have known it for some time past. But what I don't know and cannot work out is this: Where does the death of Harvey Bragg fit into the doctor's plans?"

HE FIXED a penetrating stare upon Hepburn and almost automatically began to load his pipe. . . .

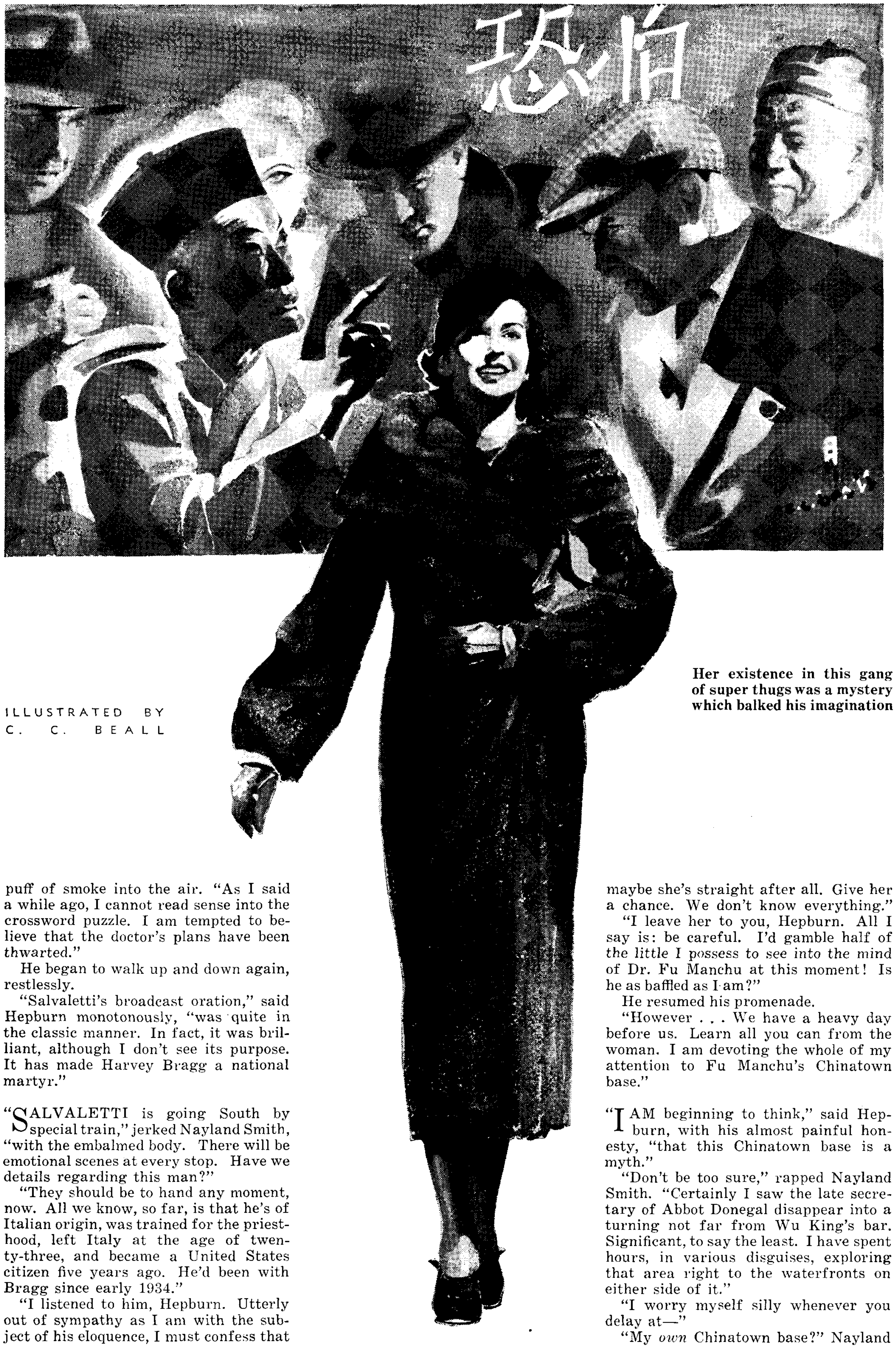
"The man Herman Grosset was a drunken ruffian; his only redeeming virtue seems to have been his attachment to his half brother. He was a killer as your records show. Such a man is like an Alsatian dog—his savagery may be turned upon his master. I wonder . . ." He dropped his pouch back into the pocket of his dressing-gown, and lighted a match . . . "I wonder."

"So do I," said Mark Hepburn monotonously; "I have been wondering ever since it happened. That this damnable Chinese was running Harvey Bragg is a fact beyond doubt. It isn't conceivable that Bragg's death should form any part of his plan. If he wanted to turn a blustering demagogue into a hero, he has succeeded. Why—" he paused . . . "Smith! he lay in state right here in New York City! Now, his embalmed body is being taken back to his home town. He's a bigger man dead than alive. Fifty per cent of uninformed American opinion today thinks that the greatest statesman since Lincoln has been snatched away in the hour of need."

"That's true." Nayland Smith blew a



Nayland Smith mounted to the wooden platform. Another towboat went by as Corrigan joined him



ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Her existence in this gang of super thugs was a mystery which balked his imagination

puff of smoke into the air. "As I said a while ago, I cannot read sense into the crossword puzzle. I am tempted to believe that the doctor's plans have been thwarted."

He began to walk up and down again, restlessly.

"Salvaletti's broadcast oration," said Hepburn monotonously, "was quite in the classic manner. In fact, it was brilliant, although I don't see its purpose. It has made Harvey Bragg a national martyr."

"SALVALETTI is going South by special train," jerked Nayland Smith, "with the embalmed body. There will be emotional scenes at every stop. Have we details regarding this man?"

"They should be to hand any moment, now. All we know, so far, is that he's of Italian origin, was trained for the priesthood, left Italy at the age of twenty-three, and became a United States citizen five years ago. He'd been with Bragg since early 1934."

"I listened to him, Hepburn. Utterly out of sympathy as I am with the subject of his eloquence, I must confess that I never heard a more moving speech."

"No—it was wonderful. But now—er, Smith, I am worried about this projected expedition of yours."

Nayland Smith paused in his promenade, and stared, pipe gripped between his teeth, at Mark Hepburn.

"No more worried than I am regarding yours, Hepburn. You know what Kipling said about a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—"

"That's hardly fair, Smith. I quite frankly admitted to you that I'm interested in Mrs. Adair. There's something very strange about a woman like that being in the camp of Dr. Fu Manchu."

Nayland Smith paused in front of him, reached out and grasped his shoulder.

"Don't think I'm cynical, Hepburn," he said; "we have all been through the fires—but, be very careful!"

"I just want time to size her up. I think she's better than she seems. I admit I'm soft where she's concerned; but maybe she's straight after all. Give her a chance. We don't know everything."

"I leave her to you, Hepburn. All I say is: be careful. I'd gamble half of the little I possess to see into the mind of Dr. Fu Manchu at this moment! Is he as baffled as I am?"

He resumed his promenade.

"However . . . We have a heavy day before us. Learn all you can from the woman. I am devoting the whole of my attention to Fu Manchu's Chinatown base."

"I AM beginning to think," said Hepburn, with his almost painful honesty, "that this Chinatown base is a myth."

"Don't be too sure," rapped Nayland Smith. "Certainly I saw the late secretary of Abbot Donegal disappear into a turning not far from Wu King's bar. Significant, to say the least. I have spent hours, in various disguises, exploring that area right to the waterfronts on either side of it."

"I worry myself silly whenever you delay at—"

"My *own* Chinatown base?" Nayland Smith suggested.

He burst out laughing—and his laughter seemed to lift a load of care from his spirits. . . .

"You should congratulate me, Hepburn. In the character of a hard-drinking deck hand sacked by the line and trying to dodge the immigration authorities until I find a berth, I have made a marked success with my landlady, Mrs. Mulrooney of Orchard Street. I have every vice from hashish to rum, and I begin to suspect she loves me!"

"What about the rag and a bone and a hank of hair?" Hepburn asked impishly.

Nayland Smith stared for a moment, and then laughed even more heartily.

"A hit to you," he admitted. "But, frankly, I feel that my inquiries are not futile. The Richet clue admittedly has led nowhere; but my East River investigations are beginning to bear fruit."

He ceased laughing. His lean brown face grew suddenly grim.

"Think of the recovery by the river police of the body of the man Blondie Hahn."

"Well?"

"All the facts suggested to me that he did not die on the waterfront or even very near to it. I may be wrong, Hepburn . . . but I think I have found Dr. Fu Manchu's water gate!"

"What!"

"We shall see. The arrival in New York this morning of the Chinese general Li Wu Chang has greatly interested me. I have always suspected Li Wu Chang of being one of the Seven."

"Who are the Seven?"

Nayland Smith snapped his fingers.

"Impossible to go into that, now. I have much to do today if our plans are to run smoothly tonight. Your post is in Chinatown. We both have plenty to employ us in the interval. Should I miss you, the latest details will be on the desk—" he pointed; "and Fey will be here in constant touch. . . ."

MARK HEPBURN from his seat overlooking the pond in Central Park watched the path from the Scholar's Gate. Presently, he saw Moya Adair approaching.

It was a perfect winter's day; the air was like wine, visibility remarkable. Because his heart leaped, his dour training reproached him. He had abandoned the cape, property of an eccentric artist friend, and now his bearded chin stuck out from an upturned fur collar.

On the woman's side this meeting was a move in a fight for freedom. But Mark Hepburn, starkly honest, knew that on his side it was a lover's meeting. It was unfair to Nayland Smith that this important investigation, which might lead to control of a bridge to the enemy's stronghold, should have been left in his hands. Moreover, it was torture to himself. . . .

He loved the ease of her walk, the high carriage of her head. There was pedigree in every graceful line. Her existence in this gang of super thugs who now apparently controlled the whole of the American underworld was a mystery which balked his imagination.

She smiled as he stood up to meet her. He allowed the mad idea that they were avowed lovers—that he had a right to take her in his arms and kiss her—to dazzle his brain for one delirious moment. Actually, he said:

"You are very punctual, Mrs. Adair."

She sat down beside him. Her composure, real or assumed, was baffling. There was a short silence, an uneasy one on Mark Hepburn's side; then:

"I suppose," he said, "the death of Harvey Bragg means a change of plan?"

Moya shook her head.

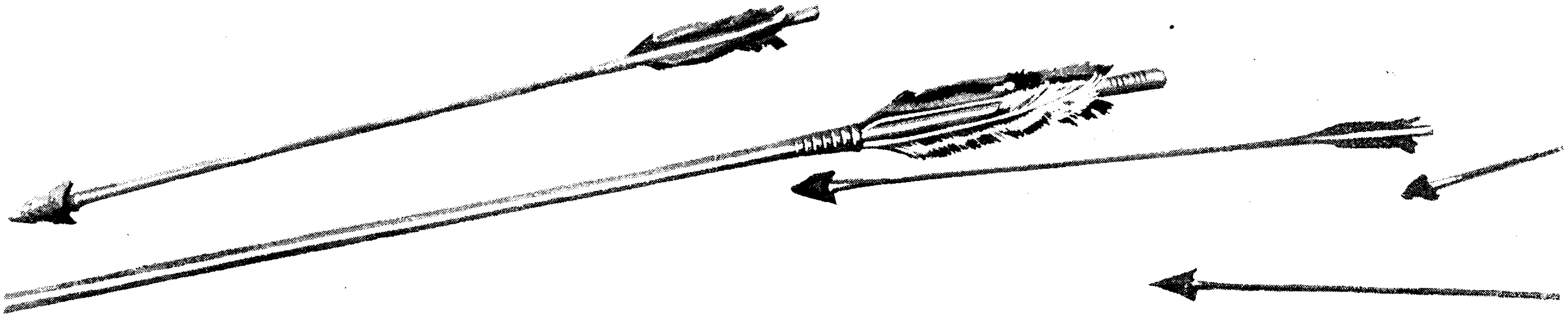
"For me, no," she replied. "I am continuing my work at Park Avenue. The League of Good Americans is to go on, and Paul Salvaletti has taken charge."

She spoke impersonally, a little wearily.

"But you must regret the death of Harvey Bragg?"

"As a Christian, I do, for I cannot think that he was fit to die. As a man—" she paused for a moment, staring up at the cold, blue sky—"if he had lived, I don't know what I should have done. You see—I had no choice: I had to go to him. But my life there was hell."

(*Continued on page* 86)



In the Blockhouse

Concerning Rogue Jarman and the girl who hated him—a perfect story to read when you're snug and warm and safe

By Mary Louise Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

ROGUE JARMAN sat at the table inside the blockhouse, drinking strong liquor out of a pail. Mr. Cleaveland went over and spoke to him. "The Iroquois are dancing," Mr. Cleaveland said to him, "across the Cuyahoga. It seems as if there's always new trouble when the winter's coming on."

Rogue Jarman grinned up at him. "You're a mournful man. The mournfullest man on the Reserve. I'm Rogue Jarman. I'm a scout. I'm happy. I'm getting farther out West this coming spring. While I'm here, what can I do for you?"

"Go up Van Duzen's Crick and bring out the Van Duzens. They ought to winter here."

Rogue grinned. "But I don't want the Van Duzens to winter here. Seeing them every day."

"We don't want them murdered, massacred," Mr. Cleaveland said.

"Yes, we do, let them be massacred," Rogue said. "Why did they go off alone up the crick?"

Mr. Cleaveland shook his head. "My order is, you go upstream in the morning. You'll find their cabin anywhere from twenty to thirty miles of here."

Rogue decided not to give much of his thought to the Van Duzens on the way up the crick. The trail he followed was deep and obvious at first but it grew fainter. . . .

There were three people in the cabin where he was heading: Pa Van Duzen, Ma, and their daughter. The daughter was Lorena, a resentful miss, with blue-black hair and big, dark, troubled, independent, angry eyes. Some man ought to teach her how to mind him. That would be a better thing for her.

Rogue had a time finding the place; he'd expected that. But he found it.

The first thing he saw was a broken-down barn or shed, its roof fallen in. A place was cleared near by for the big cabin; some logs were laid on the ground, but the big cabin was not built yet. They were still in the little cabin, under a roof thatch of brush and sod and wild grasses; and a quilt was hung up instead of a door. Pa Van Duzen, the Ohio visionary, was a shiftless man at pioneering, or so it looked to Rogue. The land was good; they could have done better here. The girl was a worker, so was the mother, but what can the women do when the man won't do much?

From the forest, Rogue surveyed the place, with his strong arms folded. Rosebushes with pretty little leaves not frozen yet, were standing against the doorway. He had to laugh out loud to look at them. Lorena had planted them there, before her father built the cabin a door.

Lorena came out of the cabin in time to hear that laugh ring out in the forest. She knew that laugh of his, Rogue Jarman's laugh. Above the ripple of the tree leaves and the stream she had remembered that laugh many a time since she and her folks moved out here from the blockhouse.

When she saw him he came forward, and he began to sing, in his fine big voice, the song the Ohio girls and ladies had requested him to sing last spring at the dance at the blockhouse:

"Drink to me on-ly wi-ith thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine. Or leave a kiss—"

She hadn't a door to slam at him but she whacked the quilt down behind her as she went back quickly into the cabin. But what good was a quilt? He pushed it aside as soon as he came across their fields, and he stood there in their cabin doorway, broad-shouldered against the afternoon sky, grinning down at the Van Duzens. "Hi, Mr. Van Duzen," he called to her father. "Iroquois are getting blood in their eye on the far side of the river. Better leave off your work here until spring. I was sent to bring you in."

MRS. VAN DUZEN was stirring up flour and water in a bowl for flapjacks for supper. Pa Van Duzen was reading a book in the poor light indoors. He surveyed the scout in the doorway calmly. "You've been singing a beautiful song," he told Rogue. "Sit down, and I'll read aloud 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College' by Thomas Gray."

Rogue Jarman stayed with them the night. He slept in a bed with the old man.

In the morning Mr. Van Duzen refused to return to the blockhouse on any account.

"The women can go back with you gladly," Van Duzen told Rogue, "but I shall remain here. I have my books, my trees, my faith in the Almighty."

"You've got a gun, too," Lorena said to her father angrily. Rogue watched her. He guessed she was sick and tired of hearing all her father's big ideas. It was tiring to live in the company of a philosopher. Why, old Van Duzen talked about trees as if they were friends of his.

"I shall remain with my husband," Mrs. Van Duzen told them now, "but I wish he saw fit to return to the blockhouse."

Pa Van Duzen cleared his throat. "My boy," he said, "my beloved wife and I shall remain here until word comes to us that these unfortunate, misguided redskins have crossed over to our side of the Cuyahoga River. Then we will let ourselves be brought into the fort."

"Don't think I'll come twice upstream to get you. I didn't demand to come in the first place." He made Rogue mad. "What about the girl, your daughter?"

"Our daughter Lorena will return with you now to the fort, sir."

In spite of himself, Rogue turned to stare at her. "I'll see you in hell first," said Lorena.

Her language shocked her parents, inexpressibly. Mrs. Van Duzen had not believed that Lorena would ever swear. Rogue grinned at the older lady and talked nicely to her.

"Oh, she had a right to that one, ma'am," Rogue explained to the mother. "We had a little fracas down at the blockhouse in the spring and she hasn't forgotten me. I kissed her, when I kissed all the girls, because I was drunk at the time."

"Three girls. I was the third you kissed," declared Lorena. Her mother looked thoughtfully at Lorena when she said that.

Rogue observed her, too. "She is, ma'am, a wild-roaring little hell-cat kitten, ma'am."

"Only I'm not little," Lorena said to him, standing with her back to the cabin wall.

How to get her out of here, how to get her started downstream toward the blockhouse for the winter? That gave Rogue Jarman considerable thought. Argument, talk from all three of them, failed to move her. Finally he pulled her bodily away from the wall she clung to, and lifted her up like a sack of meal over his shoulder, and carried her out, across the fields, into the forest. Violently she opposed, feeling his arms around her once again, but she had to feel them. They were as strong and young and hard as ever. Let her pound against them. Still they encircled her. They were well out of sight of her home clearing before he set her down and led her along, with his hand strong and hard around her wrist.

IT WAS late in the day when they had their supper—a squirrel which Rogue had killed.

There was silence between them as they ate by the fire, and then Rogue moved on to light another fire in a more secret part of the stream where they were to stay out the night. The false fire was for Indians to find burned out, abandoned. Lorena, as she washed in the crick, wondered if this plan of his was a good plan. No one could say what no one knew. There was no custom, no routine in Ohio, just as there was no trail through here. The only law—the man's individual wits and strength. The only rule for the woman was to follow.

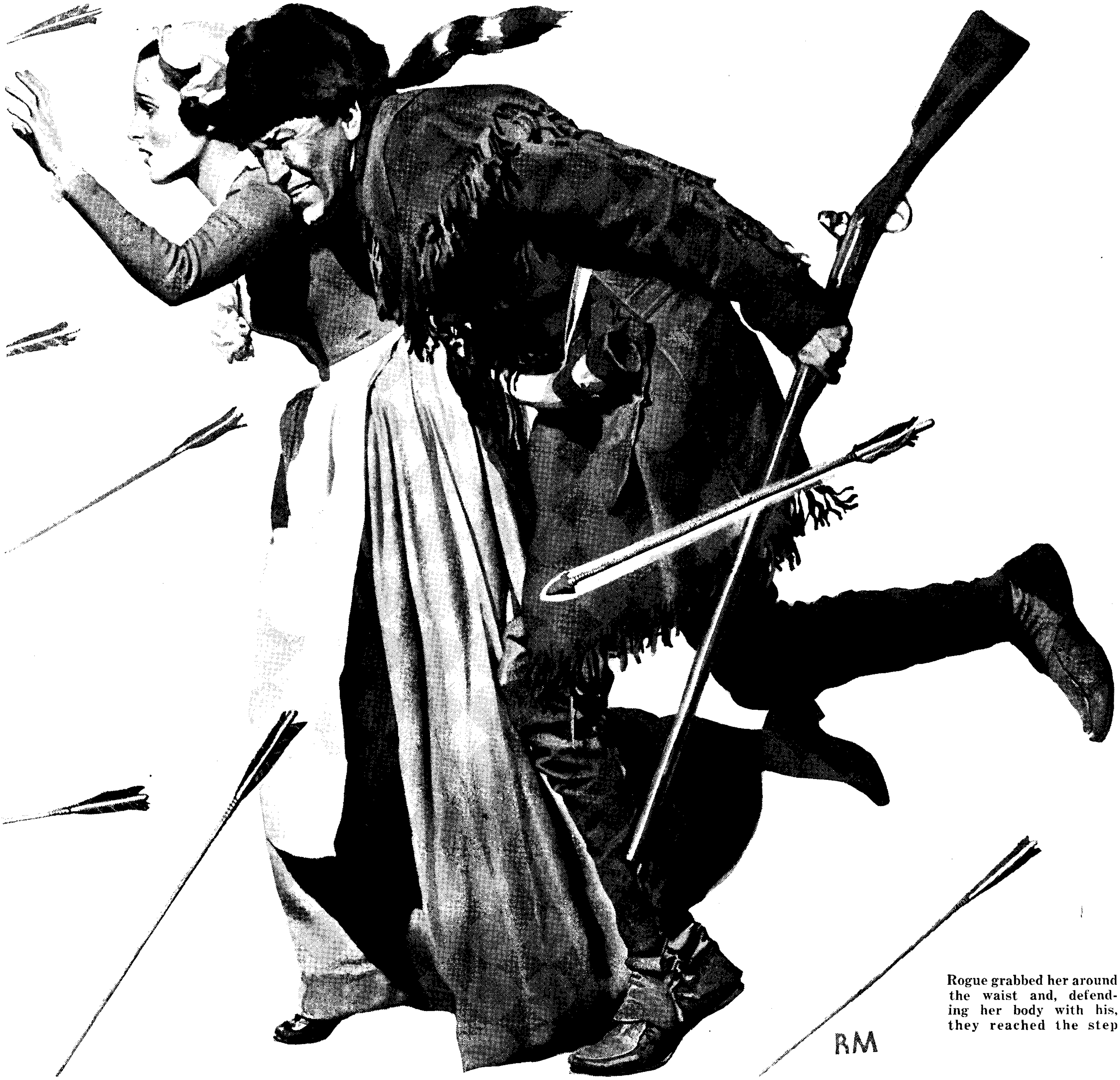
He wanted to talk when he came back to lead her to the true new fire. He voiced his opinions loudly wherever he was, even in the forest. He wanted to go out farther west, he said. As if this wasn't far enough. "Mountains out there, Miss Lorena Van Duzen," he said. "Fair peaks. Mountains in a long line. They say you get up in among them and you eat panther meat."

Lorena wrinkled her fine nose with distaste for any such meat.

"Buffalo roam out there," he said. He seemed to like to think of it. She liked the thought of it, too. Tall prairie grass swaying with the big brown animals blundering through it, mountains off in the distance, land for the taking.

Her mother's family had been Scotch and land poor. Her father's people were all scholars, lecturers. Mr. Van Duzen himself was still an excellent penman. Her father had been a professor, and one day he had fallen down in a street near the college in Connecticut, and some men and boys had carried him home, all dust and leaves. Lorena had not known what was the matter, until her mother told her. Lorena had a hatred of drink ever since. Rogue Jarman drank.

He was leading her shyly now to his other fire by the stream, where they were



Rogue grabbed her around the waist and, defending her body with his, they reached the step

to pass the night. He watched her warily as if he minded her lack of opinion of him.

HE WAS doing his best toward saving her life, so when she saw his fire, she spoke nicely of it.

"Turn around, and face me," said Rogue.

He was shaking out a patterned quilt he had carried from her home, and as she turned, he wrapped her up in it. She tried to move—but she was like a cocoon in the quilt. Sitting down with his feet to the fire and his back braced against a hickory tree, he pulled her down across his knees and held her. "I don't aim to sit here long," said Lorena, struggling.

"Quit struggling," he told her stonily. "You'll freeze if you sit alone by yourself. Believe me, miss, I have given the matter considerable thought."

"You've been—thinking about it," gasped Lorena, pushing away from him with both hands against his shoulder.

Rogue held on to her. "If you think it's because you're a gal," he said briefly, "it's not. I've got plenty of gals, some even as far off as Pennsylvania."

"I don't care very much what you've got," panted Lorena, "in Pennsylvania."

There didn't seem to be much left to say between them. Held up against him, she jerked her head away. But he just leaned his head back to look at the stars. He drew in a deep breath. Finally she looked up, too, and she could see his brown throat and his chin tilted back against the stars. She could see his heart pulsing there in his throat. To make the wilderness seem more like home to him, he softly sang a song or two—"Drink to Me Only"—and "Believe Me if All those Endearing—"

Then she went to sleep and he sat there, looking up.

But in her sleep she dreamed once more of his kiss at the fort.

In the morning she woke up to find the sunlight hanging among the trees like chill gray smoke. She guessed Rogue was still asleep; his cheek had fallen against her cheek. She pulled away, but not too quickly.

THEY ate some biscuits of her own making, which her mother had done up for him. They started on directly. Perhaps a heartier breakfast would have made Rogue Jarman less quarrelsome. But he did not want to tarry with her any longer in the forest than he could help. They would get to the fort before it was dark again, having spent only one night in the open.

The fields were brown, as Rogue in his brown buckskin hunting clothes crossed them, talking and angry, railing at her parents. "That old Mr. Pa Van Duzen of yours, what did he come out here for? There wasn't any place meant for such a man on the Reserve. Why did you go off to live alone up the crick for?"

"We bought the land while we still lived in Connecticut," Lorena explained, following him as fast as she could, with her stocking-heels twisting in her shoes. She was getting mad, too.

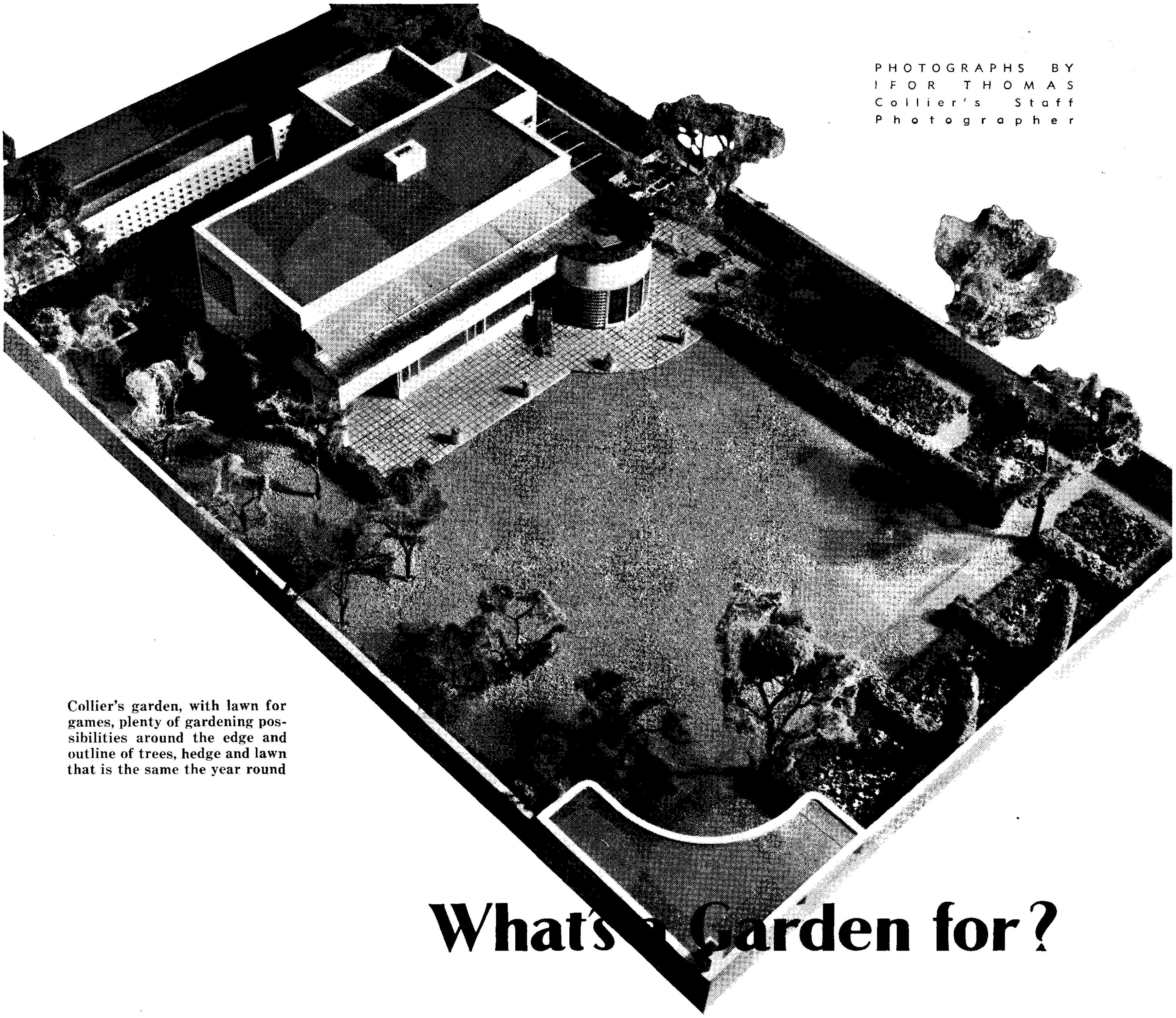
"You should have remained in Connecticut," Rogue declaimed at the forest. He scoffed at her parents. "Village dwellers. Easterners. Improvident fools. Shiftless."

Lorena let out a cry, and kicked at his leg as he marched in front of her. "My pa's a gentleman. And he used to be sophisticated. He's written poetry in his day. Any scout can chop wood—which don't amount to shucks."

He had been a happy man yesterday. Today, all day, although she watched

(*Continued on page* 97)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer



Collier's garden, with lawn for games, plenty of gardening possibilities around the edge and outline of trees, hedge and lawn that is the same the year round

What's a Garden for?

First of all, it's a place to live, the outdoor extension of your house. To get the most out of it, you have to give the same careful thought to its furnishing that you would devote to your living-room. This is the garden designed by experts for Collier's house, which was presented in the March 28th issue, one that abounds in good ideas you can use in any garden

By Ruth Carson

THE seed catalog has been the undoing of many an amateur gardener. Lured by its flamboyant pictures of perfection, seeing in his mind's eye the shining rows of gold medal tulips lifted right from the full-color page to his own backyard, yearning for tumbling masses of nasturtiums, stately ranks of delphinium, for purple aster and pink phlox, unable to resist any of a dozen lovely things he has never grown before, he rushes from fireside to desk and orders great packets of seeds, bulbs and little new plants to set out in the spring.

You know the result. A few more flower beds carved out of the lawn, for lack of space elsewhere. A feverish digging and planting and waiting. Some bare spots, some plants and blossoms. But flower eclipsing flower, red fighting with pink that swears at orange. No flowers really showing their beauty, because they haven't the setting. Some of them growing to giants where dwarfs are all there is space for, some not growing at all.

Our amateur gardener loves flowers and wants to grow them, but somehow this isn't what he meant. Nor are his enthusiasm and the seed catalog to blame. He needs them both. But first he needs a plan.

And once he goes into the possibilities of planning his garden, he can be off on another exciting chase. He can plan his garden for a succession of bloom all through the growing season. He can plan so that the beauty of flowers shall give way in the autumn to a blaze of foliage, fruits and berries. He can plan a white garden that will be a fairyland of silver and fragrance by moonlight.

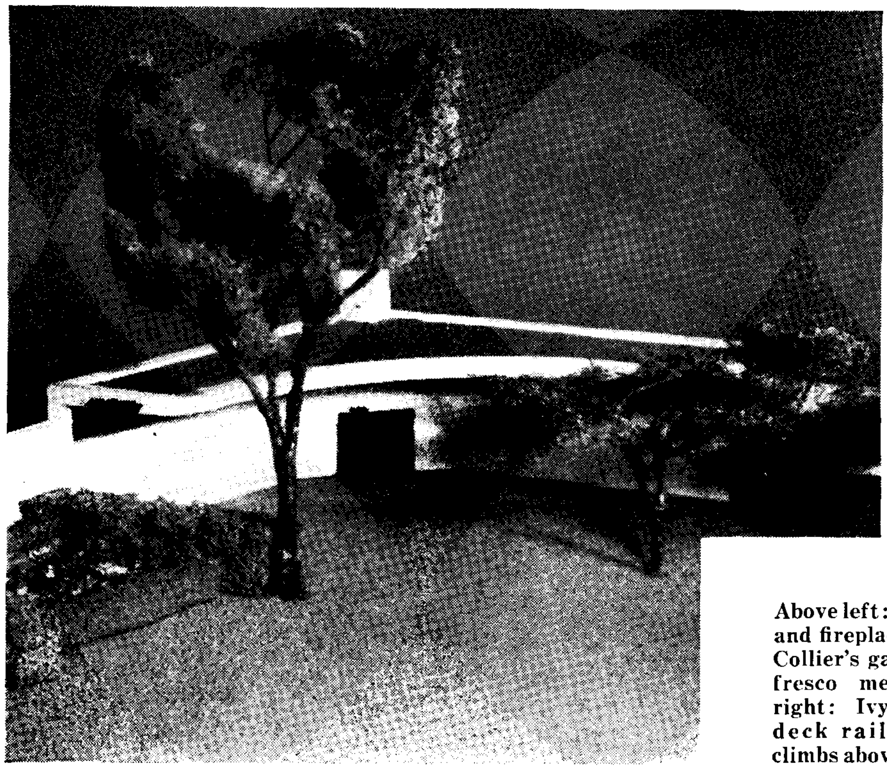
But he mustn't stop there. Nor even start there. Not if he wants to make the most of his garden. For it is no longer enough that a garden be decorative. Modern life, which takes so much outdoor activity in its stride, which loves the sun and the open, makes the piece of out-of-doors that we call our own seem inadequate unless it contributes more than decoration to this active life.

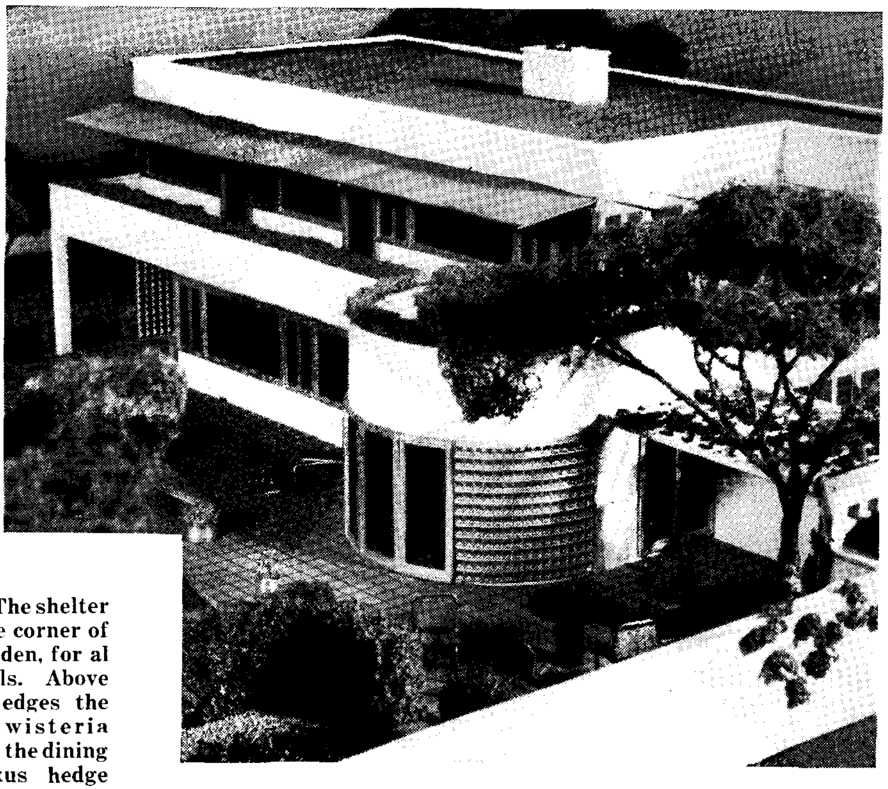
The demand for usefulness that is making the modern architect plan first the most flexible and useful kind of rooms and then fit his exterior around them is making the garden planner think first of the uses to which his garden may be put, and then do his planting accordingly. And a garden can serve many purposes—a place to play, to entertain, to sun, to cook, as well as to garden.

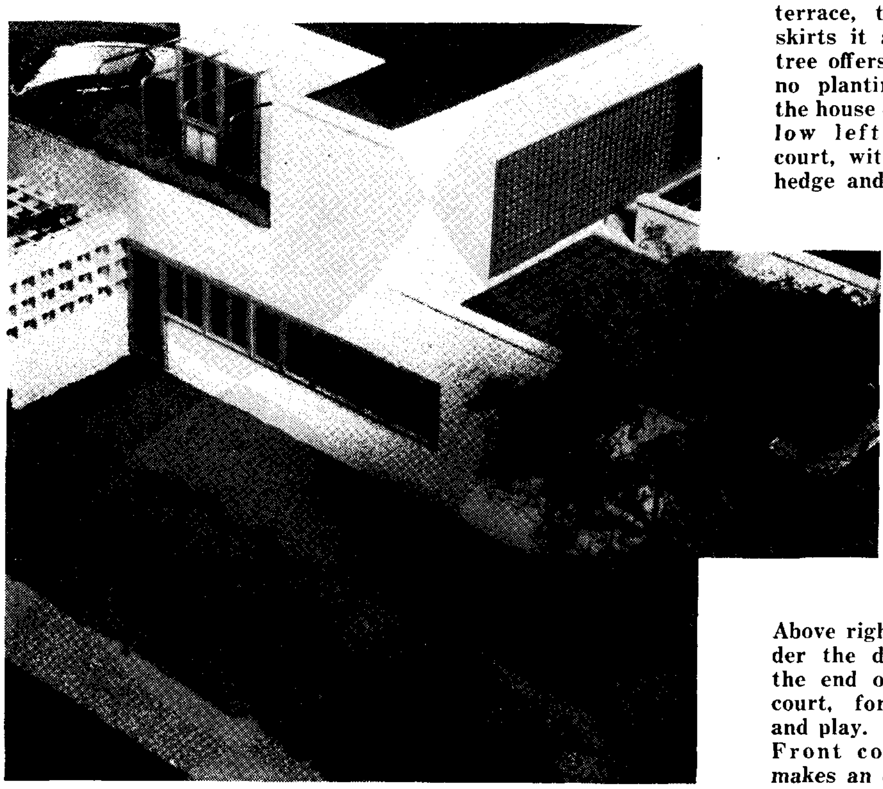
Further, the modern house is making demands on the garden that have never been made before. Look again at the plans of Collier's house about which you read in the issue of March 28. See how all the living quarters of the house—the living-room, dining-room, bedrooms—turn away from the street and face toward the garden; in fact, reach out into it with decks and terraces. There is no longer a sharp distinction between indoors and outdoors. The garden becomes a necessary part of the living quarters of the house.

Notice the great banks of windows, particularly in the living-room. The architect and decorator are counting on the garden as a mural for that room. That means the gardener must build his garden to be attractive from the house, and to be attractive the year round. No straw beds and dejected stalks dominating the winter scene, on which we would want to shut the door and pull down the shade. The garden must assume a definite form that will give it character

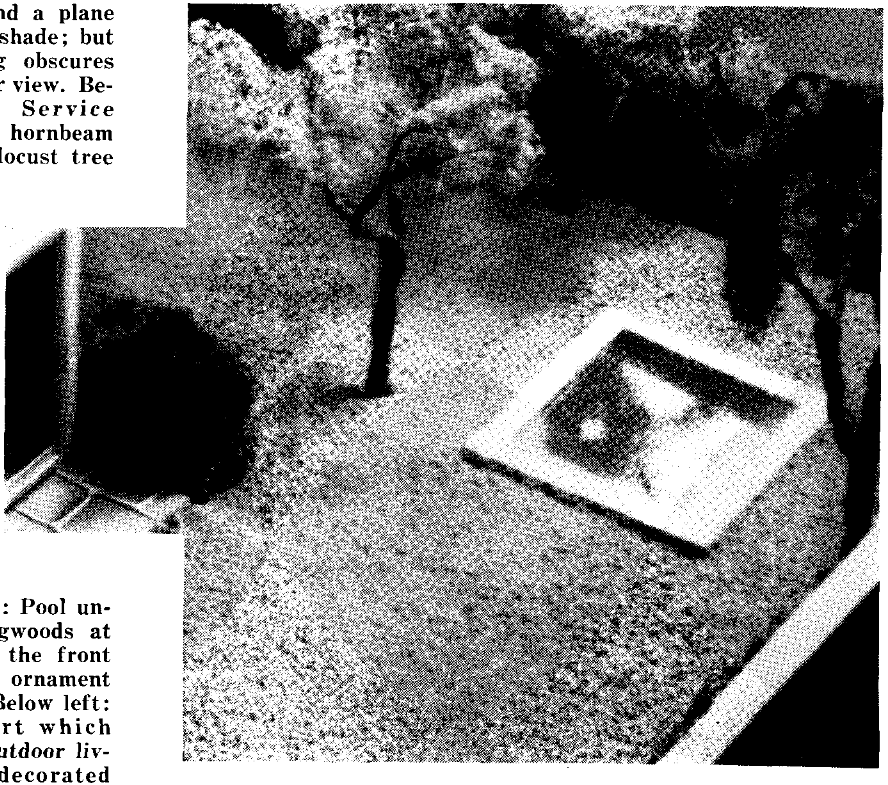
(Continued on page 76)

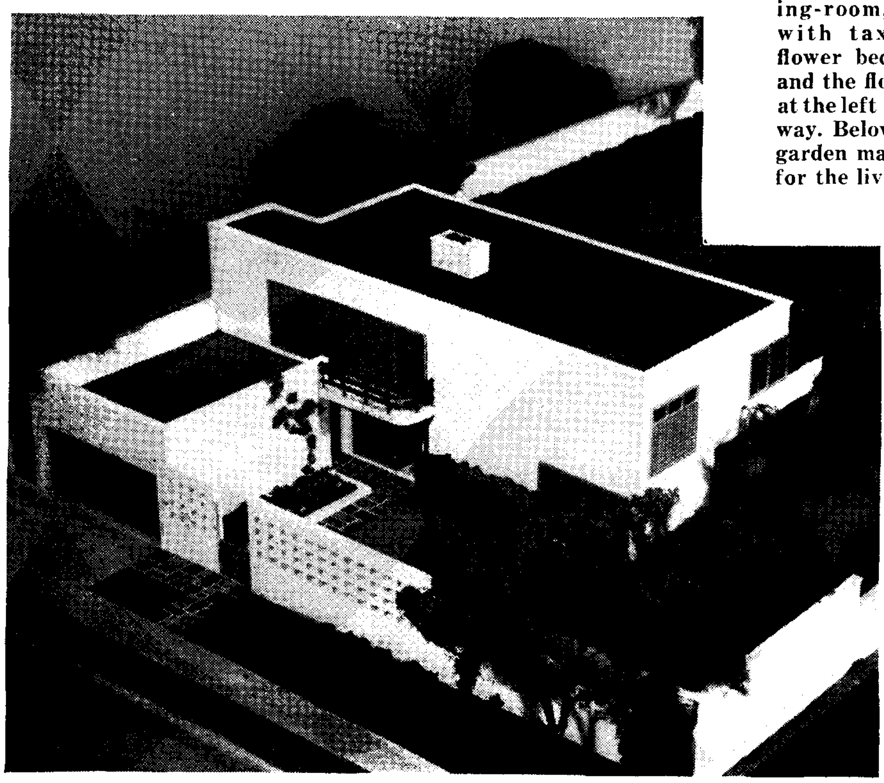


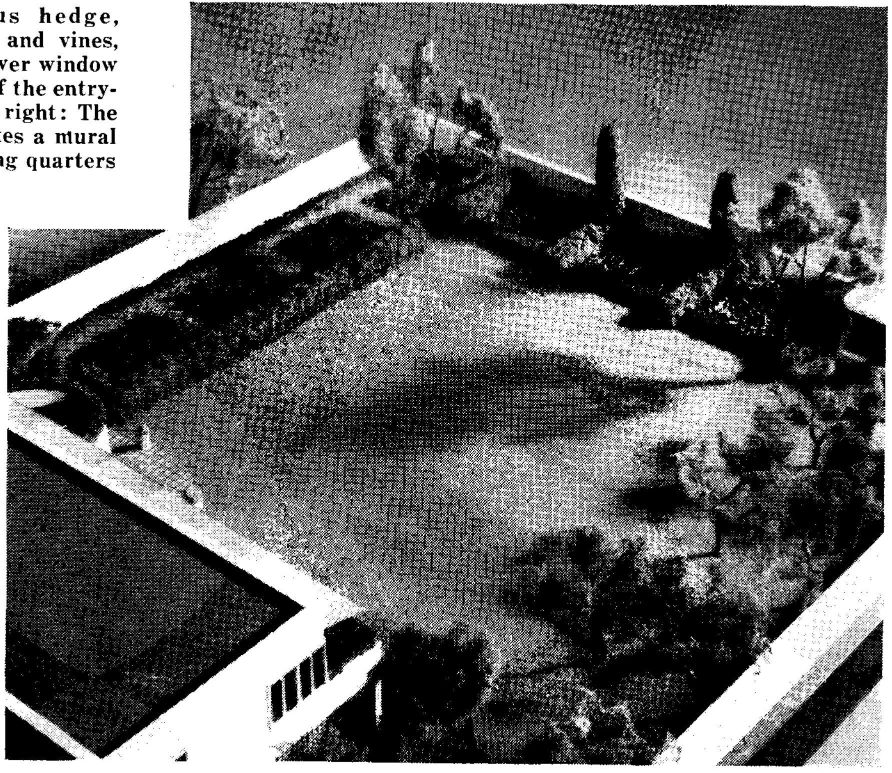




Above left: The shelter and fireplace corner of Collier's garden, for al fresco meals. Above right: Ivy edges the deck rail, wisteria climbs above the dining terrace, taxus hedge skirts it and a plane tree offers shade; but no planting obscures the house or view. Below left: Service court, with hornbeam hedge and locust tree







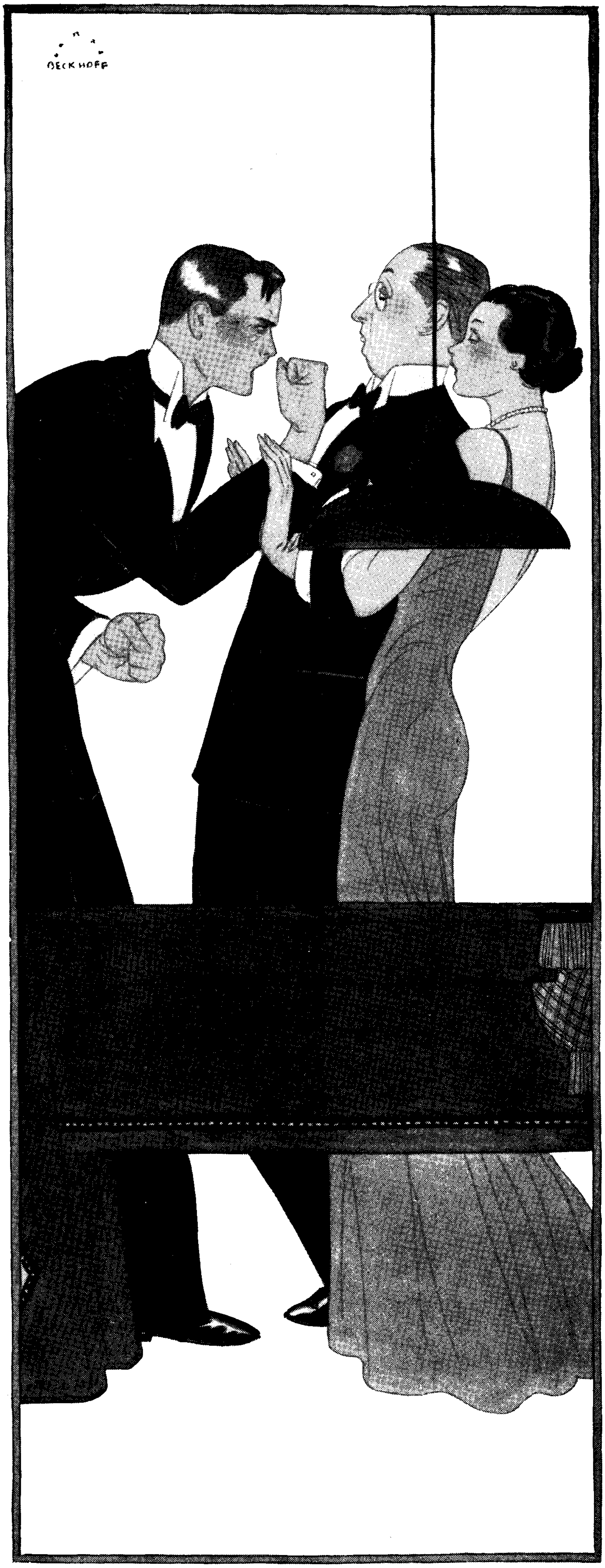
Above right: Pool under the dogwoods at the end of the front court, for ornament and play. Below left: Front court which makes an *outdoor* living-room, decorated with taxus hedge, flower bed and vines, and the flower window at the left of the entryway. Below right: The garden makes a mural for the living quarters

There's Always Penelope

By Josephine Bentham

"Suppose we get married!" said Bill. "You do sweep a girl off her feet," said Sheila. And so they went to the altar? Don't be sure—read the story

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



"Do you mean that?" Bill demanded. "Of course I do," said Shelia

BILL PATTERSON was one of those young men born to wander, for whom either glory or the gallows is freely prophesied by their kin. Men like Bill will come home with trophies for their friends and no alibis; then, in no time at all, they'll be off again—for the pearl beds or the gold fields, for the copper mines or the frozen wastes. Many people had offered Bill jobs; no one in Weldon City had ever offered him a job that meant a five minutes' brisk walk to the office. This, Bill conceded, was his own fault. He wasn't the type.

Now he was back from Mexico, and Sheila Warren put on the sombrero that her love had brought her. The sombrero fell over one eye.

"Wonderful!" she said, without conviction.

Then she looked at him thoughtfully. He was, she admitted, very bronzed and splendid. All he needed was a discus. It was a mistake to love a man like Bill.

"What did you do in Mexico?"

"I found out where there wasn't any gold, and I drank lots and lots of tequila."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to fly again."

"Where?" she asked him desperately.

"Oh, not far—and not yet. The plane was cracked up in Nebraska. You remember?"

"I remember."

"You sound kind of glacial. Aren't you glad I'm home? Say! Nothing's happened, Sheila?"

"Nothing ever happens. That's why you go to Mexico and buy sombreros."

"Sure."

Sheila smiled at him. He was never repentant about anything. And now it didn't seem as if he had ever gone away. He looked so domesticated. The firelight flickered on the wiry coat of Sheila's little terrier, asleep on the rug between them. The rain tapped like rueful fingers on the window pane. And the deep voice of Zenobia came from the kitchen—Zenobia was crooning over the corn bread that she was making for Bill's supper. It was like Bill—wherever he was—to be the prodigal son.

"Do you know," he said abruptly, "we're not so young as we used to be?"

"That's right," said Sheila, pulling the terrier's ear. "I'm almost twenty-two and you're twenty-five. Do you think we can get through the winter?" She paused suddenly and stared at him. "But do you mean—by any remote chance—that it's time to settle down?"

"I think," he said abstractedly, "that I smell corn bread."

"You do. Zenobia adores you—the fool. Now about this hardening of the arteries—"

"Well, it's not that I want to settle down—exactly."

"Of course not! Why, you've never been to Peru—or have you?"

"I don't like your tone."

"See if I care!" said Sheila rudely.

"That was always the trouble with you," he said, reaching for a cigarette. "You never had any manners."

"And as for you, Lord Chesterfield—all that drawing-room technique of yours—"

Bill pushed her in the general direction of the coal scuttle. The terrier awoke and banged his tail on the rug. The two looked at each other with pleased eyes.

"Made for each other!" said Bill.

"We-ell—"

"But it's so obvious, you poor muddle-headed ape!"

SHEILA looked pensively into the fire. "You know," she said at last, "the other day I ran into one of my old schoolbooks—one about mythology. Mother had been clearing some old things out of the attic. Well, I was brushing up on Penelope."

"I've forgotten about her."

"Why, she was the one who went on weaving something to keep her suitors away—while Ulysses was wandering."

"Yes, now I remember dimly. She worked all day and then she worked all night taking out what she'd done that day. The point was, she'd marry one of the suitors when the work was done. I remember—I thought it was smart."

"Did you? I always thought it was sort of feeble of Penelope."

"I don't know," said Bill. "Didn't Ulysses finally come home?"

"Yes. But he went away again."

"Oh! Well—the poor old chap—I guess in those days they had to fool around with wars and one thing and another. Sheila! Let's not be wrangling about mythology—with me just back from Mexico—"

"That's the whole point. Why did you ever have to go to Mexico in the first place? I'm not going to say another word, but I'm going to go right out of your life. That's definite. I'm not going to go on being the dumb girl friend of the big globe trotter. Now you understand that, Bill Patterson! From now on

(Continued on page 67)

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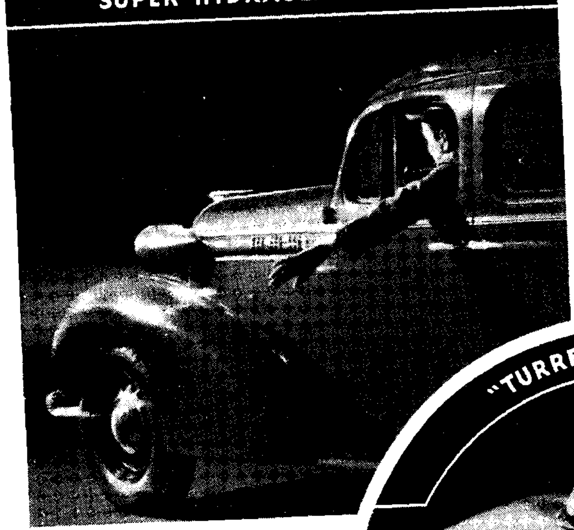

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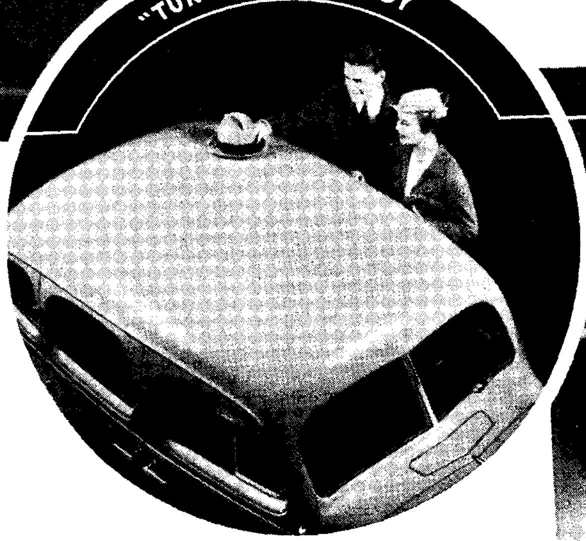

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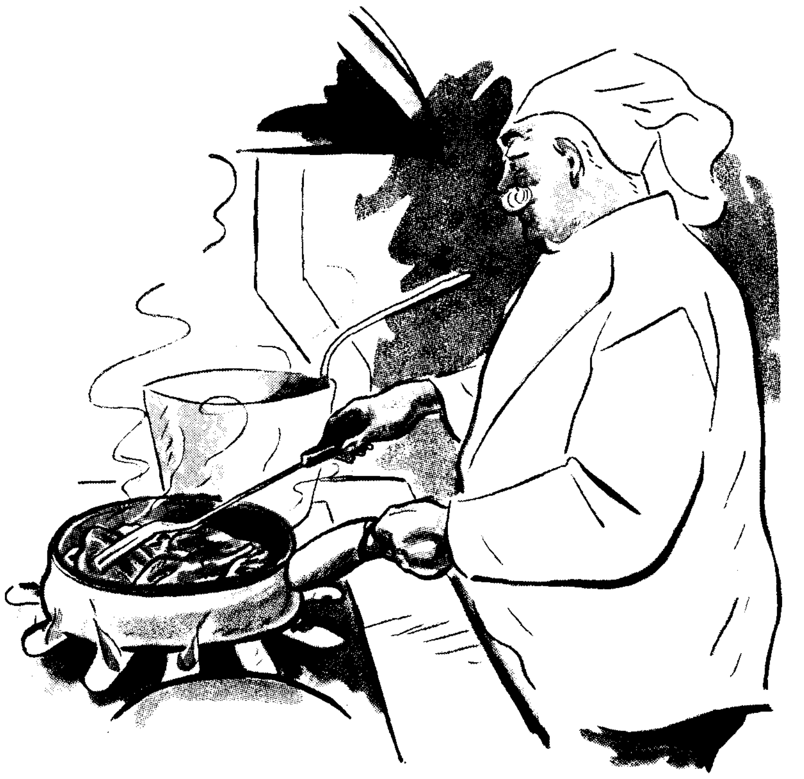

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHELLHASE

Now, in another minute or two, the chicken cacciatore will be ready

Don't Neglect the Garlic

As told to William J. Chipman

By Cesare A. Moneta

Here's good cooking and good eating. British roast beef with a touch of garlic? One taste of this dish and you'll pull up your chair and fall to with a will

THROUGH most of my fifty-six years I have been what you might well describe as a rolling stone of the kitchen, but I think I can refute your American theory that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Starting from my native village of Taceno in the Province of Como in northern Italy at the age of thirteen, I wandered for the next twenty-six years through world-famous kitchens in Europe and America before settling down, quite by accident, to open my own restaurant in Mulberry Street, New York City, in 1918.

My wanderings over the face of the cooking map enabled me to gather, unlike the rolling stone of your proverb, much moss in the form of little tricks of the kitchen to increase your enjoyment of the viands placed before you. A lifetime of study is required to produce a real artist of the kitchen, a master chef, and I continue to study.

I was born in an inn, not with a silver spoon in my mouth but with an iron one in my hand. I was born to be a chef (there is a difference between a chef and a cook, mind you), and it was with this goal before me that I set out from Taceno as the cold of the winter of 1889 gripped the land and made sturdy food more appetizing. My first stop was Milan, where I soon landed a job in the royal Italian kitchen in that city. (King Humberto maintained fully staffed royal eating places in all the cities he was likely to visit, and the work went on even if nobody but the help was present.)

My apprenticeship in Milan taught me much, and before long I obtained a job as assistant cook in the royal kitchen at Genoa. I had a fever to learn many languages along with my cooking, and this added to my desire to travel. Thus I signed on, when I was only eighteen, as head cook in a now vanished restaurant in Nice. Then Berlin. There in the Bristol, while still near twenty, I achieved my ambition of becoming a full-fledged chef.

Feeling that I had mastered all that was behind the swinging doors, I moved out to the other side when I tackled London and the English language. I served as a first-class waiter at the famous Carlton. There I had the honor several times of serving the then Prince of Wales, who later became Edward VII. Before I left the Carlton I had become maître d'hôtel, master of all on either side of the swinging doors and equally at home, as restaurateurs must be, with cut glass and silver and shining pots and pans.

I set out for America on impulse. I landed one autumn day in 1899 dressed to kill and clutching about $15 in my pocket as I hunted for a job. I walked up Fifth Avenue and turned east into Forty-second Street. I had heard much of the old Manhattan Hotel, on the northwest corner of Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, and I entered it. As the headwaiter was relieving me of a silk hat and starting to bow me to a table, I said:

"Hold on, here. I didn't come here to eat; I can't afford it. I came for a job."

Caruso Invents a Dish

When the waiter recovered sufficiently to speak, he engaged me as a bus boy. That was a come-down, but I was in America, land of my dreams. I heard of a job as assistant headwaiter at the old Knickerbocker Hotel at Forty-second Street and Broadway and I wasn't long in acquiring it. I served many happy years there and became maître d'hôtel. I grew to know the great Enrico Caruso intimately in the years he lived at the hotel. It was there that, over my persistent protest, he invented spaghetti Caruso, a concoction of chicken livers and spices of which I heartily disapprove. I told Caruso things would be better if he attended to the singing and let me do the cooking, but he was adamant and spaghetti Caruso became part of our menu.

After the Knickerbocker began to wane, I went up to Boston to serve as maître d'hôtel of the Somerset. Curiously enough, it was while bent on more wandering that I became firmly lodged in New York. I was a "young" man still, only thirty-nine, when this came about. For years, ever since the start of the war, I had been gazing with envy at ships as they made their way down the bay, and finally, in 1918, my chance came. Italy called out its older reserves, and I was eligible.

Happy as a lark, I made my way to the Italian settlement near the famous "Mulberry Bend" to purchase my steamer ticket from an Italian bank. I had about $3,000 in my pocket. On my way up Mulberry Street, at No. 24, I spied a restaurant, Italian of course, and having spied

"Detours..torn-up Streets I drive 'em Every day_

I'M TRAVELING IN MY FIFTH PLYMOUTH TODAY"

MR. DONALDSON IS VICE-PRESIDENT and superintendent of McGuire & Rolfe, Inc., Washington, D. C.

(*Below*) "THIS 1936 PLYMOUTH sure stands up under strains...the Safety-Steel body never loosens up."

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH WM. W. DONALDSON, ROAD CONTRACTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"IN 25 YEARS, I've built 150,000 miles of streets and roads," says Wm. Donaldson of Washington, D. C. "On every job I get plenty of traveling over detours... torn-up streets... or roads 'under repair.' My car has to stand up under the punishment.

"I've been driving Plymouths since they were introduced... this is my fifth... because Plymouth always gives me comfort and trouble-free service.

"It's a safe car...the easiest car on gas and oil I ever saw —a real item, because I drive 2,500 to 3,000 miles a month. Why wouldn't I boost Plymouth?"

Get out and drive a 1936 Plymouth and you'll quickly see what Mr. Donaldson's talking about. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange it soon.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

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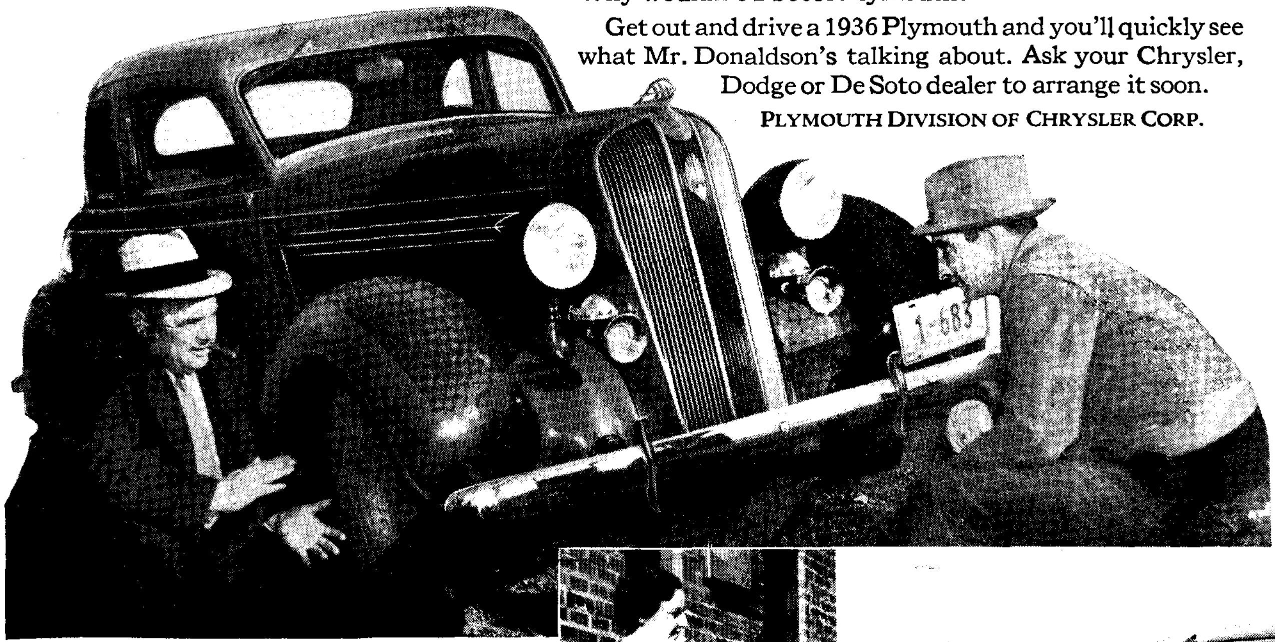

MR. DONALDSON DRIVES over each job . . . says he wouldn't drive without 100% hydraulic brakes.

Insist on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

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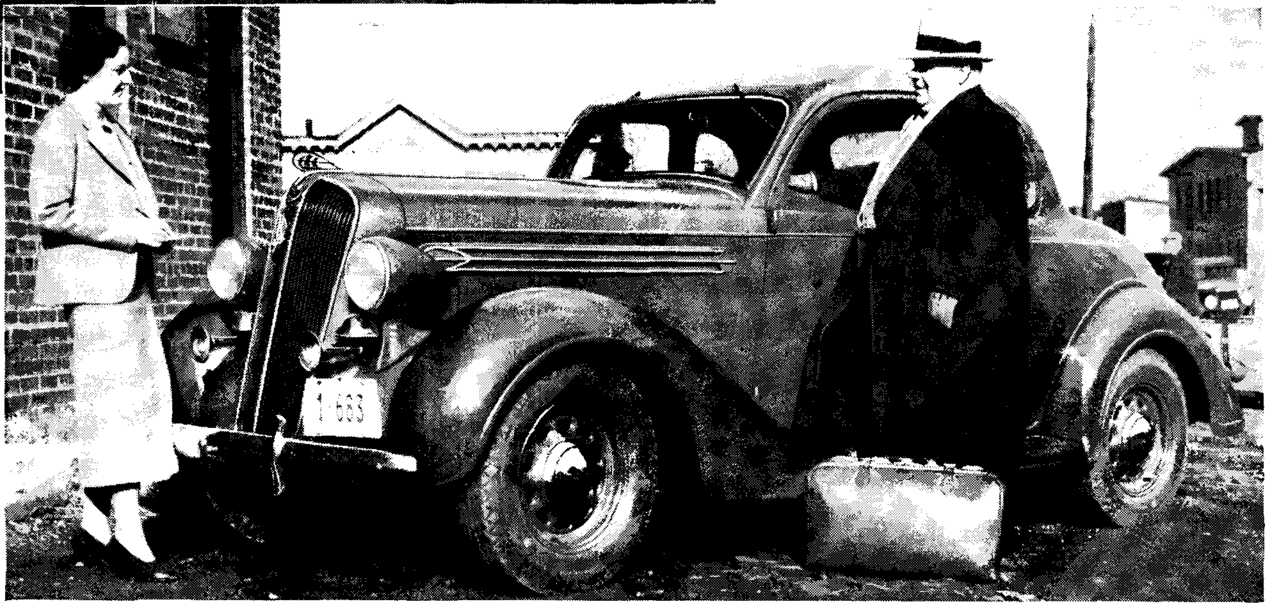
PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: **1.** Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* **2.** Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in. Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required

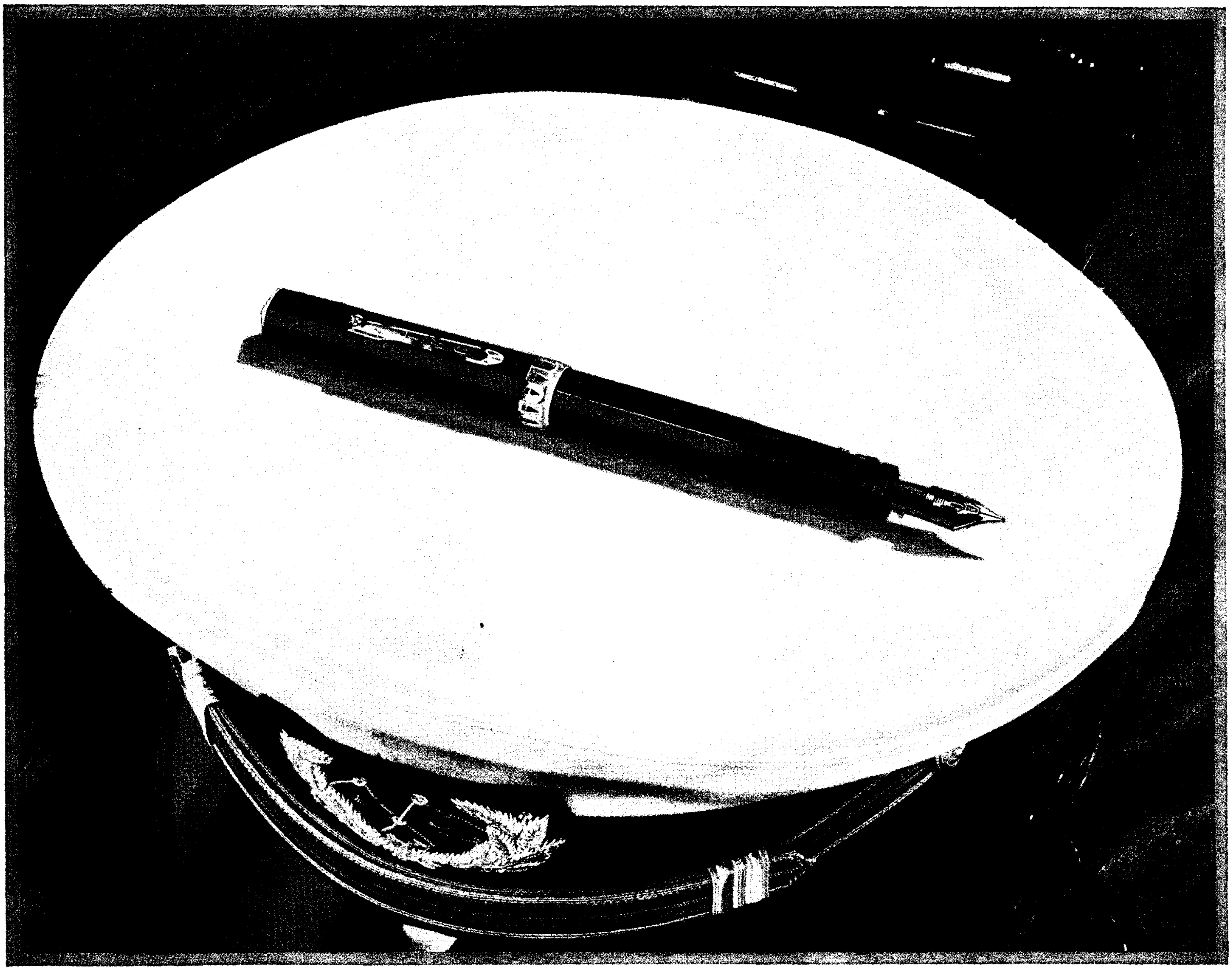
$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT— SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA



OFF ON ANOTHER TRIP...Mr. Donaldson drives his 1936 Plymouth 2,500 to 3,000 miles each month. "If I had to pick the one quality in a Plymouth which I like best," says Mr. Donaldson, "I believe I'd say the comfort...the smoothness of Floating Power."

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



INK STAINS GOODBYE! THE EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK!

You don't have to put up with leaky pens any more.

For a clever invention—the Safety Ink Shut-Off*—makes the Eversharp Pen as leak-proof as a submarine. It prevents ink from leaking out of the pen barrel. Once the cap is screwed on, there simply isn't a Chinaman's chance of ink leaking out to stain your fingers, purse, gloves, clothes.

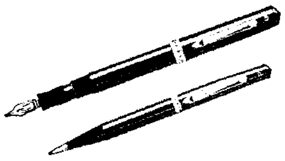
And Tailored Writing

Remember, Eversharp Pen is the only pen you can adjust to fit YOUR individual style of writing. You TAILOR it to fit YOUR writing hand.

> *Fills in one stroke—holds more than double the volume of ink—shows when ink is running low, when to refill.*

You can get the new Eversharp Pen at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department and drug stores. Get yours today. It gives you more for your money than any other good pen made. At $7.50 and $10 (with guarantee for life). Other models $5.

You can get genuine Eversharp Pencils to match at $3, $3.50 and $5. You can get matching sets (pen and pencil) for $8, $11 and $13.50. And, the new Eversharp Gold Seal Pen and Pencil, both guaranteed for life, in special gift box—$15. All prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.



Eversharp also makes *Square Lead*—the mechanical pencil lead that's sharper, stronger; writes smoother, blacker; won't slip or twist. And—it's the *only* lead that fits *all* makes of mechanical pencils. Make sure you get the *genuine*—it comes only in the "Red Top" package. Ask for it.

*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE FOUNTAIN PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

CAN'T LEAK—AND GIVES YOU TAILORED WRITING

Bring it to the table and eat it piping hot

Don't Neglect the Garlic

Continued from page 26

it, became convinced that a bottle of Chianti was needed to fortify me against my sailing errands. This was at ten o'clock in the morning. As closing time neared, I had become a firm friend of the proprietor, whom I had never seen before that day, but that didn't keep him from wanting to go home. Finally, in desperation, he sold me the restaurant for $1,500, just to get a night's sleep. I must have had more than one bottle of wine, because when I phoned my wife and told her what I had done, she merely said, "You're drunk."

Nevertheless, she came down to the restaurant, closed it for the night and took me home. The next day she assumed charge, appointed me her chef and made me give up my idea of going to war. Consequently, I am still here, or rather a few doors up Mulberry Street. I am not sorry. I glow with satisfaction every day, and have so glowed every day for the past seventeen years, at the thrill of being able to serve good food of my own design to persons who appreciate it.

And now it's about time to eat, isn't it? Let us eat, then, and let me lift for you, you women and men of America, the veil of mystery which always has been draped before epicurean cooking. I want to show you how easy it will be for you to enjoy upon your own table some of the exotic delights obtainable in only a very few restaurants even in the major cities of the world and then only at a cost which would take the breath right from the lungs of anybody but a multimillionaire.

Prepared at home, the best of food costs much less than it does in a restaurant, and if you pay strict attention to me, I shall teach you how to give it just that touch which measures the difference between success and failure in any culinary endeavor.

Magic with Garlic

All that I ask is that you have an inherent appreciation of good food artistically prepared, a certain inbred flair for tinkering with it and broadmindedness enough to put down your national prejudice against that humble but mighty savory which can make or break a dish—the sprig of garlic. You who say you *don't like* or *can't stand* garlic may be interested to know that you get it without knowing it, and doubtless appreciate it without realizing what you are appreciating, every time you order an entrée in a first-class restaurant.

Garlic is mistakenly considered the personal and private property of Italians, but it is necessary to chefs of every nation. To see what magic it can work with even so typically British a dish as roast beef, get a juicy, tender porterhouse roast from your favorite butcher and then insert one clove—one, mind you; no more—of garlic cut up into eighths into the luscious meat before you place it in the oven. Put the garlic in where it will do the most good. That means into the body of the meat, and not into its natural crevices. At each end of your roast make four dainty openings with a meat skewer, and into each insert one piece of the dissected garlic. Into the natural crevices of the meat rub as much salt and pepper as you can, place it in the oven and cook it fifteen minutes for each pound.

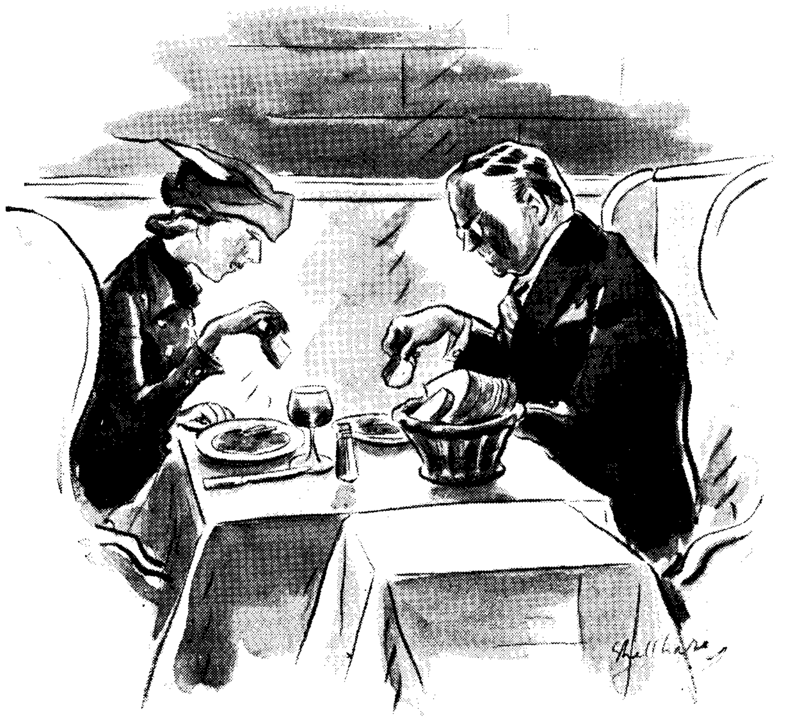
That should mean from two hours upward, because no roast can be just right if it is cut smaller than eight pounds. Even if your family is small, don't be alarmed at the size. A tender porterhouse, sirloin or even prime rib roast prepared in this fashion will vanish quickly enough under the assault of even two persons. And it's just as good cold as hot, not to mention the delicious hash which can be made of the final remnant of the meat. That hash is a separate subject which I shall go into later on when I tell you about a heavenly preparation of chicken and ham which I learned from a friend down on the James River Peninsula in Virginia.

After your roast is properly salted and peppered and garlicked, place it in a pre-heated oven where the flame has been high. Keep the gas going full blast for ten minutes more, five for each side of the roast, and then lower it to about half of its full power for the rest of the route. If you have a modern range equipped with oven-heat control you can keep the temperature at the exact degree required.

Britain's Gift

Baste the roast four times an hour until it has been cooked fifteen minutes for each of its luscious pounds. This will leave the meat rare—and if you like your roast any other way don't waste your money on expensive cuts of beef. To prepare an excellent gravy for this roast, remove the drippings from the pan, place them in a skillet with a small ball of butter and more than a dash of salt and pepper. Put the skillet over the flame and when your mixture is sizzling hot, add enough water to brown it. When you serve the roast, insist upon doing

(Continued on page 30)



Don't be silly about the gravy—it's the soul of the meat

IT'S NOT
THE SPORTING
THING
TO DO

Don Herold Says:

Perspiration Aura
Isn't Cricket

A lot of us fellows who wouldn't harm a fly have been guilty of foul play in this matter of publicizing hour-old perspiration.

Our best friends have been too fine to tell us—they've just walked off.

They've said: "I wish Bill would not do that."

I don't say that perspiration noticeableness will keep you from becoming chairman of your company's board of directors or keep you out of the social register. I simply ask you: would you be such a poor sport as to perspire so anybody could notice it—even perfect strangers?

Thousands of men have already answered, "No!" and have put Mum on their bathroom shelves along with their shaving soap and toothpaste. Mum now rounds out the modern toilet kit of many a he-man man.

HE'S SO NICE, OTHERWISE

Mum — bluntly — is a pleasant cream which definitely deodorizes perspiration for the day (without stopping it). Many men use it for underarm dabs after their morning rub-adub, and again before stepping out for the evening; also for touches to the feet to prevent sting and to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Test Mum "on the house." Jot your name and address on the edge of this page and send it for a free sample to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M-46, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU LOOKED LIKE A TRAMP!
YOUR WHISKERS WERE SIMPLY DISGRACEFUL.
OKAY! I'D RATHER LOOK LIKE A TRAMP THAN SHAVE AGAIN IN THE EVENING!
NEXT DAY
... AND HE SAYS HE CAN'T SHAVE CLOSE IN THE MORNING BECAUSE OF HIS TENDER SKIN!
TELL HIM TO TRY THIS COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM. ITS SMALL BUBBLE LATHER IS WONDERFUL FOR TOUGH BEARDS AND TENDER SKINS.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
NEXT NIGHT
WHY, JIM, IT'S A MIRACLE! YOUR CHIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO CLEAN THIS LATE AT NIGHT!
NO MIRACLE, HONEY ... JUST A COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE AT 8 A.M. AND MY SKIN FEELS SWELL, TOO!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

(Continued from page 29)

the carving yourself, so you may keep your eye peeled for the garlic cooked within it. Exert every care to pick out these spent bits of divine flavor. It would be unthinkable to let anybody eat one—particularly if he wasn't expecting it. Try one roast this way, and if you're not converted to garlic, I'll buy another and cook it for you your way.

It seems, however, that we are wandering more through Piccadilly than through stately Milan. I did promise to take you on an exotic trip through royal kitchens and gourmets' restaurants, didn't I? Well, the deviation was natural enough; I know no national boundaries in my own gastronomic preferences, and I think red roast beef is Britain's greatest gift to twentieth-century culture. It happens that my own restaurant is Italian, but that is only because the connoisseurs of food who come to dine visit me for the express purpose of obtaining Italian delicacies.

The Food of Caesar's Legions

Come, let us dine with them. Let us even go out into the kitchen and ourselves prepare the dainty morsels. The earlier courses in any Italian meal are familiar enough to all of you—the appetizer, the soup, or perhaps the spaghetti or the ravioli. This brings us hard upon the entrée. What have our guests ordered? What shall we ourselves have? The chances are that most of them have called for chicken cacciatore, so we might as well join them.

Chicken cacciatore is as old as the ruins of ancient Rome. Unlike the ruins, it has improved through the ages and, of course, changed a lot. Caesar's legions ate it between battles in Gaul; vigorous men have demanded it throughout southern Europe ever since. It is the special favorite of hunters at the start of the day (yes, for breakfast) to give them the strength to pursue bears across the Alps. It is from these huntsmen, of course, that it gets its name. For these hardy souls it was not invariably prepared with chicken; bear meat or venison was just as often used, and the giant mushrooms common in northern Italy were not altogether unknown as substitutes for the tomatoes called for in the present recipe.

The use of chicken in this historic and sturdy dish has given it a delicacy and a refinement impossible when it was made with red meats. Now let's see. We have a score of orders on the spike for this savory repast, but let us turn them over to the head cook. You and I will just prepare our own—enough for two.

We will need a large skillet, with about a quarter of an inch of olive oil covering its cooking surface. Into this (steady yourself, now; buck up your courage, if you have to) we will drop two cloves of garlic after a brisk fire has done its duty under the skillet for about two minutes. We will watch this carefully and with interest, and as soon as the boiling oil has browned the garlic, we will remove the two crisp hulks. There, I thought that would satisfy you better. The delicate task of the garlic has been performed, and you need not worry further. It will be in the chicken, but elusively so, and you wouldn't have known what it was if you had not seen me use it.

Now we will cut up a chicken slightly beyond the frying age, meaning one weighing about three pounds. We shall have to be careful about this, because a small frying chicken does not stand up well under the cacciatore treatment. We will select our young fowl from the ice box, where it has reposed with many of its kind for from twelve to twenty-four hours after slaughter, and cut it as though we were going to fry it—which is just what we are going to do, up to a certain point.

We will drop our pieces of chicken into the bubbling oil and again watch our creation carefully until the meat begins to lose the liquid within it and turn brown. We shall, of course, have turned it several times before this takes place. At this point we will pour in one can of peeled Italian tomatoes (the little fellows shaped like undersized pears). If you want to use fresh ones, you may, about a dozen, but it is unlikely that you will be able to get them. Permit me to assure you that the canned ones are even better and are everywhere obtainable.

Now we are almost at the end of our labor. We watch the beautiful red tomatoes imparting their nectar to our chicken, and about the time the tomatoes seem to be thoroughly heated, we add a generous teaspoonful of arregno. This is the Italian word for thyme. Though arregno is slightly different, you may easily substitute thyme for it.

Now in another minute or two, our chicken cacciatore will be ready. Just toss in a lump of sweet butter for luck at the finish. Our fire has remained brisk throughout, and the time consumed since placing the skillet above the flame has been about thirty minutes. We will bring it to our table and eat it piping hot with thick slices of Vienna bread. We won't want any butter because we will pour its aromatic and oily gravy over it, of course. And when we have eaten the tender chicken right down to the bones, we will turn European and get the full benefit of that gravy by sopping it up with our bread. It is not my intention to criticize the table manners of my adopted country, but I must say that no Continental epicure ever would be able to understand America's diffidence toward its gravy. This essence of our meats may be eaten just as daintily as one pleases, but it should by all means be eaten and not allowed to go to waste.

We dismissed spaghetti with a gesture a few paragraphs back, but perhaps we had better double back a course and have a look at it. All of you are familiar with spaghetti, but many of you, I fear, know it simply as Italian spaghetti. Few realize that Italians have hundreds of sauces for use on spaghetti and ravioli. Let us discuss two or three of the most popular. All are easily prepared at home, and anybody could cook the actual spaghetti, of course. I advise even the above-average cook to steer clear of ravioli, however. Infinite patience and much tedious labor are required to make a success of these tasty little dumplings. Sauces that are good on one are just as good on the other, so let us analyze first the sauces.

My exacting guests demand the true Italian sauces, with a marked preference for marinara and Bolognese. The marinara sauce is simplicity itself. Want some? All right, it's just like the chicken cacciatore, except that there isn't any chicken in it—and it should be cooked less rapidly and for a longer time.

The Bolognese sauce is hardly more intricate, but its preparation requires more cooking time, at a very slow pace. Here it is (this is for six generous servings, and you could hardly make less successfully): Grind together in a food chopper half a pound of good roasting beef and half a dozen chicken livers. Follow these with a good-sized Bermuda onion. Place all in a stewing pan and salt and pepper generously. Cover your meat with as much beef stock or broth as may be required and let it simmer for four hours. After about two hours stir in a can of tomato paste. If you have some veal bones handy, you can improve your sauce by permitting them to simmer with it. And if you think you can find it and fish it out after about two hours of cooking, a tiny clove of garlic will add piquancy to the sauce. Don't fail to rescue the garlic at the proper moment; otherwise your sauce will be on the strong side.

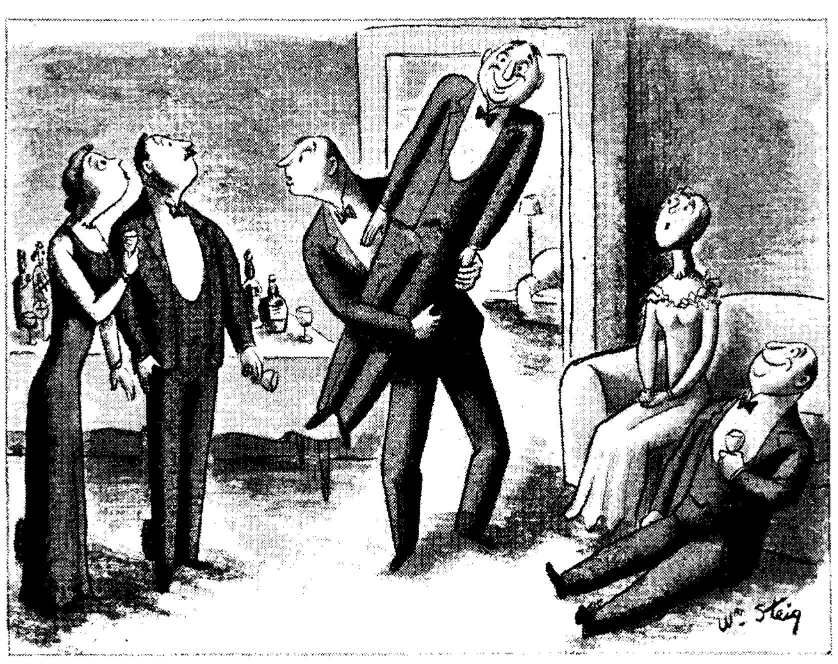
Bolognese is the sauce you get when you walk into a restaurant and order Italian spaghetti, so if you prepare it in your own home you will be giving your family and your guests something with which they probably are familiar. It should, therefore, be better received by them than other more fancy preparation. My own favorite, however, remains marinara, and since I eat spaghetti only once a week and often in the American cheese style, I need only one Italian favorite. If you are the cook I think you are (and you must be if you are reading this article), you yourself will work out your own variations of the two sauces I have given you.

Now for the Spaghetti

So much for the sauces. Even a bride should be able to cook the spaghetti on the night of her house-warming. You perhaps are unaware that spaghetti is made in three sizes. The No. 2, or middle size, doubtless will best suit your needs.

Armed with your spaghetti, half fill a large saucepan with water and let it come to a boil. When the water is bubbling briskly put in your spaghetti *without breaking it.* Part of it will stick out over the edge of the saucepan, but don't worry about that. It will slip down into the water gradually as the long strings

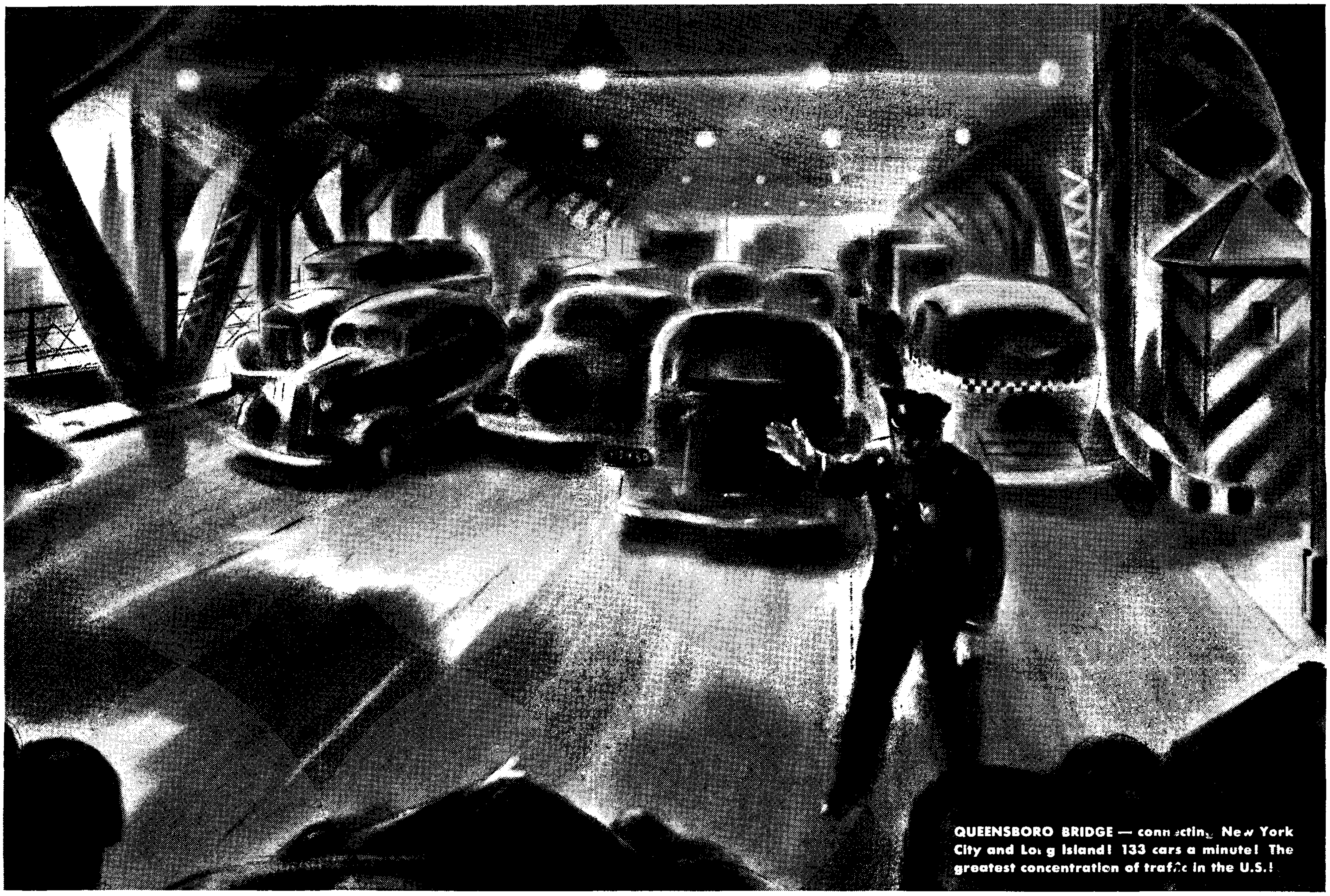
(Continued on page 32)



"Martinson is completely paralyzed!"

WILLIAM STEIG

40,000 STOPS AN HOUR



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In your driving you average 30 stops a day...
4 out of every 5 miles you drive are "STOP-and-GO"

TODAY . . . no matter where you live . . . it's shift—shift—shift from morning to night! You average over 60 shifts a day.

Shifting gears after one stop can use up enough gasoline to take you one-third of a mile.

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For economy in today's "stop-and-go" driving, your gasoline needs 3 different kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 different gears. You need one kind of power for *quick starts*, one for *fast pickup* and hill climbing, one for *steady running.*

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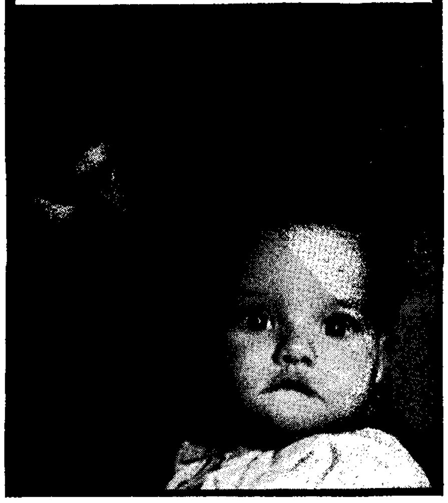
SUPER SHELL

"WE BOUGHT A NEW HOUSE BECAUSE I'M BOSS IN MY FAMILY"



I need clean, humidified, circulated air . . .
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The best is none too good for me, so we got a new house with a new American Radiator Conditioning System in it!

. . . and the best is none too good for you either! Scientific comfort, which only yesterday was a rich man's privilege, is today the opportunity of every person. It's inexpensive to buy and operate—and it brings *home comfort you never dreamed possible.* American Radiator Company, pioneer in the comfort field, still sets the pace with this latest development in modern indoor living.

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Don't Neglect the Garlic

Continued from page 30

become saturated. If you are making a meal of the spaghetti (and have made your sauce well) you will need slightly more than one pound for six persons. If it is to be only a side dish with meat and vegetables, a bit more than half a pound will do. Cook your spaghetti for fifteen, eleven or seven minutes, depending upon whether you want it mushy, well cooked or "live." Many Italians prefer the "live" or underdone dish. I prefer the well-cooked style, and I think you also will like it.

When the spaghetti is cooked, ladle it onto a large platter with a strainer and a large spoon, and rush it to the table. It is far better, I think, to serve the sauce in a separate dish and to let each diner help himself. Sauce poured over the larger platter has a way of becoming messy by the time the fifth or the sixth person has been served, not to mention that the sauce seems actually to disappear before you can serve that many. You will want a bowl of grated Parmesan cheese to be sprinkled over the spaghetti after the sauce has been ladled over it.

I realize that unbroken strings of spaghetti present some difficulty to the uninitiated, both in serving and in eating. I can ease your way over these twin difficulties in about two minutes. First, to serve the squirming threads, attack a reasonable number of them with a tablespoon in the right hand and a fork in the left. Seize the spaghetti firmly (not too much of it; twenty-odd threads of it, cooked full length, can make quite a lot), lift it high over the dish, swerve it quickly over the diner's plate and drop it rapidly—before the spaghetti knows what has happened to it. After you do it once or twice, there's absolutely no trick to it.

Now, to eat the balky stuff plunge a fork into three or four strands and begin twisting the fork for dear life. You will find that you have wrapped a dainty morsel of spaghetti, sauce and cheese about your fork, and even if you never saw it before you ought to know what to do with it from there on. By watching the wrong sort of Italians, some Americans have developed the habit of using a large spoon as a background or shield while twisting the spaghetti onto their forks. In Italy this is as inelegant as stoking food into your mouth with a knife.

And Don't Forget the Wine

If you cook spaghetti and chicken cacciatore for a single meal, you will have prepared enough even for hearty eaters. You will want to sandwich it only with an appetizer, a plain salad and a light dessert of fruit or cheese and to top it off with coffee. If you serve wines in your home, you will find that any good Italian Chianti or a good California claret will enable you to enjoy this meal the more; or, more properly, that this meal will bring out the finest flavors in a good Italian or domestic wine—since gourmets hold that this is the chief purpose of food.

The Italian appetizer, or antipasto, is very much like the French hors d'oeuvre. We make them rather fancy down here in my restaurant, but that is mainly for the picture effect. One so simple as to include only pimentos, anchovies and ripe olives should be sufficient at home. You may add anything else in that line that you want, but any time the appetizer becomes heartier than just an appetizer, appreciation of the rest of the meal suffers.

I have outlined for you a rather hearty meal, something more than even a gourmet would care to eat each evening. If it is too much for you, do what most of my patrons do: eat just one of the dishes, excluding even the appetizer and the dessert. The person doesn't live (and hasn't lived—and that goes even for the fabled Jim Brady) who can enjoy a meal of the proportions served in the average Italian table d'hôte place. That is why I never have served a table d'hôte meal.

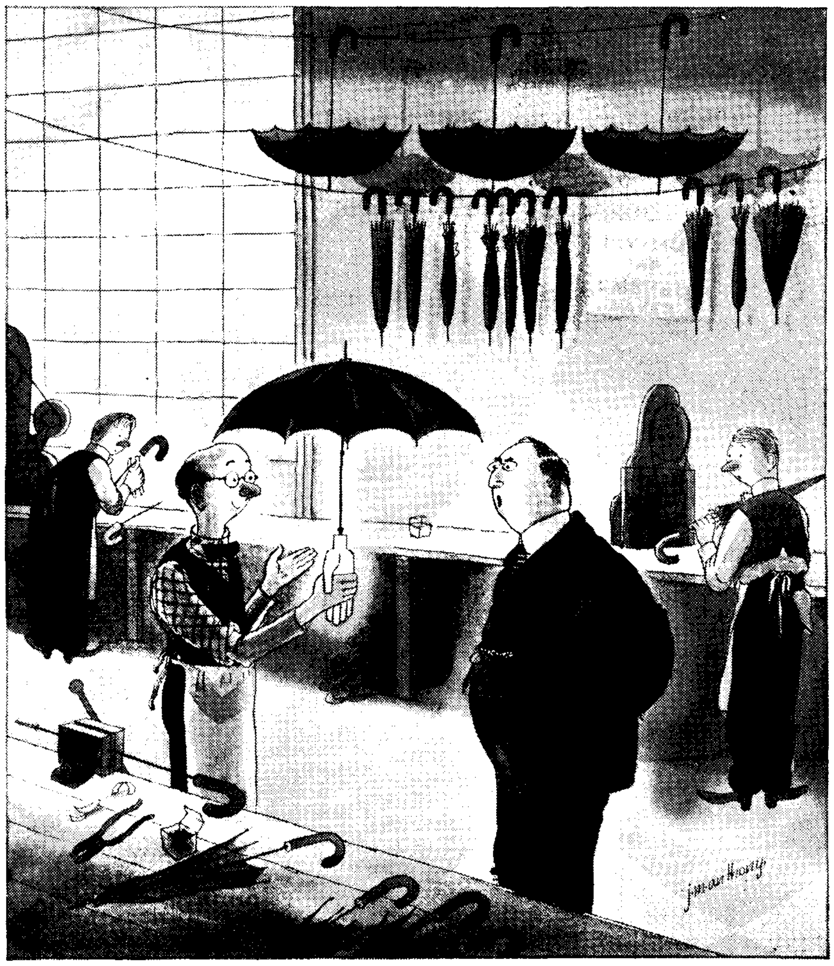
An Inspiration from the South

Haven't we been abroad long enough? I'm just dying to tell you about a typically American masterpiece of cuisine which I'd like to bet you never heard of unless you happen to live in Tidewater Virginia. It's that chicken and ham I spoke of at the start of this article, and it is as simple as it is delicious. Even an inexperienced cook could hardly go wrong on it. First, line a square cake pan with a coating of biscuit dough, shaped up over the edges. Put the pan into a brisk oven, watch it carefully and withdraw it just as the dough begins to show the first faint signs of browned specks. Then fill the pan with slices of baked Virginia country ham, and slices of cold cooked chicken, either roasted or fried. Over this put a generous amount of thick beef or chicken stock or gravy, slap on a top cover of biscuit dough, pinch it firmly down around the edges, make three or four perforations in the top with a fork and let the same brisk oven bring it to a golden brown. This should serve four or five persons, if all act quickly and in concert.

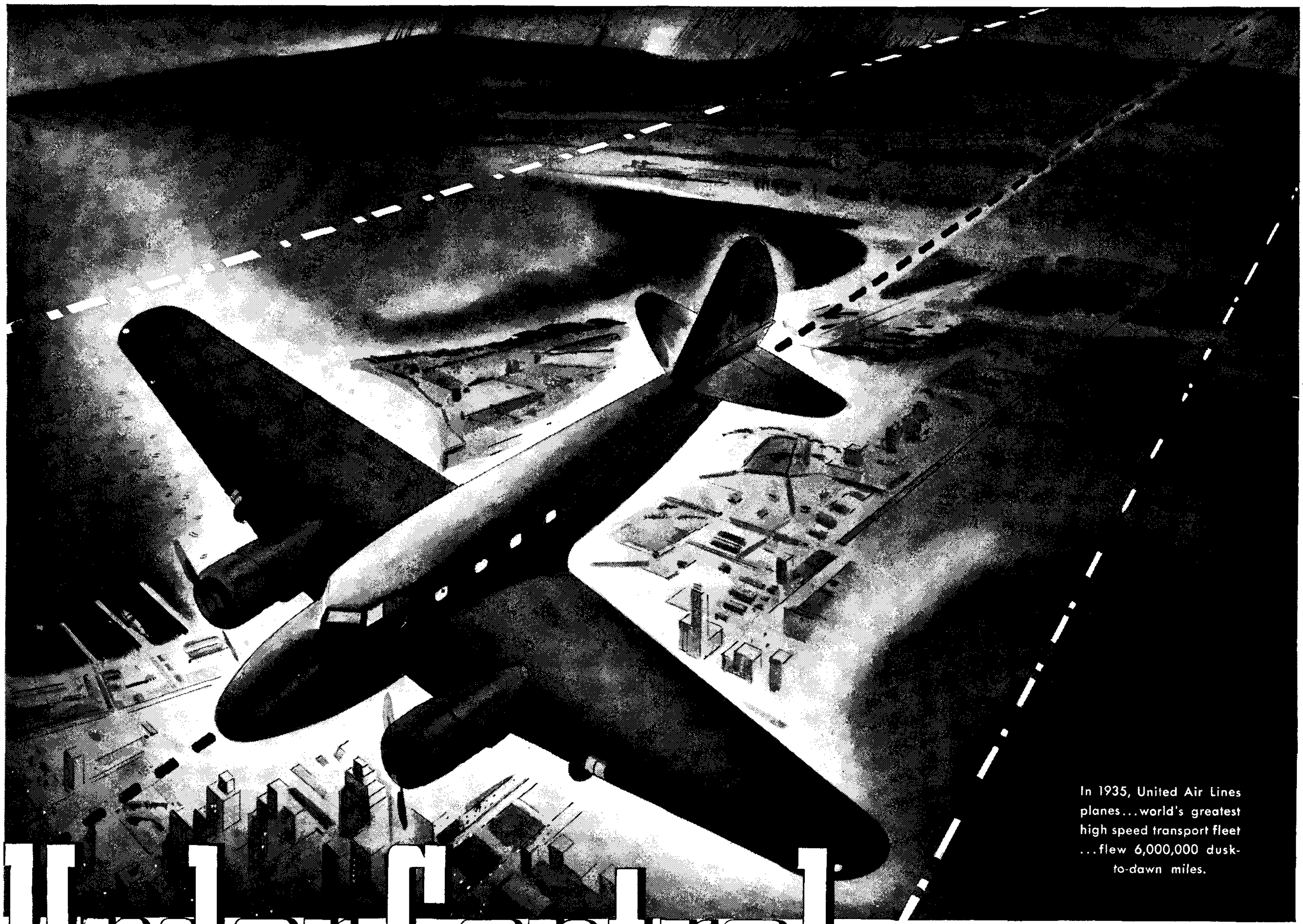
And now about that hash. Don't turn up your nose. It's another inspired creation which the South has given to the rest of the nation. After you feel that you have eaten your fill of that eight-pound roast, take about the last third of it, fat and all, and cut it up into tiny cubes, about one third the size of your favorite dice. Match this cubed meat with about an equal amount of cold boiled potatoes similarly cut. Follow by reducing a large Bermuda onion the same way, even if you have to cry over it, which you will. I can guarantee that the hash will be well worth a few tears, or even a good many. Put all of this into a large skillet with whatever you have available in the way of gravy and meat stock. Water does just about as well as meat stock because the gravy and the fat impart richness to the dish. Be generous with salt and pepper.

Let your handiwork cook over a moderate flame. About thirty minutes, I believe, is the time required, but I never measure this preparation in minutes. I simply renew the water twice as it is cooked out, and by the time the mixture has thickened a third time, it is ready for your table—if you have not already eaten it up spoonful by spoonful while stirring it. Serve it with hot biscuits and you won't want anything else for your supper—because you will want all there is to be had of just this.

If you have the cooking instinct, you will be able to follow my recipes, you will improvise and you will change them to suit your own particular taste. Even if you haven't the cooking instinct, you still can be a pretty good cook by following just two rules which all masters of the art follow as they follow an axiom: never use anything but the best of materials and always keep a plentiful supply of meat stock in your refrigerator. It is extremely difficult for anyone, however crude in a kitchen, to spoil really good food, short of burning it, and if you use only the best, you are certain to live well—and doubtless long.



"The company frowns on individualism, McSweeney!" J. M. ANTHONY



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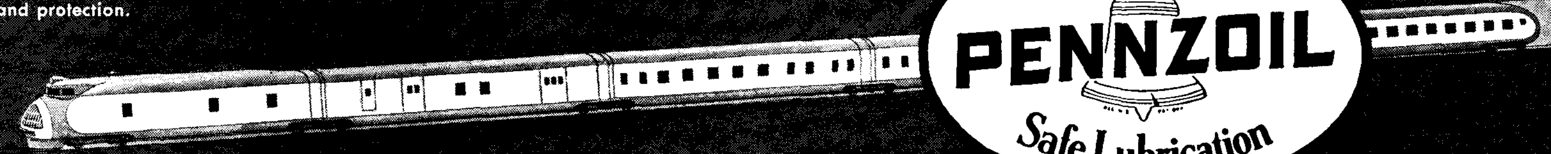

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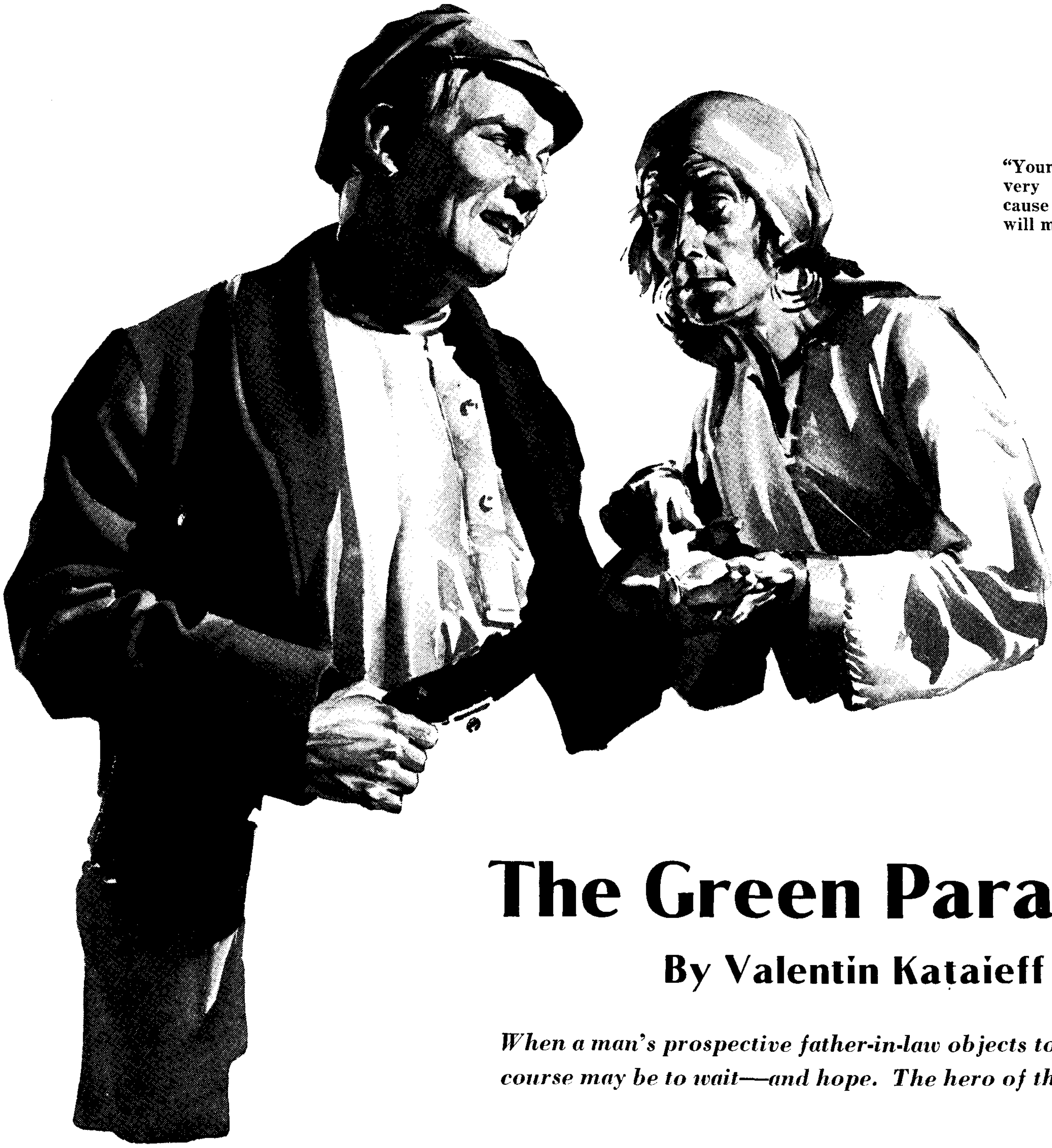

"Young man, you will meet a very lovely girl. She will cause you some trouble and will make you suffer a little"

The Green Parakeet

By Valentin Kataieff

When a man's prospective father-in-law objects to him, the wise course may be to wait—and hope. The hero of this story didn't

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THERE'S no better chance to judge a man's character than when he is taking a Sunday walk on the great boulevards of Moscow.

Pashka Koukoushkine began his stroll at six in the evening along the shores of the Clean Lakes. His first move was to enter one of the pavilions of the "Mosselprome," a State store, and toss off a bottle of beer, thus achieving at once a feeling of complete well-being. Next he bought two balls of popcorn and proceeded, with deliberation, up the central lane of the boulevard. At the first turn of the street he ran into a gypsy who took him by the arm as though she had been lying in wait for him.

"Handsome dark man, give me your hand and I will tell your fortune. I will reveal the future, everything that is on your heart, my dear. And for this pleasure, you will pay only ten kopecks to the old gypsy woman. Come, don't be stingy. If I tell your fortune it will make you very happy. If not, you will always regret it."

"Palmistry is nonsense and a bourgeois prejudice, old woman," said Pashka after a moment's reflection. "Nevertheless here are ten kopecks; you may tell me whatever you like. It means nothing at all to me."

The gypsy hid the coin in the voluminous folds of her colorful skirt, bared her black teeth in a grin and seized her client's left hand.

"Young man, you will meet a very lovely girl. She will cause you some trouble and will make you suffer a little, but that is nothing; pay no heed to it. A man in his middle years will block your path. Do not fear him; but pay attention to the knife. Ah, yes, my dear, I see a knife lifted above your head. Watch it carefully. Fear neither your friends nor your enemies. A green parakeet will bring you luck. Go your way in peace and may God preserve you!"

When the gypsy had finished this solemn revelation she pushed out her thin stomach and wandered off, shuffling in the sand with feet wrapped in brown cloths.

"How that old woman can lie!" Pashka said to himself, continuing his walk, his eyes sparkling with amusement.

ON HIS way he sampled all the pleasures that offered themselves to him; he got on a large scale and found that he weighed a hundred and fifty-eight pounds. A little farther on he tested his strength on a gymnastic machine and made the indicator rise to the point marked "Strong Man." A hundred feet beyond was an electrical device for measuring nerve resistance. He took hold of a long copper rod with both hands; little ants dashed madly through his body; his joints felt full of charged water; his moist palms stuck to the bar; but his nerves, strong as the sinews of an ox, never for an instant betrayed him.

Finally he seated himself on a chair placed in front of a canvas curtain representing a fantastic Kremlin. He crossed his legs, gravely compressed his lips and had his picture taken. Ten minutes later he received the print, still wet, and examined it with great care. You would have thought he was seeing for the first time in his life that well-formed nose under a square cap, the innocently gay eyes, the sailor pants and the apache shirt from which rose a long, well-developed neck.

"I guess I'll get by," he announced finally, with an air of satisfaction. He carefully rolled up the damp photograph and set off toward a little bridge where a number of small boats danced gayly in the sun on the bluish waves of the lake.

In order to complete his entire program of Sunday diversion, the one thing left was to find a couple of agreeable girls and take them boating. But without quite knowing why, he abandoned this project and after staring at the water for a few minutes continued on his way until his attention was arrested by a large and exuberant crowd jamming the open doorway of a booth.

"What's going on in there?" Pashka inquired of a little soldier stationed at attention by the entrance.

"They're throwing rings," the latter replied, opening his mouth in a wide grin that revealed a row of decayed teeth. "You can win a samovar."

"FAIR enough," said Pashka, gazing with interest into the booth, which was brightly lighted with electric bulbs. The far end was draped with red cotton cloth, fringed at the bottom. There were three rows of shelves nailed to the wall, and on their edges a large number of knives were fastened. These corresponded to the prizes, each more alluring than the last. The lowest shelf contained boxes of chocolates and biscuits; the middle one was abundantly decorated with alarm clocks, saucepans and caps, while the top shelf had a truly dazzling array: two balalaikas, a Toula samovar, a pair of kid shoes, a Tolstoy blouse, an Italian accordion, a standing clock and a very fine phonograph. To win a prize you had to

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throw a ring over the knife placed exactly in front of the coveted object—an almost impossible exploit, because of the constant wavering of the knives, which seemed to repulse the rings before they even touched them.

Fascinated, Pashka went to work with his powerful elbows and beat a path for himself to the entrance of the booth. Walking up and down behind the counter, a little old man with a pince-nez stuck on his nose was selling rings—twenty-five kopecks for forty of them. A young fellow, his face red from exertion, his forehead covered with tangled strands of hair, was just throwing his last ten rings. His open vest flapped desperately in the air. One by one the iron rings flew from his thick fingers and, after flicking the knives, fell with a plaintive tinkle into the rack below. The onlookers burst into peals of laughter while the young man became redder and redder, more and more upset. Struck by the rings, the knives trembled, glittered and set up a prolonged, sonorous and occasionally very harmonious ringing.

"Gangway!" cried Pashka, resolutely approaching the counter. "Let's see how it goes."

Without even glancing at him the proprietor handed over the rings.

"Now then," Pashka inquired confidently, "if I succeed in throwing a ring over any one of the knives on the bottom shelf, I'll get a box of Babaieff candies?"

"Quite right!" the little old man replied placidly.

"And higher up it will be an alarm clock?"

The old man nodded his head.

"Ha, that's fine!" laughed Pashka. "And to get the samovar, for instance, I have to throw a ring up to the ceiling. Is that right?"

"Get a box of biscuits first and do your haggling afterwards," cried an impatient voice in the crowd. "You talk too much."

PASHKA laid his photograph to one side, pushed back with his elbows the onlookers who were crowding in on him from all sides, steadied himself on the counter and narrowed his eyes; but suddenly his hand started to tremble, a ring slipped from his fingers, fell to the ground and rolled off; as he looked up Pashka turned to ice. Near the display shelves, with her hands timidly folded in her lap, sat a girl of such beauty that Pashka's eyes were dazzled. Rising gracefully, she retrieved the ring and with lowered eyes handed it to the young man, a slight smile hovering at the corners of her lips. Instantly Pashka was lost.

"Well, get going! Win the samovar," cried one of the audience behind him. Pashka regained his senses and began to toss the rings mechanically, one by one, without seeing anything around him except the lowered eyes, and long eyelashes of the young girl and her little mouth parted in the center like a ripe cherry. As soon as he had finished his forty rings, she picked them up and put them back on the counter, glanced at Pashka and tucked a little strand of blond hair behind her ear. Pashka put down another twenty-five kopeck piece on the counter and continued to play as if in a dream. The rings flew awkwardly, willfully, uninterruptedly. The onlookers laughed louder and louder and jostled violently against the player without his ever noticing it. The knives hummed like bees. And with an air of complete indifference the little old man scratched his nose with a hooked finger.

Having spent a ruble without winning anything at all, Pashka escaped, beaten, from the crowd, emerged on the boulevard and strolled along. A cool breeze caressed his face and his hands automatically sought shelter in his pockets. The lights of a movie theater threw darts which were reflected on the surface of the water. By twos and threes young girls with blue and green combs in their hair passed Pashka arm in arm, brushing against him and turning to throw him laughing and provocative glances. But absent-mindedly, with abstracted gaze, he was muttering to himself a remarkably stupid thing:

"A gypsy woman told my fortune.
A gypsy woman, la, la!
A very good fortune, la, la!"

FROM then on for a month Pashka went each Sunday to throw rings in the booth and at the same time to throw to the four winds a large part of his salary. Completely hypnotized, he took no vacation, letting his turn pass and showing no interest in anything, in fact seeming at times on the point of completely losing his mind when he found himself in the presence of the silent girl. The latter looked after the rings as usual, her head lowered, not looking at anyone, a courteous smile from time to time on her lips. But as soon as she saw Pashka join the crowd, a deep blush mounted to her face so that you almost expected to see the color dye the delicious curves of her shoulders and breasts through her thin blouse.

Unfortunately no matter how hard he tried to profit by a favorable moment to exchange a few words privately with Ludmila, Pashka had as yet had no success. Sometimes he was hindered by the tactless crowd; sometimes the old man was watching him with eyes that glinted through his glasses, scratching his nose as though in silent reproof to an unwelcome suitor.

"Look out, rash fellow!" he seemed to say. "Get away from here; my daughter can never be yours!"

But one day Pashka succeeded in speaking briefly to the object of his dreams. At this moment there were relatively few people in the booth and the old man had gone out to chase away the youngsters whose impudent curiosity always angered him.

"Good day, Citizen!" said Pashka, his heart suddenly as cold as a glacier. "What is your name?"

"Ludmila," the young girl whispered, wide-eyed. "I know you very well, for the first time you came here you left your photograph on the counter. I keep it always with me; you are in a very safe place." And saying this, she slipped two fingers under the collar of her dress and showed him the rumpled corner of the picture. She lowered her eyes but raised them immediately, her face as red as a poppy.

"And what's your name?" she asked.

"I am Pashka Koukoushkine. Will you come to the Colosseum Theater with me? They always have a good show there. Today, for example, they are showing *The Millionaires*; it's a première."

"Unfortunately I can't go. My father watches my every step."

"Sneak out."

"God forbid. If I went out without his knowing it he would never let me back in the house again. And as for my mother, she's even stricter than Papa. Oh, my parents aren't very easy to get along with! No indeed!" She glanced hastily left and right and then continued in an undertone: "We live in Sretienka, in the Dead End Street Prosvirny, number two, in the courtyard, the stairway to your left."

"Thank you very much, Ludmila, but how can we arrange to see each other sometimes?"

"There's no way at all. But look out: Papa is coming back. Here, take these rings!"

Pashka had barely recommenced his hopeless efforts when the old man entered, carrying a big stick in his hand. He took up his post behind the counter and cast at his daughter such a withering glance that Pashka decided it was prudent to withdraw without more ado—which he did forthwith, grinding his teeth.

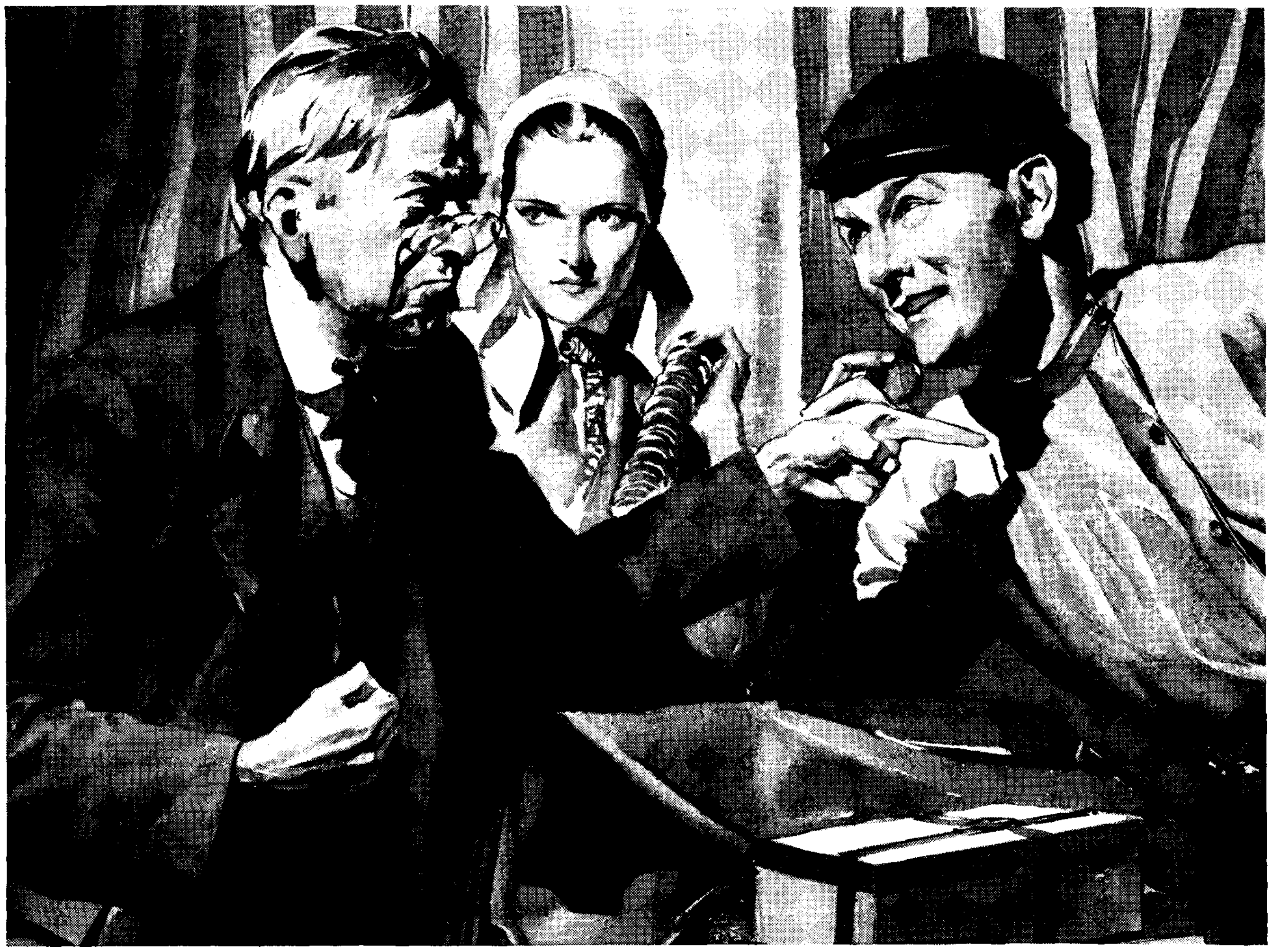
When he returned next Sunday he could not believe his eyes. The booth was shut up with a sign fastened to the front saying: "Closed for the winter." Over the door hung a curtain on which was painted a blue field in the middle of which strutted a bright green parakeet with a rose-colored tail, carrying a ring in his beak. Dazed and heartbroken, Pashka stared dully at the sign while the autumn wind stirred the withered leaves fallen from the lime trees into a gay, whirling dance at the feet of the parakeet. The flower beds were trampled and deserted; there was not a living soul in the park. Autumn was king. . . .

Suddenly Pashka remembered the words of the gypsy woman: "A man in his middle years will block your path. . . . Look out for the knife. . . . A green parakeet will bring you good luck." Then he was seized by such bitter anguish that he had to make a tremendous effort to keep back the tears that rose in his eyes. Shaking his clenched fist at the parakeet, he made off down the deserted boulevard, buffeted by the wind which whistled and shrieked vague promises in his ears, determined to walk as long as his feet would carry him. Without noticing where he was going, he arrived in Sretienka and walked into the Dead End Street Prosvirny.

IT WAS a brisk day and the sky was covered with gray-and-blue autumnal clouds. Opposite a little church—white, with a green dome—he suddenly saw a house bearing the number two. Like a sleepwalker he entered the court and turned to the left without any clear notion of what he would do then. At this instant a hurdy-gurdy began to play in the middle of the courtyard. Seated on top of the instrument, a green parakeet, whose tail feathers also were green, stared at Pashka with bright, insolent eyes. A casement window on the second floor opened and a woman's small hand threw down a coin wrapped in paper.

Immediately afterward Pashka saw Ludmila outlined against net curtains and flowerpots. She pressed her face against the windowpane and sent him a glance transfigured with joy; with her

(*Continued on page* 104)



"You shan't have her!" the other replied in a shrill voice. "Ah!" said Pashka. "I shan't have her? Well! Well!"

WORDS TO A YOUNG FATHER

IN A FEW fleeting years, that little face which smiles so brightly up at yours will be sobered by the task of making a living.

And you, like every other real dad that ever lived, have highly resolved that "My boy is going to have a chance in life!"

You are aware, of course, of the great help a college education will be to him—and you want him to have that. You have thought, too, of what may be his work—and you want him to be successful in that.

So you plan. And you realize as you plan that the things you want for this young man will cost you money. We hope you realize, too, that money is a fugitive thing—and the *will* to accumulate it is seldom as strong as the great *desire* to do so.

Many a father's earnest intentions have failed because of that. Left to their own ways, few fathers accumulate sufficient money to give their children the chance they want to give them. The evidence is all around us. Young men sentenced to petty tasks whose fathers intended to educate them for something better. Middle-aged men still humble employees. And finally, old men—with nothing.

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Boys Will Steal Apples

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Lucian Cary

IT WAS still. It was one of those warm still afternoons in late October when the leaves of the sugar maples have turned to their autumn red and gold. The leaves of the apple trees were dark green and so thick you hardly saw the apples. It was so still the leaves did not rustle. It was so still a rifle bullet would go straight to the mark without any allowance for wind, even at five hundred yards.

Tobe Hargreave stood in the doorway of the shed at the rear of the house with a pair of binoculars. He braced his arm and his body against the doorframe so he could steady the binoculars as he studied the ridge across the valley. He saw Judson Kent in a white sweater half a mile away.

Tobe Hargreave had watched the man so often that he could guess what he would do. Kent came striding along the ridge about this time every day. He took such a daily walk as physicians prescribe for men who have lived too hard and made too much money. Judson Kent could do as he pleased. He always had done as he pleased—even before he had got so many millions. But he could not do as he pleased and go on living.

Tobe Hargreave turned his glasses toward the old barn, with hand-hewn timbers, that stood on the ridge a mile to the north of Judson Kent. The grass was bright green in front of the barn. Tobe Hargreave knew that Kent would reach the barn in fifteen or sixteen minutes. He would stop at the corner of the barn and light a cigarettte. He had seen Kent do it day after day. The corner of the barn was almost precisely five hundred yards from the wall in front of Hargreave's small, old-fashioned apple orchard.

Tobe Hargreave went into the shed that served him as a shop for the repair of old furniture and laid the binoculars on a shelf. There was a Krag rifle in the corner. It had a target telescope sight of the sort men use for shooting woodchucks in New England pastures at long range. Tobe Hargreave picked up the rifle with the telescope mounted and took out the bolt. He knew the rifle but he was checking himself every step of the way. He was not making any mistakes. He held the muzzle up to the light and looked through the bore. Any man might have noted how bright the bore was, in contrast to the outside of the rifle, with its battered stock. But only one man in a million would have noted what Hargreave made sure of: the barrel had six grooves and six lands as against the four grooves and four lands of a government barrel.

HARGREAVE put the bolt back, and took a cartridge from a drawer and loaded the gun. He noted that the spare government Krag barrel was lying on the bench. The heavy iron vise was open about the right amount. A pair of hardwood blocks, grooved to take a rifle barrel, lay beside the vise.

He walked slowly toward the corner of the apple orchard. A squirrel scurried across the grass under the apple trees, jumped to the top of the stone fence, and paused to look back. Hargreave whistled sharply. The squirrel paused and sat up to look back. On any other day he would have died for his curiosity. But Hargreave was hunting bigger game.

He reached the fence corner and knelt down at a break in the stone fence and rested the rifle on a balk of rotten wood.

He could see the green grass in front of the barn five hundred yards away.

HARGREAVE glanced at his watch and saw that eleven minutes had gone by. He leveled the rifle carefully. The telescope sight had a small field. But he soon found Judson Kent striding along toward the barn. Hargreave cocked the gun and waited. He saw Judson Kent stop and get cigarettes out of his pocket. But still Hargreave waited. He wanted the police to find the bullet that was about to kill Judson Kent.

Hargreave watched Kent light the cigarette. The cross hairs in the telescope quartered Kent's white sweater. But Hargreave waited until Kent took one step forward, until the white sweater was outlined against the gray boards at the extreme corner of the barn where the big post of the barn frame was. Hargreave pressed the trigger.

Tobe Hargreave got up and walked slowly back to the shop. Once inside the door he worked fast. He took the telescope off the rifle and put it on the other gun. He took the stock off the rifle he had fired. He fitted the grooved wooden blocks on the barrel, close to the receiver, and set it up in the vise. He put a big wrench on the receiver and turned the barrel out.

He put the barrel he had fired in the lathe, fitted a reamer, and started the electric motor. The reamer slowly, steadily ground its way, taking the rifling out of the barrel.

While the machine was at work, removing the telltale marks of the rifling, Hargreave took up the spare government barrel and put it into the action and screwed it up solidly and fitted the stock on it and stood it in the corner.

When the reamer had gone through the barrel on the lathe he took it out and swabbed the inside with a patch wet in an acid. When he was satisfied he laid the barrel in a pile of old iron.

The state police came several hours later. Hargreave opened the door, and saw the sergeant and behind him three or four of his men.

"Have you got a .30-caliber rifle?" the sergeant asked.

"I reckon I have," Tobe Hargreave said. "I've got a Krag rifle."

"Let's see it," the sergeant said.

Hargreave led the way into the shed. The sergeant picked up the gun.

"What do you use this for?"

"Woodchucks," Hargreave said. "I've killed half a dozen woodchucks in the clover field across the valley with that rifle—as far as four hundred yards."

"I guess, Hargreave," the sergeant said, "I guess you'd better come with us."

"What's the charge?"

"Murder," the sergeant said. "Judson Kent was shot this afternoon and you're the only man in the neighborhood who has a rifle that might have done it."

Hargreave answered all their questions at the police station without rancor. He denied that he knew Judson Kent by sight. He was confident that no one knew about Cora except Judson Kent, and Judson Kent was dead. Cora had died two years after she had left Hargreave and gone away with Kent.

The police gave up questioning him at last and put him in a cell.

"Sergeant," Hargrave said, "isn't it my privilege to see a lawyer?"

"It is," the sergeant said.

"Get me one," Hargreave said. "Get me Judge Ward."

HARGREAVE sat down on his cot to wait. He waited patiently. He had waited twenty years for the chance to kill Judson Kent in such a way that he could not be convicted of the murder. It was essential to his revenge that he get away.

Now he had killed Kent and in a few hours the authorities would be convinced he was innocent. Any good ballistic expert would tell them the bullet that had killed Kent had not been fired from the rifle they had found in his shop. Even if they raised the question whether he had used some other gun they could prove nothing. They would not try. They knew no motive. They knew nothing about Cora.

But it would be simpler to have Judge Ward get him out. People said it was as good as an acquittal to be represented by old Judge Ward. He would not take a criminal case unless he was convinced you were innocent.

Hargreave heard steps at last. Judge Ward appeared at his cell door. He was a plump man with a round, ruddy face.

"The sergeant told me they had found the bullet that killed Judson Kent," Hargreave said. "If this is true, any first-class ballistic expert can prove that the bullet did not come from one of my rifles. He can enlarge a microphotograph of the bullet that killed Kent and compare it with microphotographs of bullets that have been fired from my rifles. They can do that."

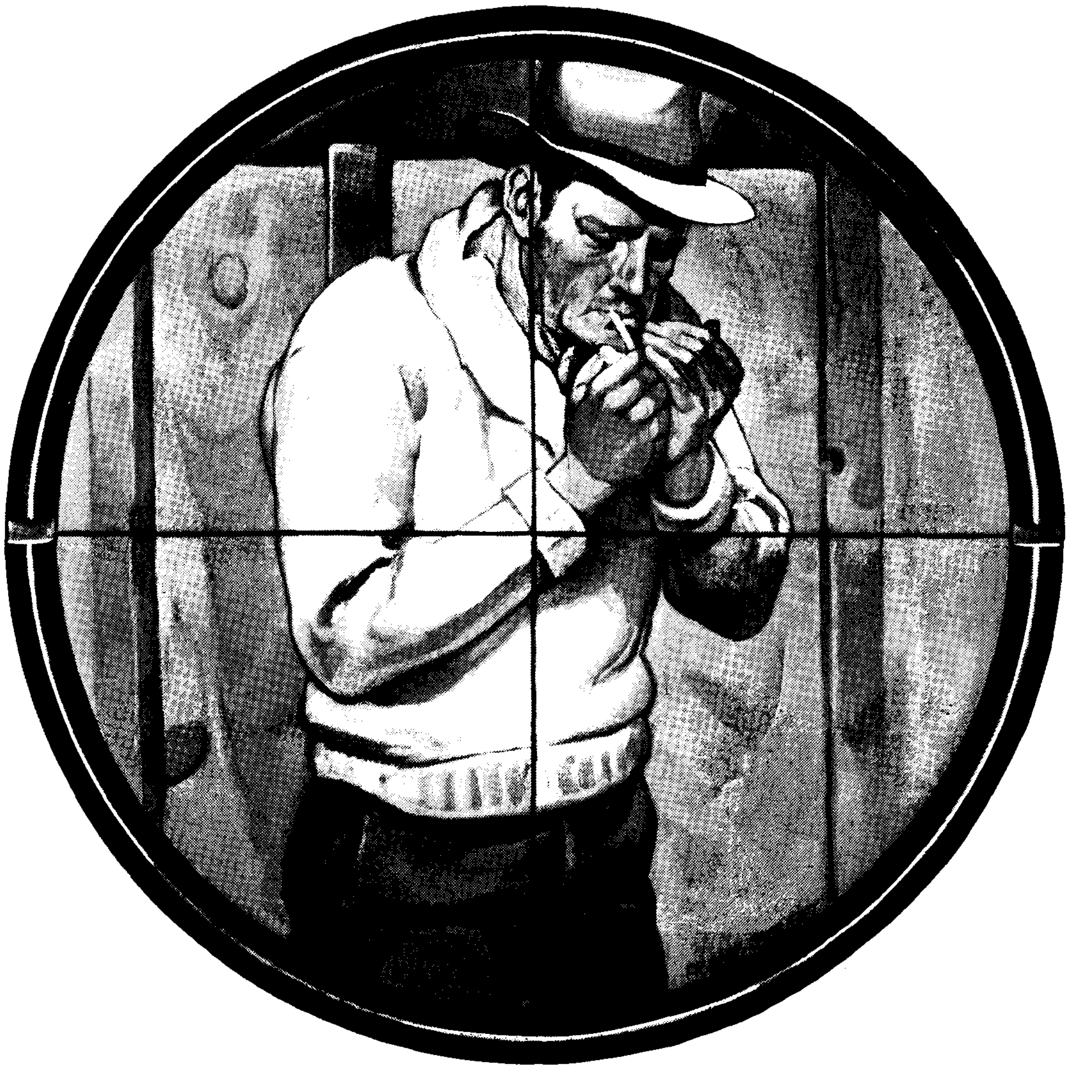
"They won't have to do that," Judge Ward said. "They got a fellow down from the arms company up to Bridgeport. He says anybody can see the bullet didn't come from the rifle they found in your shop. Your rifle has four grooves and the bullet that killed Kent was fired from a rifle with six grooves."

"What are they holding me for, then?" Hargreave asked.

"Well," Judge Ward said, "you know the Foster boys. Their father runs the garage up the line. One is twelve and the other mebbe fourteen."

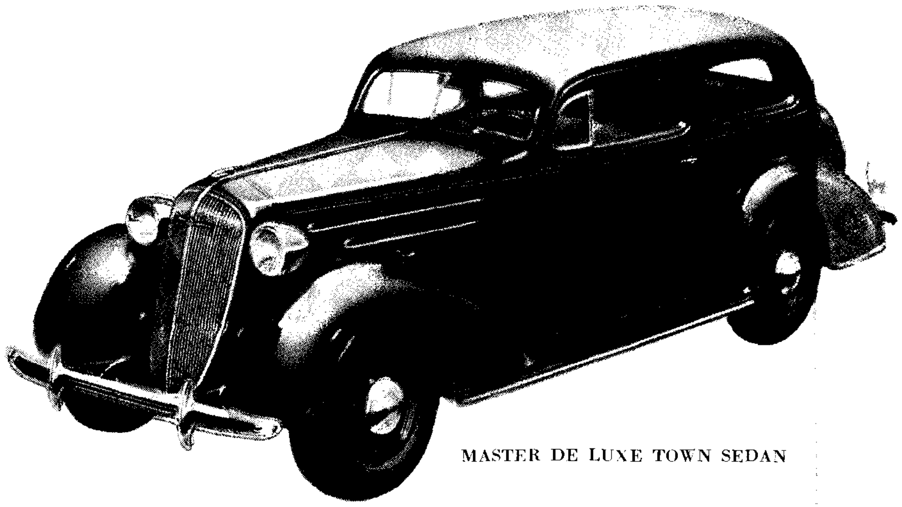
"What about them?" Hargreave cried.

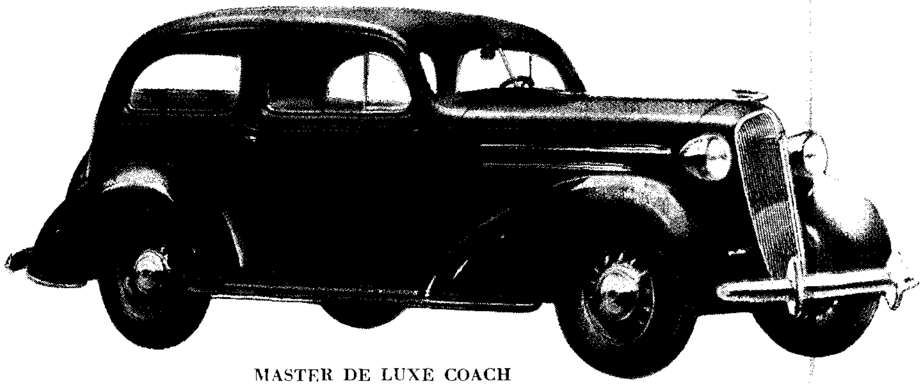
"Nothing much," Judge Ward said. "Nothing—only—boys will steal apples. You know that. When they heard you whistle they clumb a tree. They seen you do it."

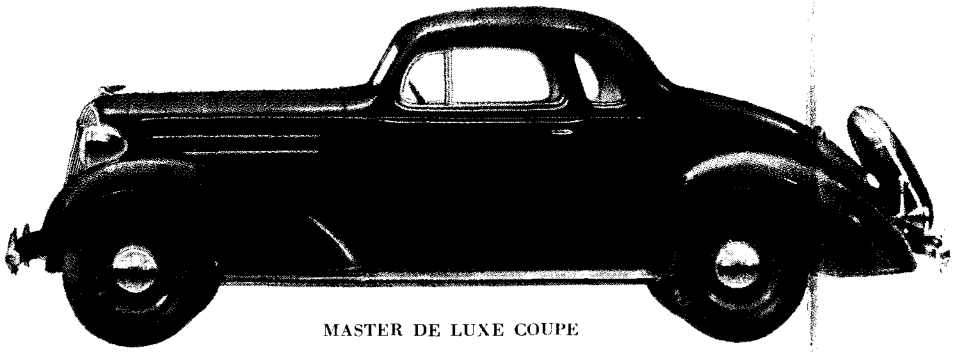


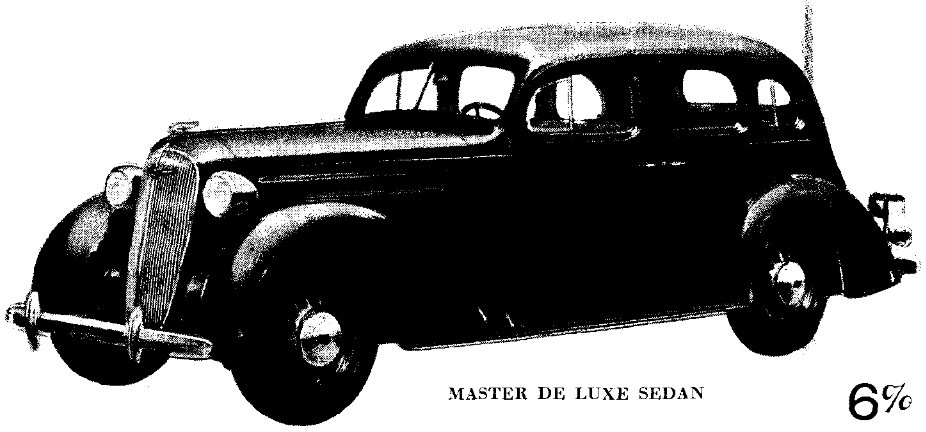
The cross hairs in the telescope centered on the white sweater

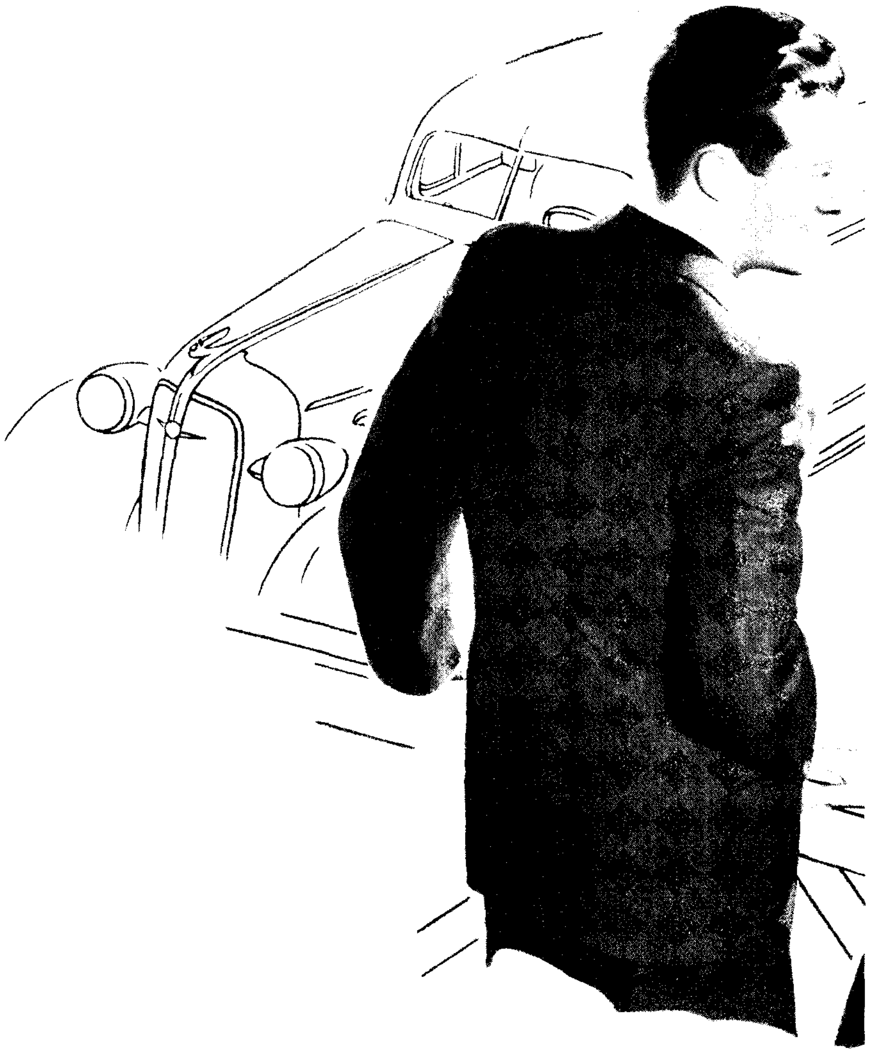
CHEVROLET


MASTER DE LUXE TOWN SEDAN


MASTER DE LUXE COACH


MASTER DE LUXE COUPE


MASTER DE LUXE SEDAN



HERE, in twelve beautiful body-styles and in numerous brilliant colo combinations, is the complete line of *the only complete low-priced car*– Chevrolet for 1936!

Among these handsome body-types you will find exactly the car for you– the car that will suit *your* taste and desires—the car that will represent t you the greatest value in the automobile world today.

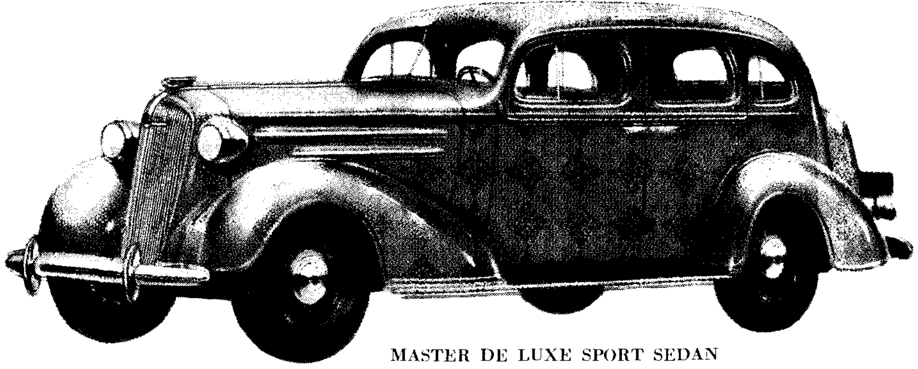
Of all motor cars in the lower price range, only this new Chevrolet bring you *all* the following features and qualities which you have every right t demand in a modern car.

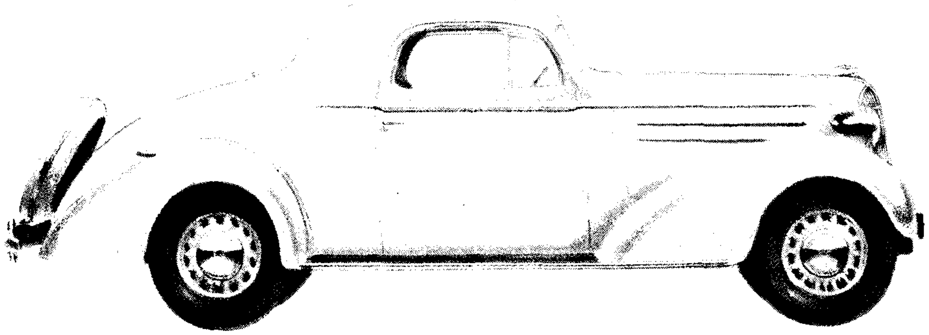
Only Chevrolet gives you *New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes*—the safes known. Only Chevrolet has a *Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top*—the crown

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO.

6% NEW MONEY-SAVING G.M.A.C. TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and low monthly payments.


MASTER DE LUXE SPORT SEDAN


MASTER DE LUXE SPORT COUPE

The only complet

FOR 1936

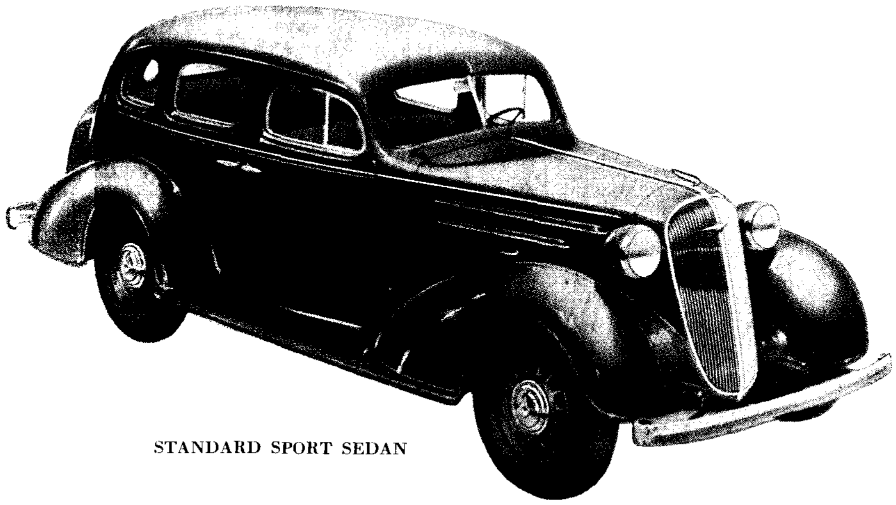
ing improvement in style and safety. Only Chevrolet gives the famous *Knee-Action Gliding Ride**—comfortable beyond any valid comparison. And only Chevrolet brings you *Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation*, for more healthful comfort in all weather—a *High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine*, for maximum performance with economy—and *Shockproof Steering**, for greatest driving and parking ease.

Buy one of these new Chevrolets for 1936 and you will get the smartest, safest and most spirited of all thrifty motor cars.

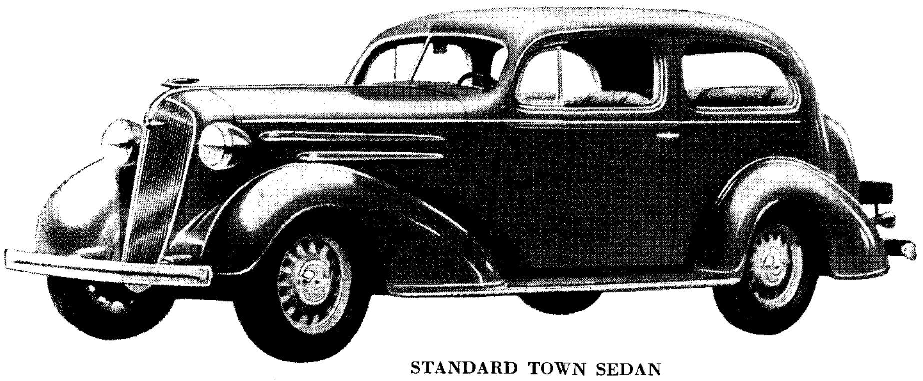
List prices range from $495 to $600 for the new Standard models, and from $560 to $665 for the new Master De Luxe models, at Flint, Michigan—the lowest prices ever quoted on motor cars of such outstanding quality.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

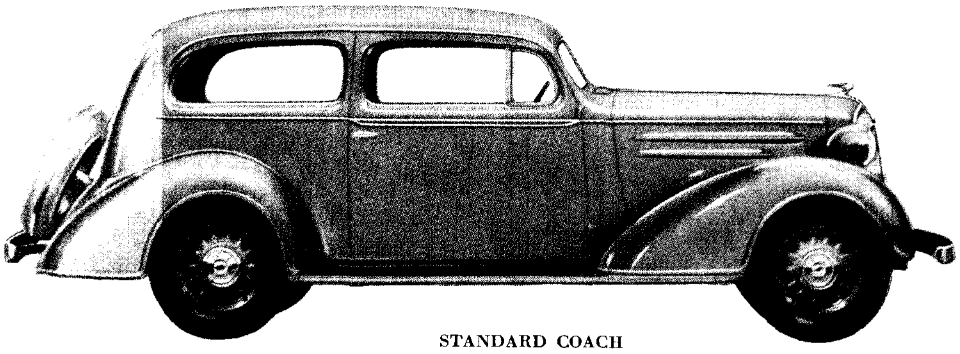
*Prices quoted in this advertisement are list at Flint, Michigan, and subject to change without notice. Bumpers, spare tire and tire lock at slight additional cost. *Knee-Action on Master Models only, $20 additional. A General Motors Value.*



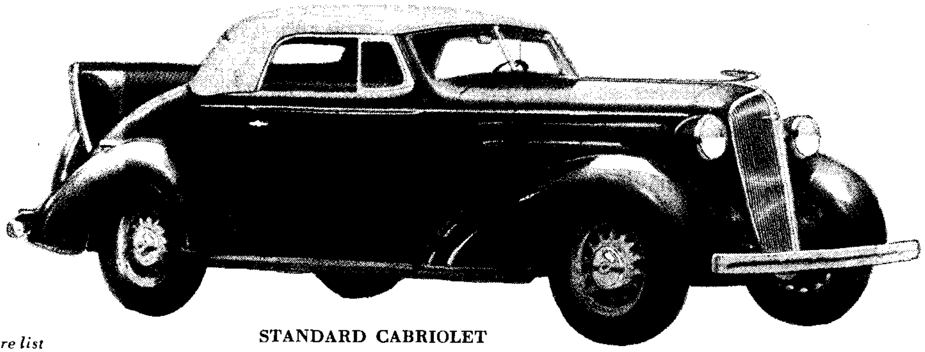
STANDARD SPORT SEDAN



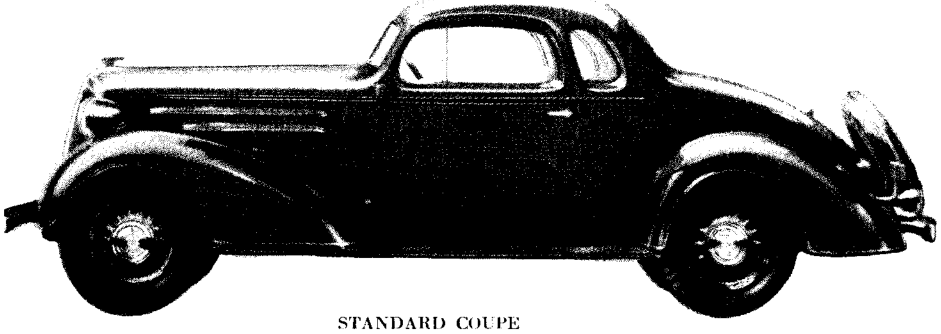
STANDARD TOWN SEDAN



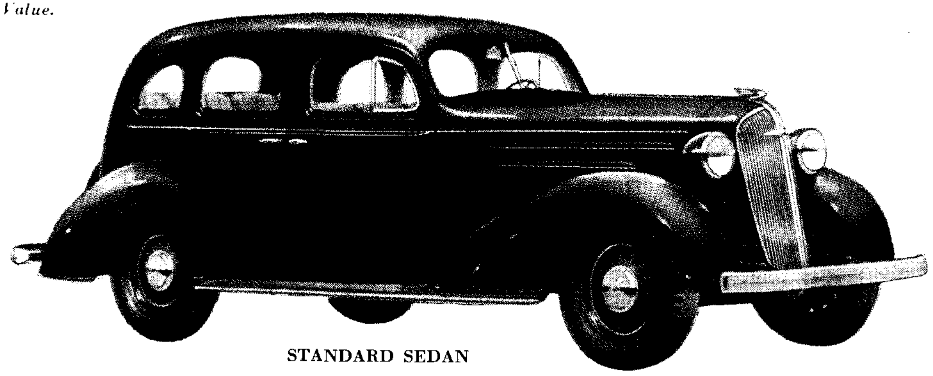
STANDARD COACH



STANDARD CABRIOLET



STANDARD COUPE



STANDARD SEDAN

low-priced car

CHEVROLET

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

No Bite!

LUCKY
HALF AND HALF
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

No Bite!

Still no Bite!

Meet your pipe half-way. Pack it with Half & Half. Cool as Big Ben's: "Come on, Fellow; scram!" Sweet as recalling: "It's Sunday . . . hurrah!" Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris gowns, little French models, real imports—all very well, but did you ever visit the place where ninety per cent of our women's dresses are designed and made? You detrain at the Grand Central Terminal or Penn Station, walk a few blocks and—here you are

Dress Parade

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Clare Potter, clever American designer who works out her designs in fabric

Natalie Renke, another American designer who starts work at her desk sketching her inspirations on paper

Grace Arcuri prefers to pin her creations onto a swinging dressmaker's dummy

IF YOU start at one end with a girl named Mamie buying a print dress for $19.75 in the Bon Ton at Oskaloosa, Iowa, and at the other end with a silkworm which has been reared in the best Japanese circles—if you start, I say, at these two ends and work diligently toward the middle, you will find yourself at last in the rear of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York at the noon hour amid the greatest crush of people you've ever seen outside a riot. In short, you'll find yourself in the heart of the New York Garment District, which supplies approximately ninety per cent of the women's ready-to-wear of the nation.

"A billion-dollar industry," say the garment people proudly, "and all right here in a few blocks."

To be exact, the district runs from Thirty-sixth Street to Fortieth Street and from Broadway to Seventh Avenue to Eighth Avenue (one very short block and one very long block). Jammed up in this restricted section are the business brains, the designing brains, the beautiful models, the cutters, fitters and finishers and the shipping departments. The district has been referred to as The Jungle but the garment people will fight you for the very suggestion. They do, however, refer to the southern end of the district where the cheaper dresses are made as Chinatown. Beyond that there are no familiar nicknames and no nonsense; you can't fool around with the ready-to-wear business. One bad season and you're either out of business or you're being reorganized.

But the district of itself doesn't make that $19.75 dress bought by the young lady in Oskaloosa. It takes brains, designing brains, to do that and that means trips to Europe for inspirations and hard work at home on the part of American designers.

"Why Europe?" they say. "Because we have to. That's where most of the original ideas come from. They have the finest fabrics and accessories to work with. They think in terms of individuals and make dresses accordingly. Paris keeps ahead of the world because they've always done it."

The American buyers are admitted to the Paris showing by card only. Some of the Paris houses require that each visitor purchase at least two gowns. Others have no minimum qualification rule but the American buyers understand what is expected of them. If they don't buy, they don't get back in next year. Other Paris houses require a deposit of 2,500 francs ($175) before the American buyer is admitted. If he buys, it is credited to his balance; if he doesn't buy, he forfeits the $175.

"On each buying trip," says an American buyer, "we spend between $3,500 and $5,000 on Paris gowns. That's in addition to the cost of the voyage and all its expenses.

When they bring those models back, the real work begins. Very few stores and manufacturing companies try to duplicate the Paris gowns exactly. For one thing, the Paris models can't be copyrighted and are anybody's meat. Which would mean that they would be duplicated by every company and the market soon ruined. Instead the American designers begin doing variations on a theme—they turn out dozens of dresses by using the Paris gowns for the general idea and making such changes as are best for the American market.

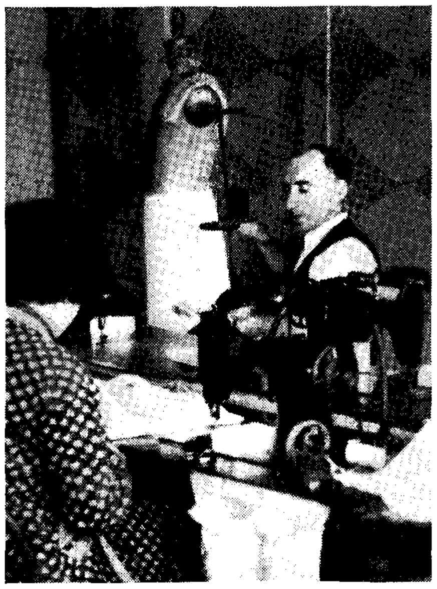
And that's where the big job and accomplishment of the American designer comes in. The original idea from which she works may be her own—it often is—or it may come from Paris or it may be one of those international fashions that everyone picks up. It really doesn't matter. What matters is her ability to turn out a dress that will sell in volume and look well on a great many different women. The Paris designer can make herself a name and success designing beautiful individual clothes for individual women, but the American designer is a flop unless her clothes please and are bought by a lot of women. It's a trick not easy to turn. That she does it well is proved by the fact that American women as a whole are the best dressed women in the world.

America's garment center in New York is one of the busiest and most crowded spots in the industrial world

The American designers start work about three months before a showing. There are six showings a year in the New York market—first fall showing (in July); second fall (September); resort clothes (about Nov. 10); first spring (around Jan. 10); second spring (around March 10); first summer (around April 10). There is sometimes a second summer showing but it is limited in the number of garments shown.

Designers vary in their methods of work. Some draw pretty pictures and the dresses are made up from these directions; others fit the gown directly on the model after the fashion of the old-time dressmaker. Nettie Rosenstein, whose dresses sell wholesale at an average cost of ninety-six dollars a garment (the gowns range between fifty dollars and $350 each wholesale) does her creating entirely in the old-fashioned way, draping the cloth over the model, sticking in the pins, changing, altering and finally deciding on the finished garment.

(Continued on page 50)



Machine processing helps American women to dress well at lost cost

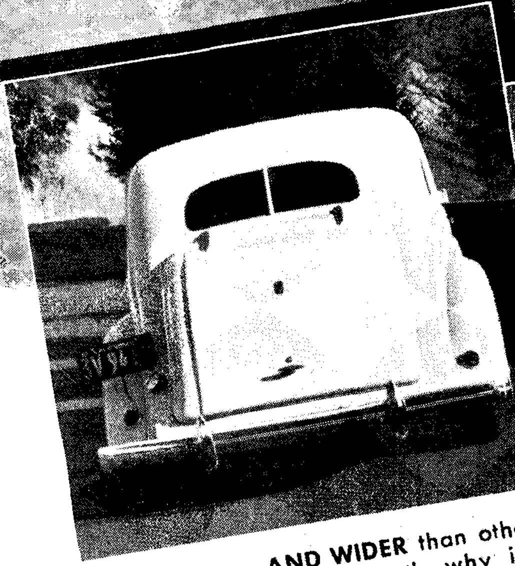
The model is essential to the introduction of the new fashion ideas

Trucks and pushcarts jam the district daily, moving finished garments

"There's no sense now in puttin

CAFE DU SINGE BLEU
NASH

This new kind of motor in the Nash "400", which costs so much less to run, permits many thrifty Europeans to own their first really big, really luxurious car! Where gasoline costs two and three times as much, economy comes first!



LOWER . . . AND WIDER than other low-priced cars! That's why it's harder to tip over, to side-slip or skid! The added safety of the world's first complete, seamless all-steel body!

LARGEST, DOUBLE-ACTING HYDRAULIC BRAKES in relation to car weight ever put on any car at any price! Quick, sure stops without swerving. Brakes last years longer!

NASH
"400"

DELUXE SIX-PASSENGER FOUR-DOOR SEDAN WITH TRUNK

up with a small car...”

This luxurious, big Nash "400" costs little more to own . . . and an amazing new kind of motor makes it cost *even less to run* . . . than many of the very smallest, cheapest cars!

Other so-called "big economy cars" are neither as large or roomy as the Nash "400" . . . nor are they powered by this new kind of motor, which is so ECONOMICAL to run that former small-car owners can actually SAVE MONEY on gas and oil!

It's no longer necessary to pay the penalties of driving one of the small cars. Thousands of small-car owners are discovering that they can have the satisfaction of a longer car, a more luxurious car, a safer, stronger, and better-engineered car . . . and yet, a car that costs little more to own than many of the smallest, cheapest cars on the market today!

There's just one big reason why this is possible—the remarkable new kind of MOTOR in the Nash "400"! It's based on a new engineering discovery! It's so simplified that 509 parts have been eliminated! All manifolds are sealed inside the block. And it delivers so MUCH more mileage on gas and oil that former small-car owners can actually SAVE MONEY driving it! With the added economy of the Automatic Cruising Gear, savings are even more sensational!

But that's only part of the story. This remarkable new motor has been built into a luxurious and really BIG car! A car with wider seats, more headroom and legroom than in high-priced cars! A car with all of the vital engineering features that other manufacturers leave out of their low-priced cars!

The Nash "400" has the largest, double-acting hydraulic brakes in relation to car weight ever put on any car at any price. It's lower, too . . . and wider between the rear wheels than other low-priced cars. In addition, it has the world's first complete, seamless, one-piece all-steel body. See the Nash "400" at the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

SPECIAL NASH-LAFAYETTE TOURING FEATURES! Cut travel costs . . . give more miles per dollar . . . increase vacation pleasure! ● Sleeping Car—any Nash "400" or LaFayette sedan instantly converted into a six-foot bed with seat cushions. ● Large Luggage Compartment in every model. ● Automatic Cruising Gear—gives 4 to 5 more miles per gallon on cross-country driving. ● Ask for a touring demonstration.

665

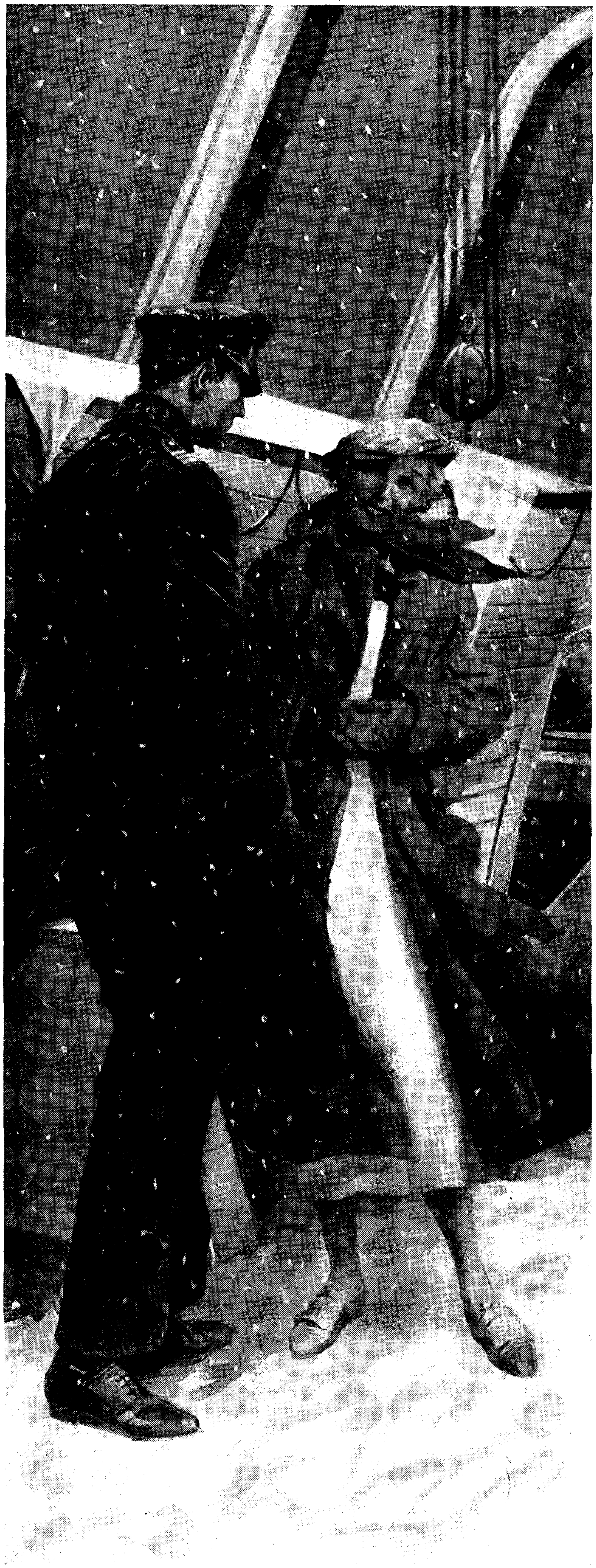
d up. De luxe models $10 to $25
gher. Big, luxurious, Nash Ambas-
adors—125-inch wheelbase sedans
ith built-in trunks—$835 to $995.
aFayette $595 and up. All prices f.o.b.
actory. Prices subject to change with-
out notice. Special equipment extra.

CONVENIENT, LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS THROUGH NEW 6% C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN

A 6-FOOT DOUBLE BED . . . right inside the car! Easily arranged in less than 10 minutes. Great idea for camping and fishing trips. No mattress required. Saves time. Cuts down travel costs.

WIDER SEATS, MORE HEADROOM than in high-priced cars. Why put up with limited space in small cars when this luxurious, big Nash "400" costs little more to own and even less to run?

AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR. Reduces engine revolutions ⅓ at high speeds. Additional savings up to 25% in gasoline, up to 50% in oil! Available at only slight extra cost.



I saw Jon Chadwick talking to Julie Sumner, and I felt better

The Jonah

Jon Chadwick was convinced that he cast an evil spell over every ship he left. There was a girl who liked Chadwick and didn't believe in jinxes

By
Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

WE WERE sitting in those musty leather chairs of the Marine Officers' Club, before the broad windows overlooking Manila Bay. One of us was a China coaster skipper with a wind-scarred cheek. He had an open book on his knee which he never looked at, a mystery thriller with a gaudy yellow jacket. It made me smile. He was the toughest one of the lot, and that gangster yarn from home must have sounded like pretty puerile stuff to him. McCabe was there, too, a Yangtze River pilot on a holiday from the upper gorges. The other three were tramp steamer masters and a mate, come in for a drink and a chat.

They made a show of looking at month-old newspapers. But I knew better. I knew it was no good trying to read with the sunset flaming over Manila Bay. Perhaps that was because I was just in for overnight with a round-the-world liner, and would soon be back in the western ocean trade, where I belonged.

The China coaster sighed prodigiously. "I can't for the life of me make out," he yawned, "what makes youngsters go to sea these days. Ain't no promotion to be had at all."

McCabe grinned. "Unless," he volunteered, "unless a fellow jumps down a cannon's mouth." He turned to me. "It was Lord Nelson said that, wasn't it, many years ago?"

I nodded. "I think it was. But I left a fellow in Liverpool not long ago who hated promotion. He didn't want it. Not even after he practically *did* jump down a cannon's mouth. He was chief officer with me in the Calentia."

"No!"

"Fact."

IT WAS true enough. Manila reminded me of Jon Chadwick. We first met right there in the Marine Officers' Club. He was a youngster then, and I myself chief mate of an island barkentine. That was before we both started plowing the wild Atlantic.

I think they must have had the same chairs in front of the windows then as now, musty and faded, the leather needing a bit of calking here and there. I know. I was sitting in one of them—maybe this same one—congratulating myself that my ship was safely hove down before taking cargo for Macao, and not at sea. Because there was a typhoon humming close in the China Sea, and I wanted no more of that. Manila was in the trough fringe of it. The rain came in gusty squalls. You could see it sweeping in sheets across the bay; bouncing a foot high off the streets; slapping against house walls as if some giant were out there flinging handfuls of pebbles with all his strength. And I noticed this fellow, head down against a shock of wind, come across the road from the foreshore and duck in here. I could hear his heavy step climbing the stairway, and behind my back I heard him ask at the desk in a voice tight and hoarse with anxiety:

"Hear anything of the Pandaran?"

"Pandaran?" the clerk replied. "Hell, no, fellah. She just sailed for Shanghai a couple of days ago."

So he came over and stood peering out the dripping window without saying a word. The horizon was black with the thick typhoon cloud. Squadrons of seabirds flung about out there, beaten in by the gale; and now and then through the noise of rain and wind you could hear their faint screaming.

I HAD a good look at him, and I liked him at once. The kind of chap you'd pick for your watch, first chance. Strapping young fellow, about seventeen or eighteen then, in a wet oilskin, with a weathered face draining water. Clear, square-looking eyes you sensed could see things in even the darkest night; a clean, sharp jaw with no nonsense about it, and the shoulders and hands of a true sailor. I liked him. So I spoke.

"Dirty night, eh?"

He turned round and grinned. It was good to see, the way he did it. But there was something anxious about him, like a fellow waiting for news he hopes he won't get.

"Dirty is right, sir," he agreed, and sat down. "Fellow's lucky to be ashore."

"But not beached?"

His eyes wrinkled up in a funny way they had. "Well, yes; in a way. I just came out of a three-mast schooner, the Pandaran. I was second mate of her. Jon Chadwick. I'm going into steam."

"Good notion."

He grinned again, and we sat staring down the road, watching a little island pony hitched to a *carromato* battling its way to windward. A phone rang somewhere; the clerk barked something in an excited voice; and all of a sudden he was standing between us, glowering.

"Sounds almost like you knew, fellah!"

Jon Chadwick twisted his head. "Knew what?" he asked quickly.

"The Pandaran! A coaster just wirelessed in she's standing by. Two cutters are out from Cavite. The Pandaran's foundering somewhere in the middle of a typhoon nor'west of Subig Bay!"

WHILE THIS BIG, SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER IS ON
a 60¢ value
FOR ONLY 35¢
LARGE (35¢) SIZE
Williams
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Luxury Shaving Cream
Williams
AQUA VELVA
TRADE MARK
½ Regular (50c) Size
35¢
The Aqua Velva is Complimentary

It's the water *in* your beard that softens it clear through, lets your razor cut cleanly. And science has proved that Williams leads eight other famous shaving creams in the ability to "wet out" the beard *faster!*

Find out for yourself how much this *quick wetting action* of Williams adds to shaving comfort. Take advantage of the special offer today! Remember, you'll get a large tube of Williams Shaving Cream and a generous bottle of Aqua Velva—for 35c—the regular price of the shaving cream alone.

You'll want to follow up every shave with a wake-up dash of Aqua Velva, the world's most popular after-shave preparation. For it *keeps* your face as smooth and refreshed as Williams lather leaves it.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada

Williams SHAVING CREAM AND AQUA VELVA

He hurled himself down the ladder for the deck. The watch officer was after him

Jon Chadwick dropped his head in his hands. The clerk ducked off. I didn't say anything. A young fellow like that, he probably had an affection for that ship. He'd seen things in her, like as not, he'd never forget. And that sort of news means things to seamen it can't ever mean to anyone else. But all of a sudden he looked up and straight at me, and there was something in those hard, clear-seeing eyes you couldn't dodge.

"I knew it!" he said tensely.

"Knew it?" I frowned. Crazy notions spun through my mind. Barratry. An ill-found ship deliberately sent to sea. All sorts of things. You heard strange tales in the Islands in those days, you know. "How do you mean, you knew it?"

"THIS is the third time it's happened," he said dully, with his large, efficient hands on his knees. He was staring straight before him, fixedly. I thought for a moment he was a little balmy. But it wasn't so. He was too earnest and clean-looking and dead on the level. "They were good shipmates on the Pandaran," he went on in a flat, level voice. "A crowd any man'd be glad to sail with. And now . . . This makes the third."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"The first was a square-rigged ship in the Australian trade. After I left her, she disappeared. The second was the NanShan. The voyage after I signed off she went aground in the Min River. Lost her mate and two foremast hands." He came erect, a little wildly. "Now the Pandaran!"

It was startling. I stood up and faced him. "Why, that's nonsense!" I insisted. "Surely you can't believe it's *your* fault? It's superstitious tommyrot, Chadwick. You're working a coincidence into something terrible. You—"

"Coincidence?" He shot round on me savagely. "Three times? I've got to break that jinx. I've got to break it, I tell you!"

"Oh, come now, Chadwick. It's not as bad as that. You've been sailing the Islands too long. Your head's full of that stuff. You need a change of scene, that's all."

"Yes; perhaps you're right!" he spat out.

And with that he turned on his heel and strode off.

Well, there you are, and you can make the most of it. For myself, I don't believe in sailor superstitions and never did, though I'll admit I dislike signing cross-eyed seamen. But it was real enough for Jon Chadwick. And it was still real when we both found ourselves together in the Carlton Line back home, plowing the North Atlantic, New York to Liverpool and back: freighters, cattle ships, and smart new liners.

HE DIDN'T want promotion. He earned it, Lord knows, because there never was a better sailor man. He hated promotion; fought against it every chance, and you'll allow that's odd enough these days. He never wanted a transfer out of a ship. He knew his job and never shirked it, except when they tried to boost him a step toward command by handing him a billet in a better ship. When that time came, he fought it in the office and on the docks; and I guess no one really knew why as well as I did. But he made his way in spite of that, because he always did have the cut of a skipper's rig about him.

I'd forgotten all about it, and certainly thought he had, when he joined as my chief officer in the Calentia. But the Marine Superintendent, talking to me about him before we sailed, pulled at his whiskers and shook his head.

"First-rate man, that Chadwick," he grumbled. "Couple of years with you in the passenger service and we mean to give him a try at command. But I never saw a fellow like him. Can't get him to leave a ship once he's assigned aboard. Got to all but blast him loose. I don't understand it. Never knew a man to hate promotion the way he does!"

Jon Chadwick hadn't changed much, except he was mature now, weathered and tough-muscled, looking as though his head and torso had been carved out of solid teak. His eyes still gave the impression of exceptional vision, and when he grinned it was good to see. We never mentioned that night in Manila, but on our second crossing, while we lay at Prince's Dock, he came into my room toward evening, tight-faced and serious. He put a newspaper on my desk and pointed to the marine columns. I read that a ship called the Tarval of the Carlton Line, chartered for an Indian Ocean voyage, had gone aground in a ten-foot bore of the Hooghli. I looked up quickly.

"She was my ship," he said. "This is her first voyage after I left her to join you, sir."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Chadwick! Are you still—"

"Chips, sir," he interrupted grimly, "was killed at the anchor winch. He was a good man. I liked him."

And he turned and left me before I could say another word. I had a few bad minutes after he went. My race has always followed the sea, and I wonder sometimes if we don't inherit things we know nothing about. I've got three silver pieces myself that came out of the mast steps where my grandfather put them in his ship when she was building for a voyage to Spice Islands over a hundred years ago. But I wouldn't believe in such things . . . just as you won't. All stuff and nonsense! So I went out on my deck where the snow was falling, to forget it if I could.

I SAW Jon Chadwick talking to Julie Sumner at the boat-deck rail, and I felt better at once. From where I stood they were just two dark shadows in the snow. But after a while I heard Julie laugh, and that was enough for any man. It reminded you of sleigh bells tinkling. She was a first-cabin stewardess, small, blond, and dainty. She gave the impression of having always known what her business was on this earth, and of just waiting for the right chance to show it. I think she knew from the very first that Jon Chadwick was it. He did, too, the way they looked at each other. It was something to be glad about. She could get those notions out of his head, if anyone could.

Well, that's the way it went. Jon Chadwick took hold of the Calentia and made her bright as a new dollar. She was the smartest liner in the fleet after he stepped aboard. There aren't many mates like that these days, and I can tell you I knew I was in luck. Because you all know well enough, though you won't admit it, that the mate does the work and the skipper gets the credit. He was happy as a lark, and so was Julie; and it was quite all right with me. Until one raw November morning, a day before we sailed on our regular eastern crossing, he came in to see me. He was very glum.

"They're taking me out of the ship, sir," he said.

I nodded, a little amused at his sorrow. "Yes; I know. I don't have to tell you I'm sorry to see you leave me, Mr. Chadwick. But there's no need to pull a long face. You're to get a ship. I'm glad about it, too, because you've earned it."

"But, listen!" he exploded. "I don't want a ship!"

"Well, so help me, you're the first mate I ever had who didn't."

"All right, then!" He was dead serious, even angry. "I tell you, sir, I won't have it!"

I looked at him sharply. There was a new freight ship building for the Line.

(Continued on page 101)

CHANGE NOW

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Fill up with Fresh Summer Mobiloil

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Don't risk another day driving with winter oil! Hard winter wear dirties oil—and winter "choking" dilutes it!

You need summer oil now! Have your Mobiloil dealer drain your crankcase and refill it with the correct grade of summer Mobiloil recommended by the official 1936 Mobiloil chart.

Thousands of car owners are saving money with this great motor oil. Reports keep coming in of savings up to 50% in oil consumption—of greatly reduced engine clean-ups and repairs. These records are the result of Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process—which rids Mobiloil of the elements that break down and form carbon and gum. No matter what type of bearing—or how high the engine temperatures, Mobiloil gives you complete lubricating protection.

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See the 1936 Mobiloil chart for correct grade for your car

A message for those who do not believe in MIRACLES

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We have the highest regard and the utmost respect for the current cars of lower prices. They are all exceptional values and worthy of commendation. However, while *they* have been progressing, *La Salle* has been progressing. You would have to believe in miracles to expect La Salle to be duplicated in the price range below it. To get La Salle style, quality and performance, you must buy a La Salle. There is no substitute.

THE CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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PRICES LIST AT DETROIT, MICH.

La Salle not only delivers exceptionally generous gasoline and oil mileage—but all service charges are unusually low. Furthermore, La Salle is so soundly designed and so superbly built that it requires much less service attention than cars of lesser quality. Almost anyone can afford to drive a La Salle.

Available on the convenient G.M.A.C. plan.

Dress Parade

Continued from page 43

"I started doing that when I began making dresses for the family as a girl," says Mrs. Rosenstein. "I wouldn't know how to draw all those lines on a piece of paper."

A showing by a house selling a line of medium-priced goods ($15 to $27.50) will cost the manufacturer between $20,000 and $30,000. It will be attended by out-of-town buyers and by representatives (known as New York representation) who have offices in New York and buy for various clients in other parts of the country. Here again it isn't possible just to walk into a showing. You come by invitation and after your credit rating has been looked up and after it has been determined whether you are a person who just looks or also buys. The manufacturer will have between 110 and 150 different garments on display at the first fall showing, which is the most important of the year. At the second fall showing, he will have between eighty and one hundred.

It is all very much like the opening night of a play. The models stalk majestically back and forth, the buyers ogle them earnestly and make notes, and the word-of-mouth verdict is soon well under way. By next day, the manufacturer knows the worst. The word is around that Smith has the line this year. Brown and Jones and Black are not knocked so much as ignored. Which accounts for the fact that the mortality among dress firms is around thirty-three per cent a year. Between 1929 and 1933 the thing was murderous, a great many firms in the industry either giving up the ghost or undergoing reorganization.

The sample-room pay roll alone during the time of the showings is around two thousand dollars in a dress house. They put in a busy period of ripping and sewing.

"Lots of ripping," said a disgusted manufacturer, "and not much sewing."

The All-Important Designer

In former years good designers could command a salary as high as fifty thousand dollars a year; now they command half an interest in the firm. Some new manufacturing firms have grown out of a combination of love and practical expediency. If a designer and a manufacturing man, working in a dress house, should suddenly decide that marriage would please them both, that inevitably meant a new firm. But even when that wasn't the situation, the designers were so important in the business that it was either a question of taking them into the firm or losing them. That has taken care of the topnotchers. The new ones coming along are either on the way to being partners or are too new to prove what they can do. Their wages are less but not too little.

It is a highly unionized labor field, with the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union maintaining a membership of approximately 220,000 and being considered by many experts the most progressive and successful union in the country. It started in 1900 but made its first big strides around 1910, reached a peak in 1921 and was almost as shattered by the crash of 1929 as the industry itself. When the NRA was launched, conditions in the dress industry were the worst in many years. Employees were working seventy hours a week in an effort to maintain a $35 wage. Since women couldn't stand such hours, they were working to their limit and making eighteen dollars and twenty dollars a week. The general strike in 1933 which preceded the code meetings of the NRA brought the workers a 35-hour week and a fair minimum wage. When the code hearings started, the workers already had their collective bargaining arrangement with the manufacturers.

"It was the only case in which the workers instead of the owners wrote the code," says David Dubinsky, the Little Napoleon of the union.

The manufacturers don't like the weekly restriction on hours.

"It's a seasonal business," they say, "and when we get orders, we have to get them out in a hurry. We can't when the union stops the men from working."

"We know what the seventy-hour weeks did to our people," answers Dubinsky. "It ruined their health and threw a great many people out of work entirely. When the manufacturers say it is a seasonal business, they're right and that's where the workers suffer. The average is about six or seven months' work a year. The average wage under the present agreement is thirty dollars, when they work. Over the entire year, the average is twenty dollars a week."

The union carries on cultural, recreational and beneficial activities on a large scale. It has a health clinic in New York, sanatoriums in Los Angeles and Denver, forty-five regular educational courses, athletic teams, dramatic companies and lecture courses.

Controlling the Pirates

Until the founding of the Fashion Originators' Guild four years ago, the worst evil in the dress business was pirating. It was one of the great battles of modern times. Manufacturers stole one another's designs right and left. Copyists stood before store windows and made sketches of gowns on display. They hurried them back to their companies and copies of a fine-selling garment would soon flood the market. A woman who had bought a dress for seventy-five dollars would find that her maid had bought an exact model of it a week later for $16.75. The week after it could be had for six dollars and it might even get down to the $1.87½ wholesale class.

Not only was pirating ruining the better manufacturers but it was threatening to ruin the retailers. Added to that was the stock market misfortune of 1929, with the result that out of twenty of the highest priced wholesalers only three remained in business. The emphasis was on price rather than quality and the retailers were faced as well with competition from the apartment house outlets. The latter was a new business which gave the stores a great deal of concern. When times got bad, women whose husbands were out of work or had taken a cut in salary turned over one room in their apartment and started selling ready-to-wear clothes to their friends. They could buy them wholesale, the overhead was nothing and the retail prices were much under the store prices. They made a dent in the retail market.

It was then that Maurice Rentner went to work on the Fashion Originators' Guild, which was originally a group of the higher-priced manufacturers desiring to protect themselves. At first it was simply a matter of registering models with the Guild and agreeing not to pirate one another's designs. Later they worked with the large retail outlets.

"We convinced them that they also needed protection from manufacturers who copied the original models and sold them down the street at half the price," say the Guild people. "They saw the point and came in."

As it stands now, there are thirty-five representatives of the Guild in all parts of the country. If they see a dress which is a copy of a registered model, they report it to the pirating committee of the Guild. If the committee determines that there has been pirating, it notifies the store carrying the goods. Whereupon, the store and every other store is required to return the copies to the guilty manufacturer. Naturally, it is a great loss to him and a deterrent from further pirating.

It wasn't all as easy as it sounds to get the plan launched. The Guild directors met every day for two years, Sunday included. Their big test came when a large Philadelphia store decided that it wanted nothing to do with the Guild and set out to buy its goods as it pleased. Armed with a check book and a wealth of orders, it made the rounds of the better New York manufacturers. At the end of the first day, its orders had been turned down by every member of the Guild approached. At the end of four days, the Philadelphia store capitulated and joined the Guild. It hadn't been able to buy a single garment from a Guild member. The Guild started with the $16.75 class (the prices mentioned always refer to wholesale prices) and has since taken in the ten-, eight- and seven-dollar classes. They are now in a battle with the $4.75 class, which refuses to join and considers the Guild a form of boycott. The issue may be fought in the courts.

There are garment districts in other sections of the country, with Los Angeles being New York's closest rival, miles behind, and Mrs. Donnelly having made Kansas City a factor of some importance, but in general it may be said that the women of America get their clothes from those few blocks behind the Metropolitan Opera House. The district was first around East Broadway, Canal and Division Streets on the lower East Side. That was about forty years ago. It moved later to Broadway at Waverly Place. Still later it was on Fifth Avenue between Fourteenth and Nineteenth Streets. It kept moving up to Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh and finally landed on Madison Avenue between Twenty-eighth and Thirty-third, with all intentions of getting over onto Fifth Avenue. It was then that a terrific conflict followed between the retail merchants of Fifth Avenue who wanted to keep it unsullied and the wholesalers who cared very little about looks but wanted a good location and needed more room.

A Perfectly Located Business

The Fifth Avenue forces were led by the Fifth Avenue Association, with J. House Burton at the head and with Colonel Franklin Simon doing most of the heavy shelling. It was a struggle between beauty and the beast, with beauty, surprisingly enough, winning. What clinched the victory was a move by an astute real estate gentleman named S. M. Hirsch, who had made a specialty of the garment trade problem for years. He recognized the present district as ideal and prevailed upon fifty-three firms to follow him to the Garment Center, Capital Building, at 498 Seventh Avenue. It was a run-down neighborhood with many small dilapidated buildings of two and three stories. Values were low and the location was perfect, being close to the Broadway amusement section and hotels and close to both large railroad terminals.

As a mere signer of checks what interested me in the dress business was why one dress should cost $250 wholesale and another $10.75, but I was never able to get satisfaction on the point. A designer of importance once told me that no dress need cost more than $27.50, retail, but I could get no confirmation of this.

"Why, look," they said in the Nettie Rosenstein establishment, "we use brocades costing $18.50 and $32 a yard. We have a taffeta here with velvet spots which costs us twelve dollars a yard and it takes ten yards to make a dress. That's $120 for materials before we put on a cent for workmanship, overhead or profit. Even some of the monotone prints cost us nine dollars a yard. They're made out of fine yarns and are specially loomed and printed for us. Does that look like $27.50 retail?"

It doesn't but that still doesn't solve the problem for the purchasers, who would like no dress to cost more than $27.50 and would be overjoyed if they could get the best ones down to three bucks.

At any rate, that's the dress business. To the outsider, the spectacle takes place in the showroom with the models parading. Showrooms are large, rather bare rooms, with several tables placed casually about and chairs for the customers. The models are encased in their gowns by the women in the fitting-room and pursue their nonchalant course in a way best suited to displaying the dresses.

"Very simple," say the designers, "if you hit on the right combination."

They wave a fleeting hand to show that unfortunately they don't always hit on the right combination.

America Leads the Parade

Back of the fitting-room is the pattern-room. The pattern is perhaps next in importance to the design. Two patterns are generally made, one small, one large. The intermediate sizes are scaled from the two master patterns. After that come the cutters. These gentlemen stand at long tables with huge piles of fabric and make short work of it. A few mishaps here will also bring grief to a firm. When you're dealing with dresses in terms of thousands, a slight individual waste on each garment can mount into disaster.

From the cutting table the fabrics go to the sewing machines and the finishers.

The French are the great originators and the Americans the great manufacturers. French ready-to-wear clothes couldn't be given away in this country.

American ready-to-wear gowns, even in the higher brackets, are the class of the world. They are designed, the patterns are made, the cutting is done and the finished product is completed, ready for shipment, right in that nest of industry in New York City. Around five o'clock at night, the confusion is indescribable. The streets are jammed with large trucks. The sidewalks and streets are filled with men trundling pushcarts filled with garments hanging from the bar across the top. There seem to be millions of them. They are either going from firms which do their own cutting to other firms which do the finishing or they are coming back.

The dresses in that state of their existence look like nothing but nondescript garments you see hanging on clotheslines in back yards. Once pressed up and hanging in the display rooms of stores, they are another matter. On the backs of the ultimate consumer, they are still another matter. In the eyes of the Garment District, there is just one essential.

"If they're going to like it, let them like it a lot," say the manufacturers, "and let them keep on liking it until we can get the line disposed of. Otherwise, could you find a place in your organization for a nice young man who once thought he was a dress manufacturer until the ladies of America told him otherwise?"

NOW NEW CAR PEP, POWER, ECONOMY FOR YOUR CAR BY 16 YEAR *PROVED* METHOD

BOY, YOUR MOTOR PURRS ALONG NOW. AND YOU SAY YOU NEVER NEED OIL EXCEPT AT CHANGES ?
THAT'S RIGHT, SINCE I HAD RAMCO PISTON RINGS INSTALLED. THEY CERTAINLY MAKE THE OLD BUS RUN LIKE A NEW CAR

Today, millions of car owners are getting new car performance—new car oil economy—from this revolutionary Ramco Overhaul

RAMCO—The pioneer expander-type spring piston ring. The ONE spring ring construction used and proved for 16 years in millions of cars. The largest selling spring ring in the world.

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Costs 50% Less Than a Rebore Job or Motor Exchange

EVEN if your car is a hopeless oil-pumper, even if it's slow on get-away and knocks badly, you can restore it to new car condition and get from 20,000 to 50,000 more miles of dependable service, with this sensational Ramco Overhaul. It's time-tested—proved in millions of cars. Is as effective as an expensive rebore job or motor exchange and at half the cost.

Motorists everywhere say that savings on oil and gas alone *more than pay* for Ramco. No wonder motorists are refusing to give up their cars or to get a costly rebore job. For proof of results listen to what C. C. B., of Kent, Ohio, says: "Before a Ramco Overhaul my motor used a lot of oil, had no power, smoked terribly. Now the motor purrs along—and does she step out."

If *you* want benefits like these simply have Ramco Piston Rings and Ramco Skirt Expanders installed in your car. Because these rings are *unique spring rings*, they *expand* in service to fit worn, out-of-round cylinder walls—seal wasteful clearances *even at highest speeds*. Oil pumping is ended. Power no longer blows by. And with the help of Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders, piston slap is stopped, compression increases. Your motor functions like new. That's what a Ramco Overhaul can do for *your* car!

Proved In Millions of Cars Over a 16 Year Period

Ramco is the *only* spring ring construction with a PROVED RECORD for 16 years in millions of cars. Today, Ramco is by long odds the largest selling spring ring in the world.

So get a Ramco Overhaul—AND GET 20,000 to 50,000 MORE MILES OF POWERFUL, ECONOMICAL AND CAREFREE SERVICE FROM YOUR CAR. But, above all things, *don't have untried spring piston rings put in your car.* Insist upon RAMCO. The sensational success of Ramco has caused the market to be flooded with untried, unproved imitations.

Write today for our FREE booklet, which gives complete story of the Ramco Overhaul that has been so successful with millions of car owners. We will also give you the name of the Ramco Repairman near you.

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PATENTED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA. OTHER PATENTS PENDING

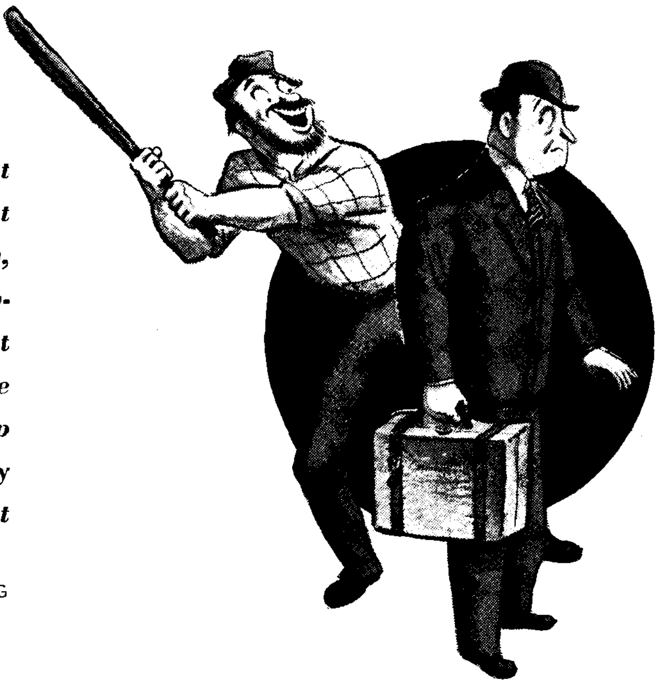
Untaming the West

By Jim Marshall

The West is won. Too much so. Last year the tourist, eagerly peering about for two-gun men living life in the raw, found only soda-water stands and service-station attendants. That was last year. This summer the West will be wild; it's being carefully toughened up to the queen's taste—or, to be strictly accurate, to that of the Eastern tourist

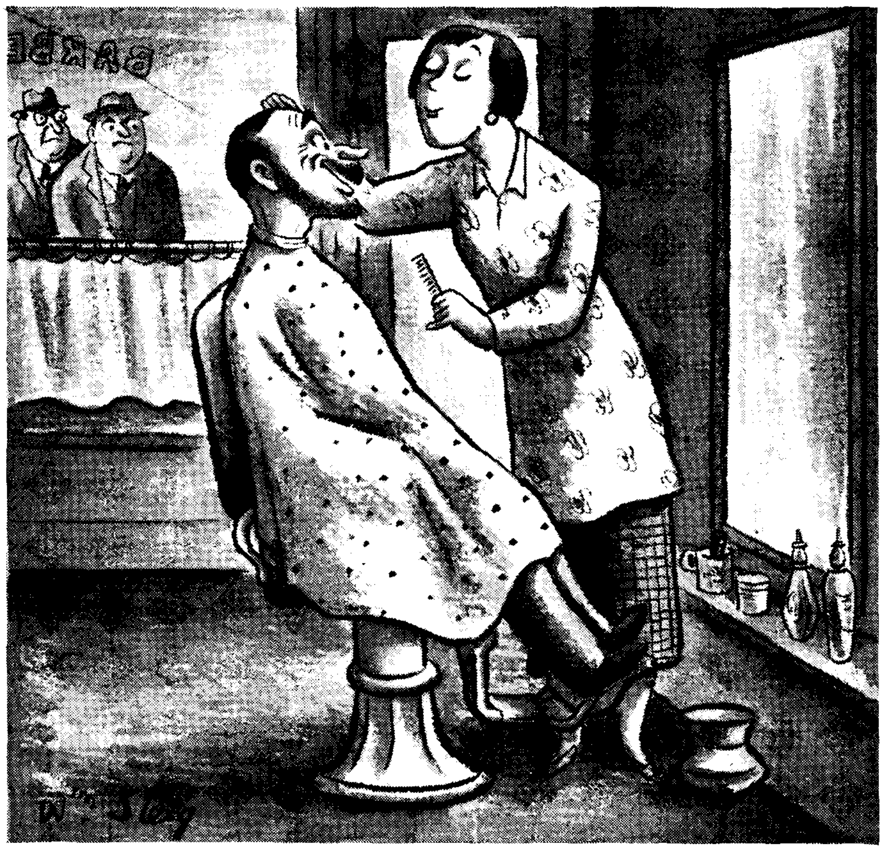
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

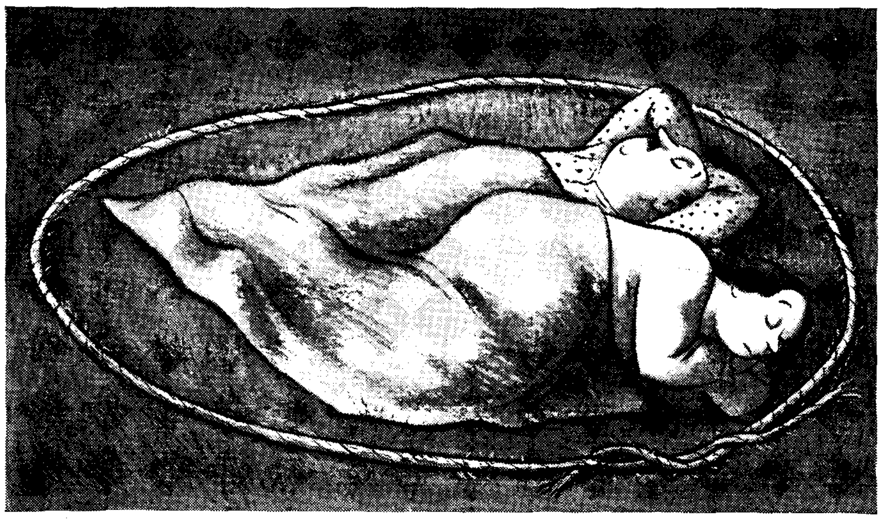
The good citizens are giving their all to the Pioneer Days celebrations



Strangers with derby hats are going to be fair game, the boys all agree

Things began to slip badly when the lady barber set up shop in the old ghost camp of Rough-and-Ready





Tourists will test the theory that rattlesnakes won't cross ropes

IN a way, it seems a shame to tip it off. It would be so much funnier and more exciting if it came as a surprise to about five million travelers this summer. But, in that event, it might leave the West littered with cases of the advanced twilps to be cared for by the overburdened taxpayers. So, as you begin to have the first vagrant thoughts about a vacation, you may as well learn that the West is being considerably wilded up for you. And wilded up, too, by large, earnest experts in primitiveness, coarse, unladylike exercise and general yippee.

Out in them thar hills, throats are sore from shouting the new slogan: "Keep the Wild West wild!"

Two or three years ago the West was wild because there weren't any tourists to speak of, or to. This year, it's going to be wild because there will be tourists. This sounds goofy, but you have to accept it as one of the facts of life.

Last winter, all the Western tourist associations got together, cast an approving eye on the war thunderheads in Europe and China and Africa, and decided that a lot of people, this summer, would see-America-burst into joy over returning prosperity. Thought waves were broadcast to all nations intent on maintaining their national honor with gas bombs, exhorting them to maintain the status quo, or even the status bellum. The more war clouds elsewhere, the more tourists in America, it was reasoned.

This done, everybody started to worry about congestion. This may not seem any great chore to a resident of the Bronx or Chicago's loop, but out where the census takers report the incredible fact of fifty-six one-hundredths of a human being to the square mile, it was quite a feat. Still, people were found who could do it. Sheer will power.

Anyway, after highway congestion had been adopted as a good working menace, it was felt that the best thing to do was to get motorists off the highways and bright-light trails and disperse them, in a polite way, through the hills, dales, gulches, draws, coulees, ravines, divides, canyons, forests, mountains and deserts. With perhaps a few on gold-bearing sandbars here and there—if the amateurs of yesteryear had left any bars still golded up.

At the same time, it was borne in upon thinking people that the West was getting kinda citified and prettied up in places and that the old free spirit of the ranges and mining camps would stand a bit of untrammeling. Embarrassing incidents were reported from all over. In Cheyenne, Wyoming, the chief of police so far forgot his traditions as to protest against the boys shooting out the street lights. The chief added that, of course, the boys were just having some good clean fun—but it was felt the town's reputation had suffered.

About this time, too, 400 beauticians convened in Butte, Montana, and before anyone could stop him, their president had announced that hairdressing was perhaps the Treasure State's most promising infant industry. This got onto the wires, and papers everywhere printed it. Old cowmen snorted, hairy-chested miners bit the necks off redeye bottles and range-hands near died a-laffin'. But the damage had been done.

Soft and Getting Softer

Confronted with incidents like these, Westerners realized that a critical time was at hand. Visitors, they said, came west to Let Go and see some of the rough, free life of the country—and was it fair to let them come to what was practically a continuous dude ranch from the Rockies to the Pacific?

"No!" said everybody.

But even as they said it, the old ghost camp of Rough-and-Ready, in California, came to life and put in these newfangled electric lights. The old lamps that had hung from rafters for eighty years were taken down. A lady barber moved into camp and old Ike Marigold, who had been working the Last Chance claim for nigh onto twenty-seven years, done up and got him a haircut. The tourist boys were counting heavily on Ike for local color and it was a blow to them. The reverend, on Sunday, preached a sermon about succumbing to the vanities of the flesh.

Down in Arizona it was even worse. Investigators discovered that all the old desert rats had turned loose their mountain canaries and taken to up-to-date 1923 model T's. The burros were loose in the hills, making nuisances of themselves, and at the University of Arizona

(Continued on page 64)

SCIENCE PRODUCES NEW PAINT ACTUALLY WHITER THAN SNOW!

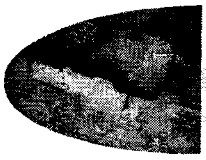
Now! A Home 5 Shades Whiter that Really Stays Clean

New Two-Coat System Defies Checking, Cracking, Peeling, Fading

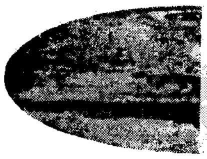
Avoid these 4 Paint Evils

CHECKING. Oil-thirsty wood or old paint robs conventional paint of its life. But Devoe oils stay in the paint film. Keep it young and fresh looking.

CRACKING. Second step to destruction. Elasticity gone, checks open wide. But the Devoe film retains its resiliency.



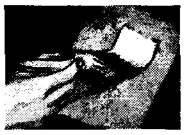
PEELING. Sun and moisture do the rest. You've seen it . . . conventional paint literally falls off your house. Devoe wears, instead, by slow, even chalking.



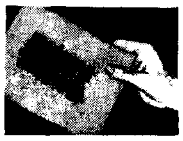
FADING. Sun bleaches out and fades conventional paints quickly. But the new Devoe House-Paint System fights those destructive sun-rays.

SIMPLE BLOTTER TEST EXPLAINS AMAZING STORY

This blotter painted with conventional paint.



This blotter painted with the new Devoe House-Paint Undercoat.



Back of blotter shows conventional paint soaks thru.

No paint on back of blotter! Devoe stays on surface.

Wood, or the old paint, is as effectively sealed as this blotter!

See this test at your Devoe Dealer's.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS scientists have turned painting methods upside down—old traditions have been completely discarded.

They have found a way to cut paint bills in half—a way to give painted surfaces twice the life and beauty they ever had before. They found that your home needs *two kinds* of paint (not 3 coats of the same paint) . . . one made to go next to the wood, another made to go next to the sun.

The first, or undercoat, prevents wood from soaking up life-giving oils from paint . . . counteracts brittleness and excessive dryness.

The other, the top-coat, conquers that arch-enemy of paint—the sun. Together, these 2 coats effectively resist destructive sun-rays. Thus, the two coats defy checking, cracking, peeling and fading. Paint stays unbroken, clean and fresh looking, years longer—stays smoother—leaves no place for dirt and soot to lodge.

The Difference to You

Painting costs are actually reduced one-half or more . . . because paint lasts twice as long.

On new surfaces, only two paint coats are needed instead of three—one whole coat is saved.

The paint itself makes houses 5 shades whiter. In fact, the new white top-coat has more hiding units than any paint we know—*and we think we know them all.* Your house stays clean.

Don't Paint before you Write

Do nothing about your painting till you get facts on how much this new method will save you . . . and how much better looking it is in both white and colors. See your Devoe dealer . . . or send in the coupon.

In blistering sunlight, in snow and sleet that beat the life out of ordinary paint, this amazing new 2-coat system defies the elements. It's been proven on 2,400 houses in 30 States. This home is one of them.

18 months ago Devoe put 68 scientists to work to find a better paint. Devoe House-Paint is their answer . . . made from new oils, new pigments. Experts acclaim it the first notable paint advance in 50 years.

DEVOE BUDGET PLAN

You don't need ready cash. If painting at the moment happens to be a financial burden, don't forget the average home can be painted for approximately $5.75 per month—labor and material included—under the Devoe Budget Plan. The coupon will bring you full particulars.

DEVOE HOUSE PAINT

The New Two-Coat System

Employ a Reputable Painter

SPECIFY DEVOE

Free Book on how to cut your paint costs in half!

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.
1 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.
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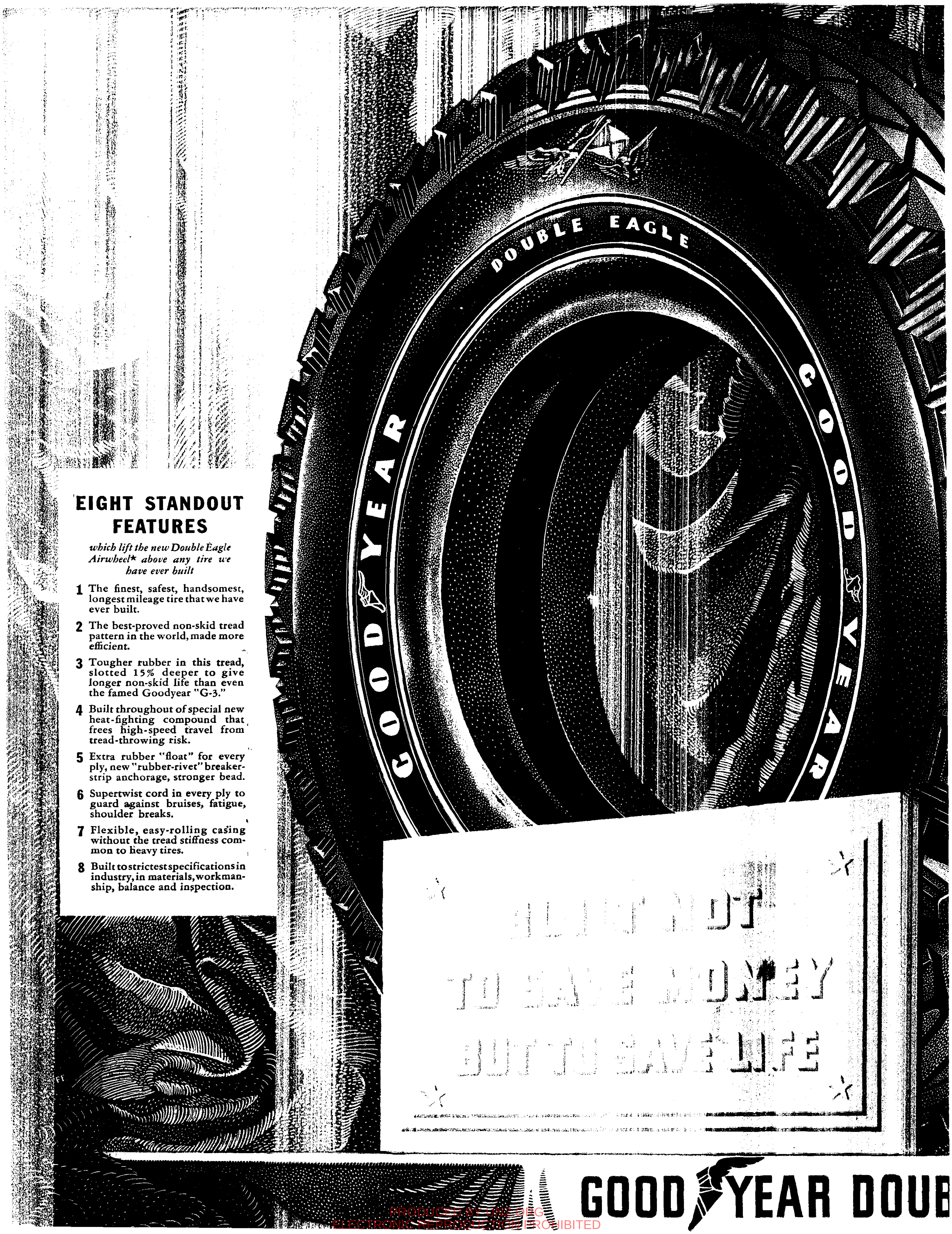
Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation on my part your booklet which (1) tells all about the new Devoe House-Paint System; (2) shows the blotter test; (3) gives full information on the Devoe Budget Plan for Home Painting.

NAME____________________________

OWNER ☐ PAINTER ☐ DEALER ☐

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY________________STATE________



EIGHT STANDOUT FEATURES

which lift the new Double Eagle Airwheel★ above any tire we have ever built

1 The finest, safest, handsomest, longest mileage tire that we have ever built.

2 The best-proved non-skid tread pattern in the world, made more efficient.

3 Tougher rubber in this tread, slotted 15% deeper to give longer non-skid life than even the famed Goodyear "G-3."

4 Built throughout of special new heat-fighting compound that frees high-speed travel from tread-throwing risk.

5 Extra rubber "float" for every ply, new "rubber-rivet" breaker-strip anchorage, stronger bead.

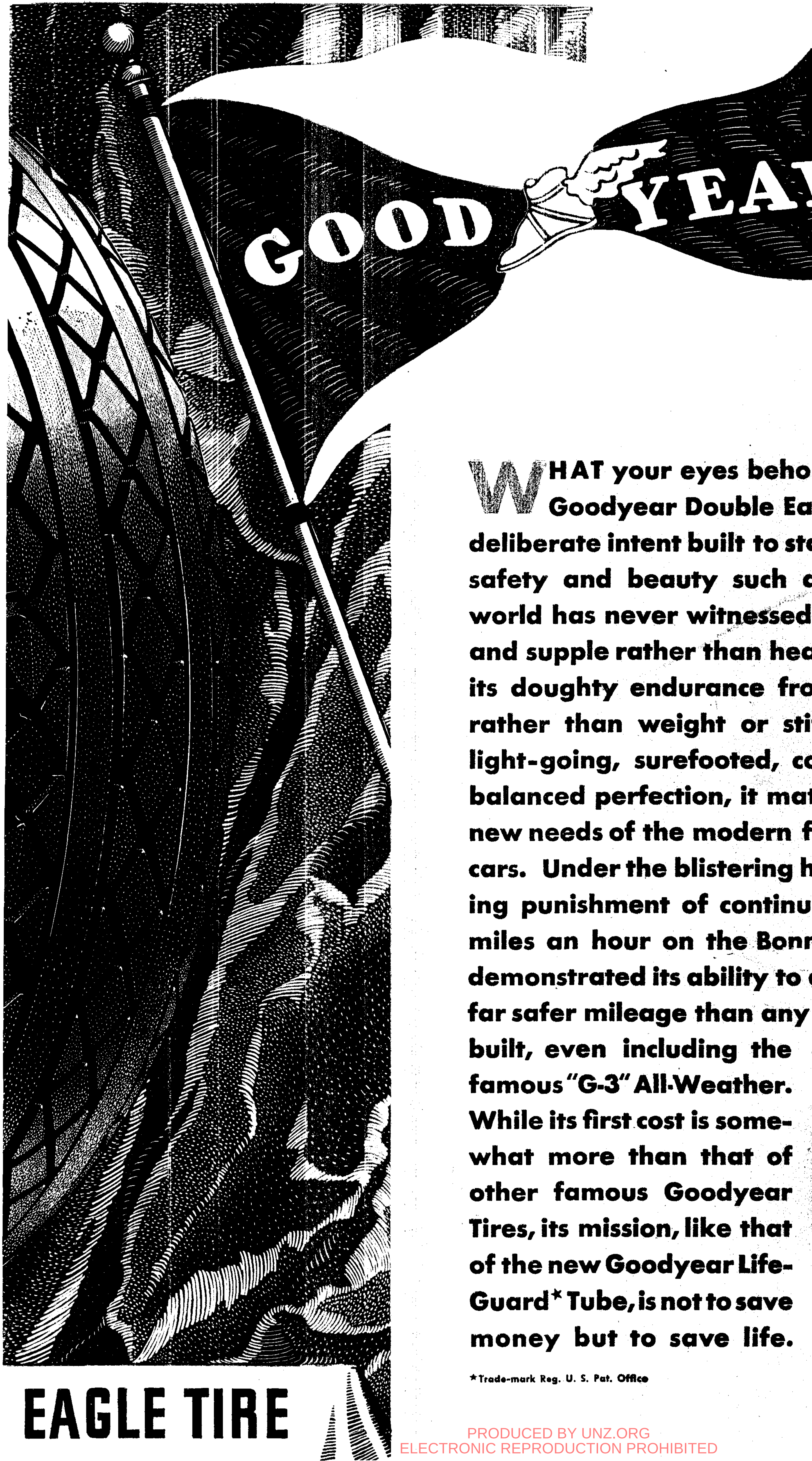
6 Supertwist cord in every ply to guard against bruises, fatigue, shoulder breaks.

7 Flexible, easy-rolling casing without the tread stiffness common to heavy tires.

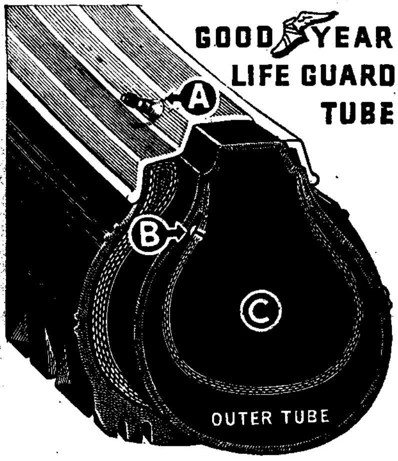
8 Built to strictest specifications in industry, in materials, workmanship, balance and inspection.

GOODYEAR DOUB

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON
GOODYEAR TIRES THAN
ON ANY OTHER KIND



WHAT your eyes behold here is the new Goodyear Double Eagle Airwheel*—by deliberate intent built to standards of luxury, safety and beauty such as we believe the world has never witnessed before. It is lithe and supple rather than heavy-bodied, taking its doughty endurance from superb quality rather than weight or stiffness—and in its light-going, surefooted, cool-running, true-balanced perfection, it matches the exacting new needs of the modern fast maneuverable cars. Under the blistering heat and the grueling punishment of continuous driving at 96 miles an hour on the Bonneville Salt Flats it demonstrated its ability to deliver far longer, far safer mileage than any tire we have ever built, even including the famous "G-3" All-Weather. While its first cost is somewhat more than that of other famous Goodyear Tires, its mission, like that of the new Goodyear Life-Guard* Tube, is not to save money but to save life.



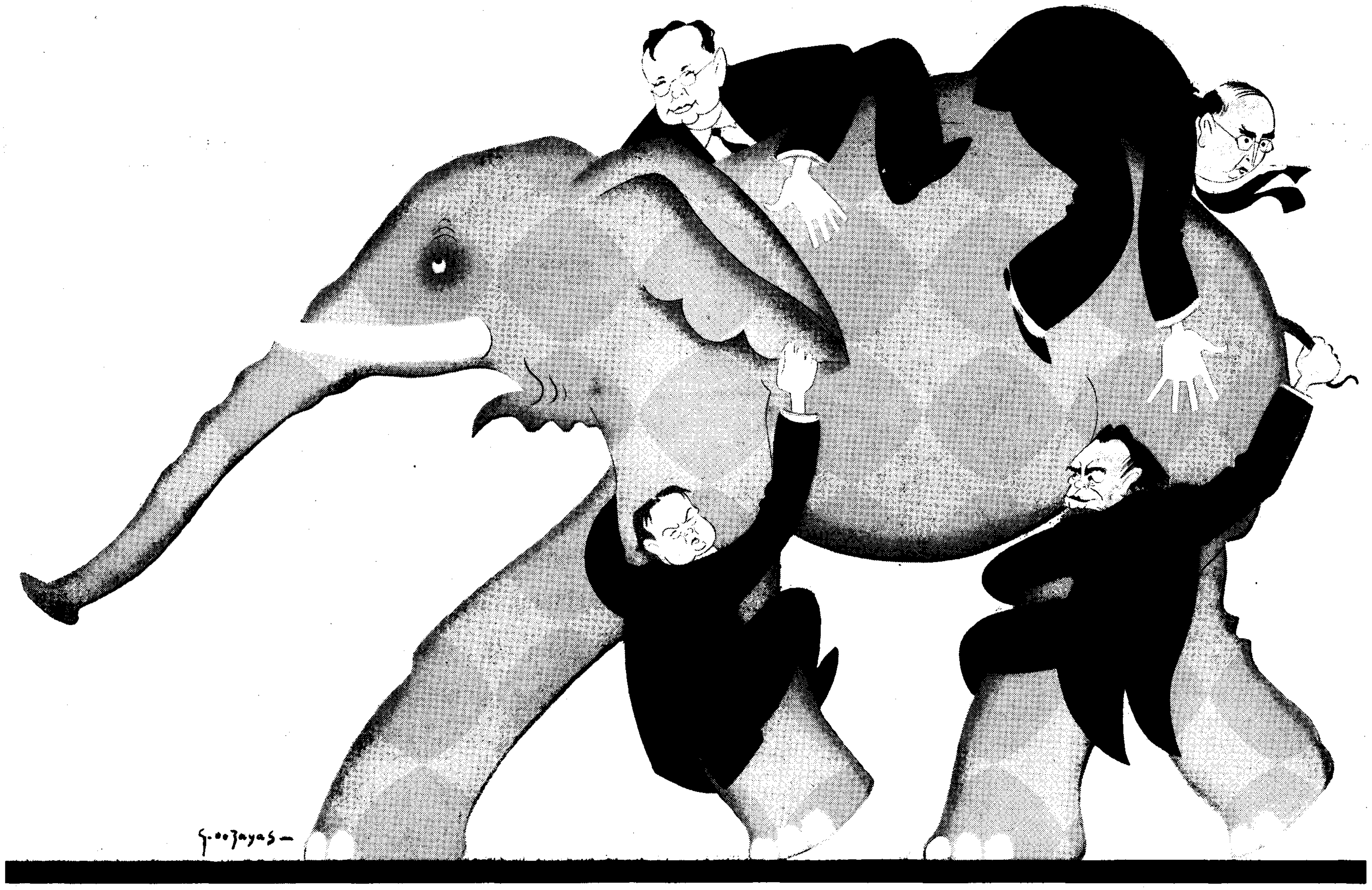
A Look for the yellow valve stem and blue cap

B LifeGuards* take a little longer to inflate because air passes gradually from "inner tire" to outer tube through this VENT HOLE

C On this two-ply "INNER TIRE" you ride to a stop with car under control, even though casing and outer tube blow wide open

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

EAGLE TIRE



Landon, Hoover, Vandenberg and Borah are the only real contenders for the Republican nomination

Trial Heats

With their toes on the mark and their eyes on Cleveland, the Republican presidential prospects are eagerly waiting for the gun. After studying the form sheet and consulting the trainers, Mr. Creel gives you the prevailing odds—as quoted among the insiders

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

ONLY a short time ago the Republicans were as doleful a crew as ever dragged feet through the Slough of Despond. Disorganized and demoralized, heads bowed and faces drawn, their mournful progress needed only a hearse and immortelles to complete a picture of woe unutterable. With no Moses to guide them, no safe issue in sight and Roosevelt popularity at high tide, the Humane Society seemed their one and only hope.

It is not so today. Now they march to the sound of fife and drum, and the dream of victory in November races through their veins like rare old wine. Backed into corners, and assured that confidences will be respected, the great herd bulls of the party babble with all the feverish abandon of one suddenly restored to speech after months of dumbness.

As though it were "in the bag," to use Mr. Farley's buoyant phrase, they count on the defection of Alfred E. Smith, John W. Davis and other Right Wing Democrats in November. Not a definite bolt, perhaps, with a ticket of their own, but certainly a ringing repudiation of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Philadelphia platform. They also place high estimate on the "nuisance bid" of Governor Talmadge and his Southern accessories.

The decisions of the Supreme Court, tearing down the New Deal law by law, are another thing that fills Republican hearts with a happiness so acute that it is almost pain, and as they watch the pamphlets of the American Liberty League flooding the country to a point where mail carriers have to use trucks, the glad tears gather in their eyes. It is also their honest belief that the President's popularity is on the ebb, and to brim their goblet of bliss, they have the deep conviction that their own situation, both with respect to candidate and issues, has undergone a welcome clarification.

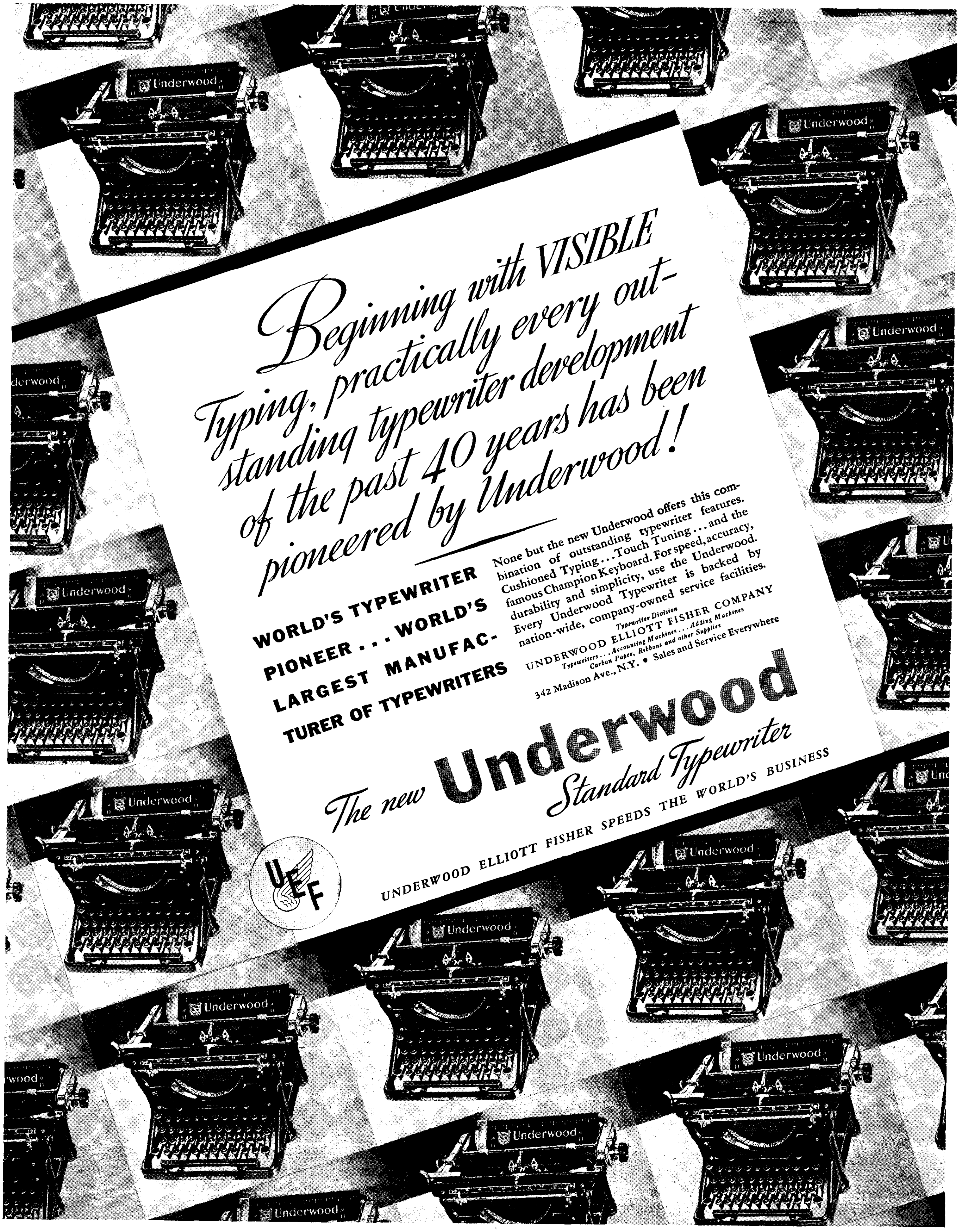
Colonel Frank Knox, for instance, has been eliminated as a factor of any importance. For a while it seemed that he might gain enough strength to bring about the well-known and dreaded deadlock, but the feat has passed. To quote a battle-scarred Republican veteran, "When Frank gets tired of Pullmans, and begins to long for the comfort of his own bed, you'll see him calling it a day. A fine fellow, but he couldn't get untracked."

As for Lester Jesse Dickinson, Iowa's senior senator, he was never seriously considered, even by himself. All agree that his candidacy had no other purpose than its effect on his fight for reëlection to the Senate. McNary of Oregon is expected to keep out of the race, as his eye is cocked on 1940, and Hamilton Fish's aspirations are set aside with the comment that he might have a chance if the election came on Friday.

As things stand today, four names, and four names only, figure in the conversation and calculations of the Republican high command: Herbert Hoover, Senator William E. Borah, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg and Governor Alf Landon. These constitute the Big Four as far as the June convention is concerned, and it is the consideration of their strengths and weaknesses that has been, and is now, engrossing the attention of the party leaders.

No comment, of course, can be elicited from Henry P. Fletcher, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. With all the passion of his soul he is striving for an exact and undeviating impartiality, so that even the suspicious and contentious Borah may not be able to claim that the cards were stacked against him. Other party leaders, however, scattered throughout the country, are not so reticent, and the following assessments represent the opinions of prominent Republicans more interested in party success than in personalities, constituting an appraisal based on political values rather than likes or dislikes.

In no quarter is there any disposition



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None but the new Underwood offers this combination of outstanding typewriter features. Cushioned Typing . . . Touch Tuning . . . and the famous Champion Keyboard. For speed, accuracy, durability and simplicity, use the Underwood. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

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Typewriters . . . Accounting Machines . . . Adding Machines
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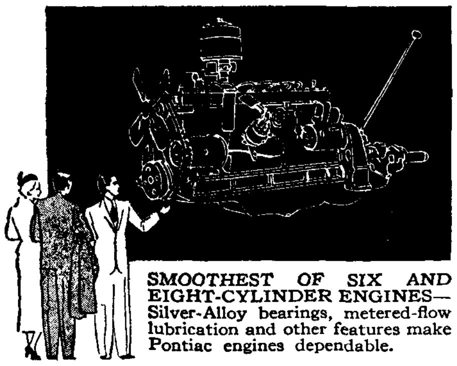
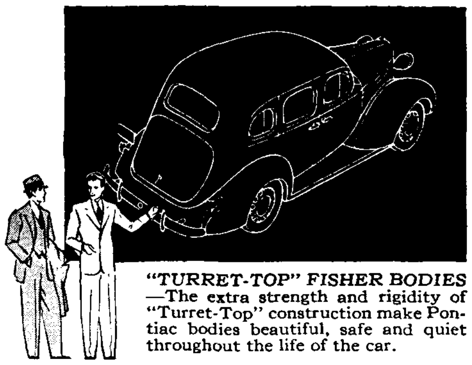
UEF

UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER SPEEDS THE WORLD'S BUSINESS

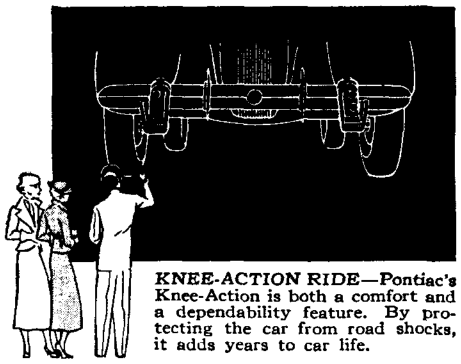
BUILT TO MATCH THE FINEST



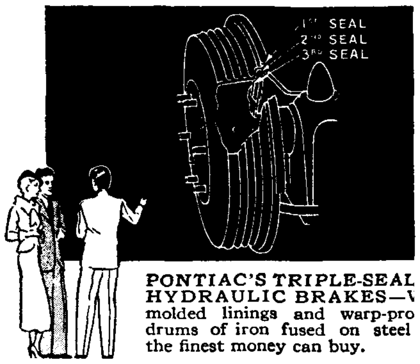
SMOOTHEST OF SIX AND EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINES—Silver-Alloy bearings, metered-flow lubrication and other features make Pontiac engines dependable.



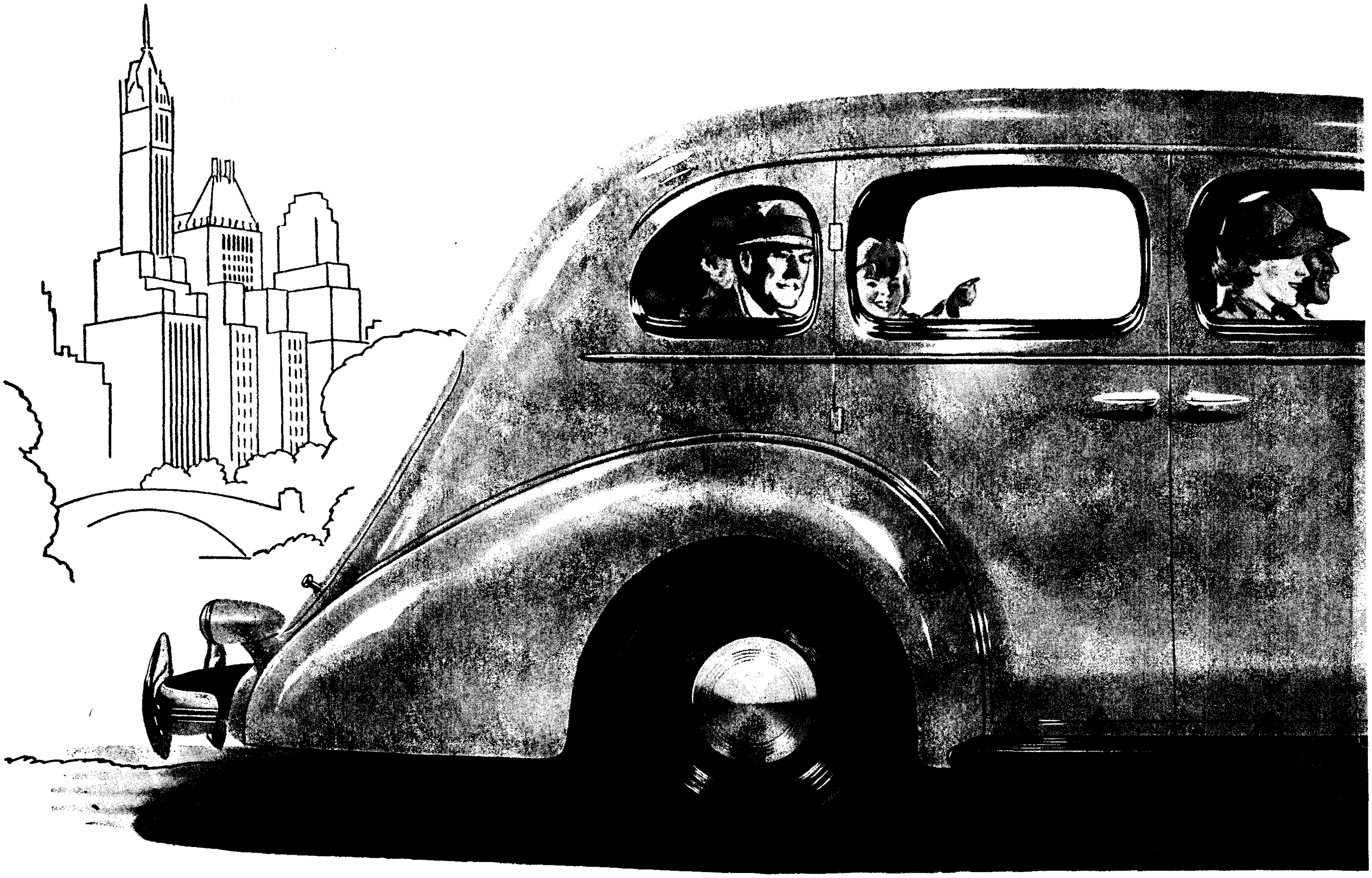
"TURRET-TOP" FISHER BODIES—The extra strength and rigidity of "Turret-Top" construction make Pontiac bodies beautiful, safe and quiet throughout the life of the car.



KNEE-ACTION RIDE—Pontiac's Knee-Action is both a comfort and a dependability feature. By protecting the car from road shocks, it adds years to car life.



PONTIAC'S TRIPLE-SEAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES—\
molded linings and warp-pro
drums of iron fused on steel
the finest money can buy.



Satisfy yourself with something

FOR ONLY

EVERYBODY who checks the facts agrees that Pontiac is America's most distinctive car—qualified to rank with the greatest ever built. In fact, this belief is so firmly established that many people who appreciate Pontiac's superfine quality, and would naturally prefer to buy this big, luxurious car, have an idea that it is beyond their means.

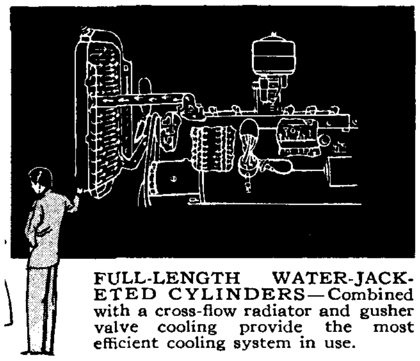
That is most emphatically *not* the case. ***Actually, the difference between buying Pontiac quality and buying in the lowest-price field averages only one dollar a week!★***

Moreover, when you figure in the operating cost, even this small difference tends to disappear. For the 1936 Pontiac bows to no car for all-around economy. It is the official economy champion of its class, having averaged 23.9 miles per gallon in the Yosemite Economy Run under American Automobile Association supervision. Oil economy is as much as 20 per cent greater than that of previous thrifty Pontiacs. And in the basi
economy of long life and dependability, Pontiac has no peer. Ove
83 per cent of all Pontiacs ever built are still in daily use, man
with total speedometer readings well over 200,000 miles!

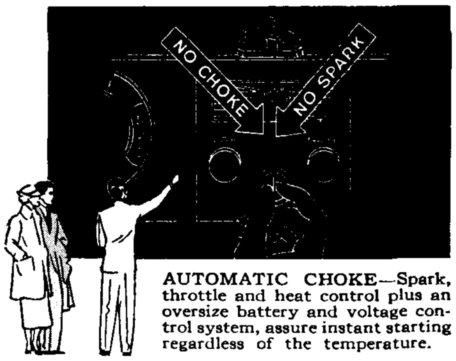
Actually, according to owners, you'll be money ahead with
Pontiac. And, of course, there is no comparison on any other count
Pontiac is acknowledged to be the most beautiful thing on wheels
Pontiac asks odds of none for smooth, lively, performance. And i

Mich., begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard on De Luxe Six and Eight. Standard group o

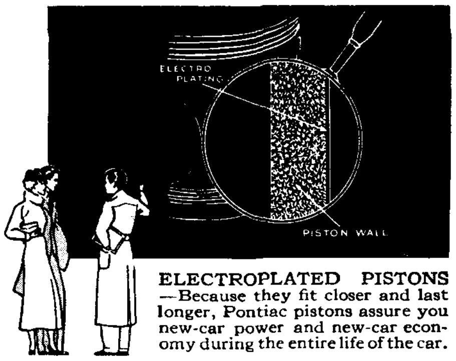
N EVERYTHING THAT COUNTS!



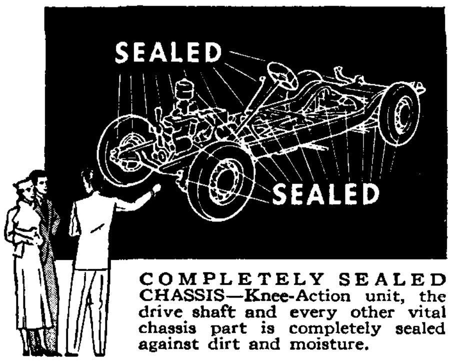
FULL-LENGTH WATER-JACKETED CYLINDERS—Combined with a cross-flow radiator and gusher valve cooling provide the most efficient cooling system in use.



AUTOMATIC CHOKE—Spark, throttle and heat control plus an oversize battery and voltage control system, assure instant starting regardless of the temperature.



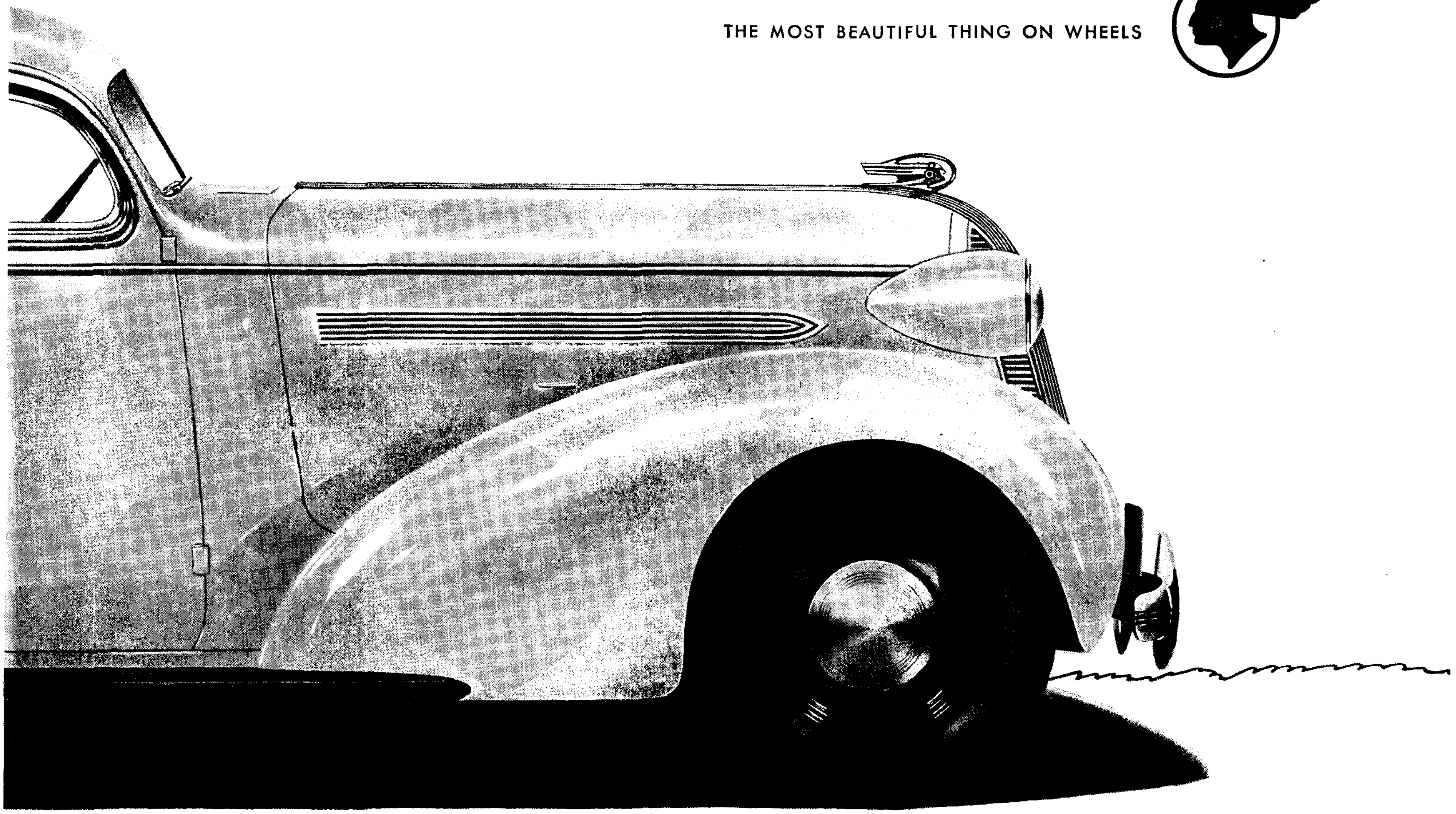
ELECTROPLATED PISTONS—Because they fit closer and last longer, Pontiac pistons assure you new-car power and new-car economy during the entire life of the car.



COMPLETELY SEALED CHASSIS—Knee-Action unit, the drive shaft and every other vital chassis part is completely sealed against dirt and moisture.

BUY A PONTIAC

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS



*Illustrated—The Master Six Four-Door Sedan, $720**

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1^00^ A WEEK!

e matter of *number* and *quality* of advancements, Pontiac is unique—oviding more than 101 modern features—*every one the finest money* ɪn *buy*. So, before you buy your new low-priced car, pause and reflect. ʃk yourself just one question: What can you buy for one dollar a week at will equal the increased satisfaction of owning America's most disɪctive car—the big, *beautiful* and *economical* Pontiac?

Based on average delivered price of the three fastest-selling, lowest-priced cars centrally located cities for a one year's period.

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OFFICIAL PRICE CLASS
ECONOMY CHAMPION

Pontiac $615

LAST NIGHT
LOW AND LET-DOWN
TODAY
RIGHT UP ON
MY TOES!

AND HERE'S HOW
I DID IT!

"Never again will you catch me going around feeling dizzy and bilious and only half alive because of constipation. I learned how to clear up *that* condition overnight. All I did was chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes* before I went to bed. It's this *chewing*, I'm told, that works the miracle. At any rate, today I feel like a million. No more harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics for *me* when the 3-minute way is *so much more* pleasant and effective."

Give FEEN-A-MINT to the children too. You won't have to urge them to take it—they love the cool, minty, chewing-gum flavor of this gentle, non-habit-forming regulator. Go to your druggist today and get a generous, family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.

For adults and children
Feen-a-mint
The chewing gum
LAXATIVE
No taste but the mint
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

THREE
MINUTES OF CHEWING
MAKE THE
difference!

Trial Heats

Continued from page 56

to minimize Mr. Hoover. As titular head of the party, it is conceded that he has the right to speak with authority, and few dispute the fact that his Palo Alto speech, in which he set forth support of the Constitution as a major issue in the coming campaign, put heart in the party and paved the way for an organized attack on Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. There is also admission that he seems to have regained the forceful forthrightness that marked him during Food Administration days, and which suffered such sudden and inexplicable diminution on his ascension to the presidency.

Even so, the master strategists of the party are profoundly and unalterably convinced that Mr. Hoover could not defeat Mr. Roosevelt, nor have his friends been able to persuade them that the "waning popularity" of the latter argues a returning popularity for the former. Just as they are proceeding on the theory that the "costly experimentation" of the New Deal has failed to bring about the promised recovery, so it is their thought that the tragic years of 1930-1932 are not yet far enough removed for Mr. Hoover's safe return to the political arena. Should he come around in 1948, or better still, 1952, they promise his case consideration.

Backing Borah

It is felt that this attitude of amiable but unyielding antagonism will prevent any open declaration of candidacy by the ex-President, and that any continuance of organized effort in his behalf will be the work of friends, the thousands of men and women scattered over the United States whose hearts are still warm with the affection and loyalty he inspired by his war work. Signs are not wanting that these devoted souls will do their utmost to place a certain number of dyed-in-the-wool Hooverites on every state delegation, their hope being that in event of a deadlock these voices will be able to lead a return-from-Elba clamor.

Consideration of William E. Borah has none of the simplicities that mark the case of Mr. Hoover. During the days when his name was first mentioned in connection with the nomination, the Republican high command held to the comfortable conclusion that the man from Idaho was sidling into the race for no other purpose than the sheer sensuous joy of riding Mr. Hoover into the rail or else bumping him off the track entirely. Now, however, they are not quite so sure that the senator is without serious intentions, for skilled operatives report that his office is being flooded with assurances of support from every quarter of the country. What is more, these offers do not come entirely from men and women without political meaning, but also from party workers eager for victory and absolutely certain that the somber Idahoan is the one man who can win for them.

Even those Republican leaders who dislike Senator Borah most intensely are frank in admitting his tremendous popular appeal. During his thirty years in the Senate, he has built himself a reputation for honesty, courage and independence, and not all of his seeming inconsistencies, his sometimes bewildering changes of mood, have shaken faith in him as a great statesman who puts patriotism above party.

Along with the admission of his national stature and huge personal following, however, there is the flat assertion that Mr. Borah is not a real Republican. Or, to be more exact, they do not regard him as an "organization man," meaning one with a proper respect for discipline and regularity. From sad experience, too, they are led to believe that in event of election he would not be amenable to suggestion either in the matter of policies or appointments, but would follow his own independent course regardless of its disastrous effect on the party.

Secondly, there is the certainty that his nomination would raise the blood pressure of conservative Republicans to the bursting point, for not only does Senator Borah look with dark suspicion on any combination of capital as a potential trust or monopoly, but he is an avowed inflationist, seemingly willing and eager to have the printing presses of the nation help out with our currency.

Another important item in the Republican assessment of Senator Borah is a compilation of his votes on major issues. He stood with his party against the Versailles Treaty, the World Court and various other measures, but he quit his party with a noise like thunder when he voted against the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, the sales tax, the ship subsidy bill and the repeal of the excess profits tax. More than that, he voted for the Muscle Shoals bill, the anti-injunction bill, the Wagner Labor Relations Act, restoring anti-trust laws, the investigation of the aluminum trust and also for an inquiry into labor conditions in the steel industry.

The Man from Idaho was one of three who framed and successfully urged the passage of the income tax amendment; he voted for an increase of inheritance taxes and taxes on large incomes; his voice was raised long and loudly in support of resolutions excluding Senators Lorimer, Newberry, Stephenson, Smith and Vare, and he led the battle against the nomination of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court. As a matter of truth, he has been an aggressive progressive with only a few lapses, and was particularly active in his support of the Roosevelt relief measures.

Putting everything else aside, it is a record that disqualifies him in the eyes of the Republican high command for the very good reason that to them at least his candidacy would present no clean-cut difference from that of Mr. Roosevelt. It is such a difference that is going to be insisted on, for an essential antagonism to the Administration and its methods will be the very heart of the coming campaign. In plain words, the Republican high command means to operate on the theory that while a sane progressivism is desirable, and will be urged, the country as a whole is sick and tired of "crazy experiments" conducted by "starry-eyed idealists." Right or wrong, that is the way they see it.

While conceding Senator Borah's strength and popular appeal, Republican leaders do not regard him as a real threat. Better than anyone else, they know the cost of a primary campaign and are well aware that the Idahoan lacks the money to make a winning fight. They figure also that his following, while numerous, lacks cohesion and skilled political direction. All are well aware, of course, that the senator has been making sheep's eyes at the Townsend movement, and admit that he would be a factor if he could gain this support. When Mr. Borah, however, suggested a monthly pension of only fifty dollars a month for all persons over sixty, the Republican master minds dismissed the possibility.

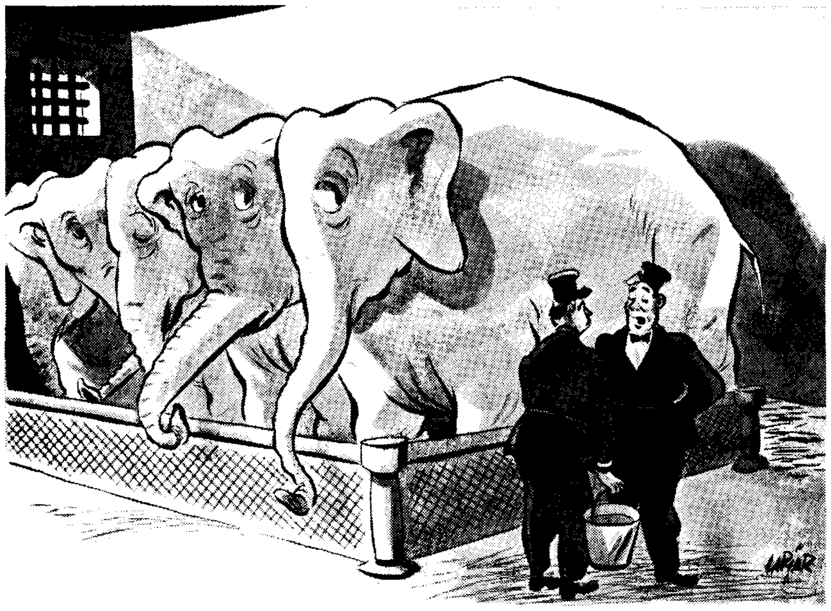
"Dr. Townsend's following," one leader explained, "is built on the expectancy of two hundred dollars a month. Anything less than that, even $199, appears to the Townsendite as desertion and betrayal."

Pleasing the Conservatives

Summing up, the leaders are assured that Senator Borah's strength will be outside the convention rather than in it, and that a complimentary vote is all that he can count on. At the same time they are confident that if the candidate and platform meet his ideas to any extent, he will continue the unbroken regularity that has marked his conduct in every campaign, even those of 1912 and 1920 and 1924. Rebellious as Senator Borah has shown himself between elections, he has always been a Republican in the presidential years.

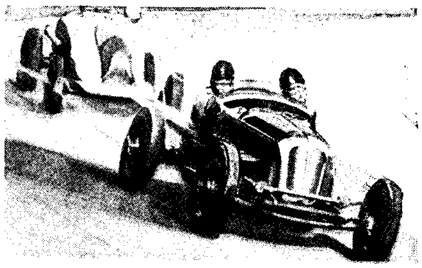
Coming now to the case of Arthur Vandenberg, the suave, well-groomed senator from Michigan, there is as yet no disposition to declare him out of the running. Reëlected to the Senate in 1934, a year when the Democratic tide was at its highest, Mr. Vandenberg proved himself a forceful campaigner, and in the Senate he has made a creditable if not brilliant record. Now and then he has voted for New Deal proposals, giving an appearance of progressivism, but for

(*Continued on page 62*)



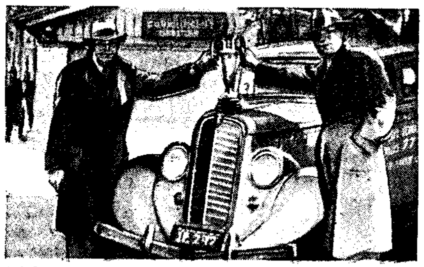
"This year I'm voting straight Democratic!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

PREFERRED AT HOME . . . PREFERRED ABROAD

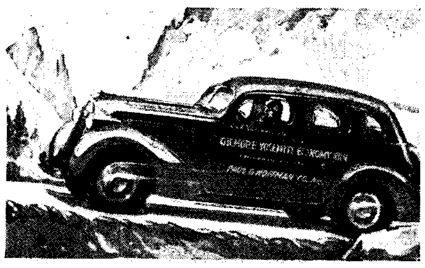


LOS ANGELES—*Rex Mays, 1934 and 1935 Pacific Coast A.A.A. champion, has twice won the 200 lap feature race at the Ascot Speedway this season. Champion Spark Plugs have never failed him in any of his many victories.*

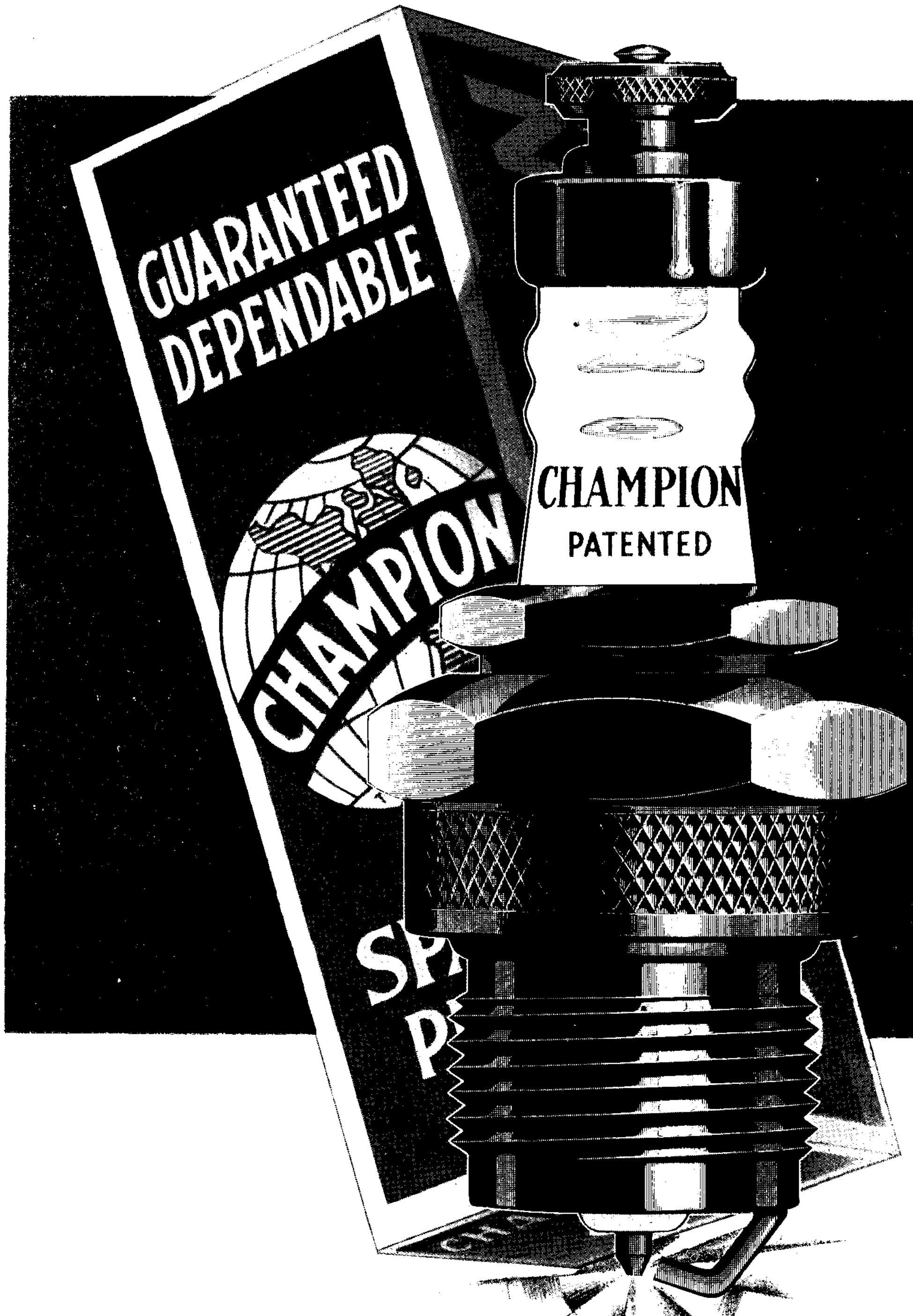
LOS ANGELES—*In the A.A.A. supervised Los Angeles to Yosemite Valley Economy Run of 30 cars, a Champion-equipped Graham Supercharger won the sweepstakes award. Also won Class 5A and a Graham Crusader won Class 2A.*



LOS ANGELES—*A Champion-equipped Willys Sedan set an amazing record of 33.21 miles per gallon to win the trophy in Class 1A of the Gilmore Los Angeles to Yosemite Valley Economy Run, 352 miles long, under A. A. A. supervision.*



LOS ANGELES—*Studebaker won 2 smashing firsts in the recent Los Angeles to Yosemite Valley Economy Run, the Dictator in Class 4A, and the President in Class 6A. All Studebakers are factory-equipped with Champions.*



Want Better Engine Performance ?

If you were an automotive engineer, you would test every new motor you designed with every available type of spark plug. You would do this because spark plugs are vitally important to an engine's performance—and you would want your engines to offer the utmost in power, speed, acceleration and economy. And when you had made these tests—on the basis of competitive merit—you would specify Champions, just as do the majority of American and foreign automotive engineers. Why not make certain that *you* get the plugs preferred by engineers? Champions make every engine a better performing engine — 12 years of racing supremacy prove that—and they are available everywhere.

Champions

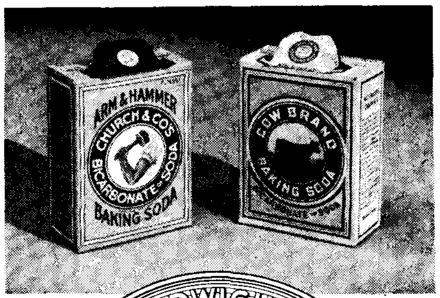
TO KEEP ENGINES YOUNG, TEST, CLEAN AND REPLACE SPARK PLUGS AT REGULAR INTERVALS

ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA U.S.P. STANDARD

it cleans white woodwork

To remove dirt and grime from white *painted* woodwork, wipe with a soft cloth wrung from a solution of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, two tablespoons to a gallon of water. To clean white *enameled* woodwork, sprinkle our Baking Soda on a damp cloth, rub over woodwork, rinse with a clean wet cloth and wipe dry. Our Baking Soda has *many* other helpful uses; it cleans glassware, preserve jars, nursing bottles. Just a few cents from your grocer.

Mail the Coupon



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PLEASE SEND ME FREE BOOK
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ALSO A SET OF COLORED BIRD CARDS
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Trial Heats

Continued from page 60

the most part he has stood fast in defense of the Constitution, and few are more vehement in their attacks on those "Socialistic trends of the Administration that threaten the very foundations of the republic."

What adds to Senator Vandenberg's strength is a certain sly conviction on the part of Republican leaders that his nomination would be pleasing to Senator Borah as well as to the conservative element of the party. There is small doubt that the gentleman from Michigan also cuddled this thought deep down in his heart, for up to date he has not only kept himself well in the background, modestly discouraging mention of his candidacy, but never once does Senator Borah open his mouth that loyal Mr. Vandenberg does not rise at once, and demand that the words be graved in eternal bronze. Here is an example:

A Typical American

"Mr. President, on last evening the distinguished senior senator from Idaho delivered a brilliant address over a national radio network, discussing the grave and vital constitutional challenge now confronting the people of the United States. Senator Borah speaks with a voice of great courage and equal authority when he deals with the great charter of the nation. It is sound public policy that this sturdy address be given every possible distribution. The American people should know the import of this new question which involves their birthright. I ask that Senator Borah's address be printed in the Appendix of the Record."

The fact that Senator Vandenberg no longer looms as large as he did does not mean that he has undergone any sort of dwindling process, for he is still held in admiration and high regard. What happened was that a star of larger magnitude suddenly dawned in the Republican firmament, dazzling them with its glow and exciting them with its hope. . . . There are, to be sure, still some doubtful voices, but taken as a whole, the Republican high command is disposed to look on Governor Alf Landon of Kansas as a "natural," an answer to prayer, a gift from the gods.

A typical American. Simple, frugal and unostentatious! A man who was given a job to do, and did it well! Not only efficiently and honestly, but *economically!* No squandering for Alf Landon, but a shrewd, careful expenditure designed to get a dollar's worth of value for every dollar put out. No Brain Trusters for him! No insane experimentation! A plain, homely figure doing things in the plain, homely American way.

From the Cradle Up

The very fact that he is comparatively unknown adds to his political value. It has been demonstrated time and again that the people of the United States like to vote *against* somebody rather than *for* somebody, and a man without a record on national issues excites none of the antagonisms aroused by one who has taken a position on the controversial questions of the day. In support of this theory the Republican strategists point to the 1924 campaign, when Coolidge ran against John W. Davis on the one hand, and against Robert M. LaFollette on the other. LaFollette was one of the best known men in public life, and Coolidge so obscure that even as Vice-President the page boys at the Capitol took him for a tourist.

Best of all from the Republican standpoint, Landon is a Western man, the governor of a state that lies in the very heart of the wheat and corn belt. His sympathy with the farmer, as well as his knowledge of their problems, does not proceed from theory but lifelong, intimate contact. More than any other thing, the AAA brings out the cold sweat of foreboding on every Republican forehead, and it is figured that Alf Landon —Good Old Alf—is the one candidate who can suck the poison out of the farm relief issue.

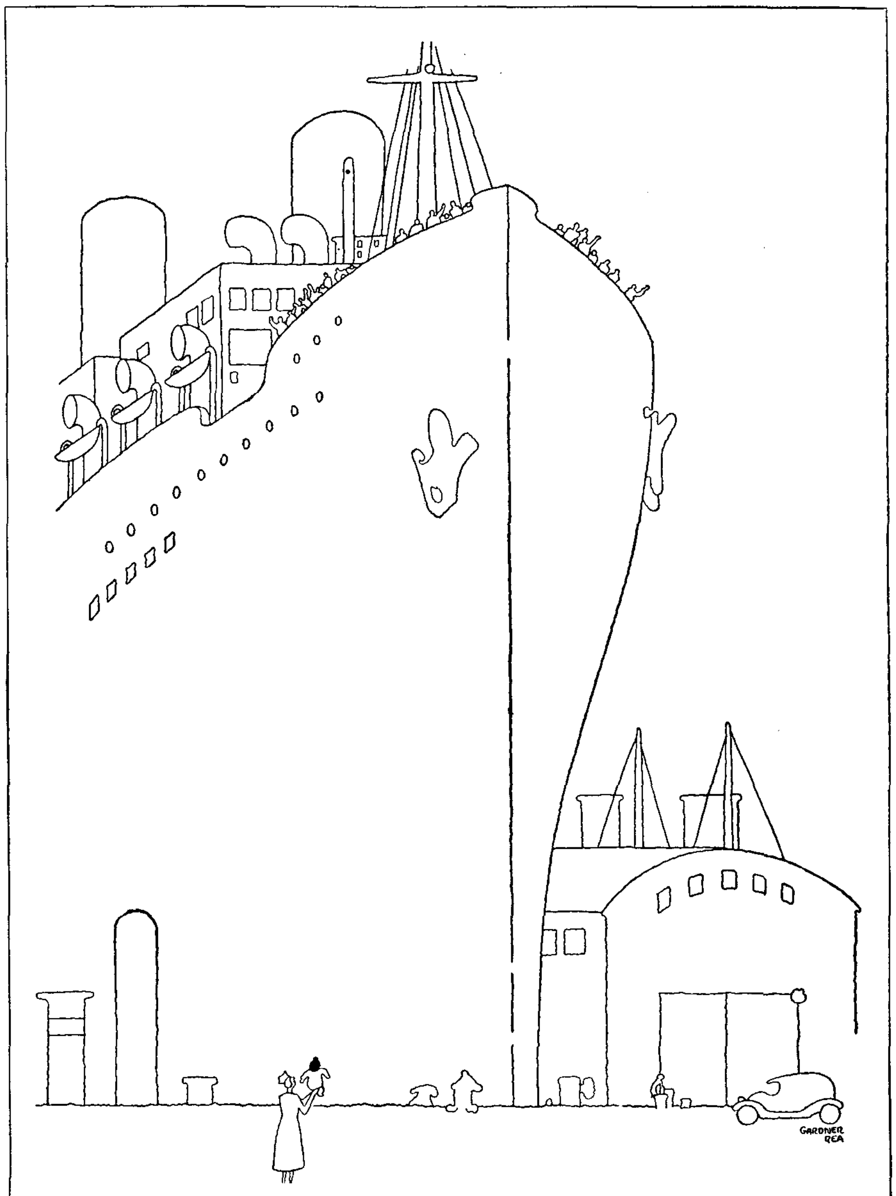
It is by no means the case, however, that the masters of the Republican party —the gentlemen who expect to control the convention—are basing their enthusiasm entirely on Governor Landon's potentialities as a candidate. They have been at pains to acquaint themselves with his history from the cradle up, and each new day sees an army of men staggering back to Washington with fresh records for the Landon dossier. As a result, they have convinced themselves that he has real ability, a vast amount of common sense, a supreme respect for the Republican party, and a "nice way with people." All the newspaper and magazine writers who have visited him come away impressed, and this sophisticated judgment carries no small weight.

The one fear that lay coiled in the heart of the Republican high command was with respect to Governor Landon's public appearances. Would he "pull any boners"? This fear was definitely laid by the Topeka speech of January 29 and the one at Omaha on February 29. Even after careful analysis, not a member of the Republican high command could be found who did not regard them as the last word in political adroitness. Against a background of moderation, fairness and seemingly generous willingness to admit that the New Deal has its good points and many noble aspirations, Governor Landon painted a picture of waste, extravagance, maladministration and chaotic confusion.

The Republican Issues

At no point did he enter a blanket defense in behalf of the Old Order, or attack the ideals of the New Deal, thereby angering and antagonizing Western radicals, and yet at the same time he pledged himself to the conservative element by his vows of devotion to "American principles," "constitutional government," and his emphasis on economy. Not a brilliant speech, perhaps, but better than that, a *safe* speech. As an added delight, Republican leaders are happily confident that Governor Landon's public appearances will be few, for whether of his own choice or under skilled advice, he is expected to raise a protesting hand when asked to visit distant cities, patiently explaining that he cannot leave his job.

Americanism, constitutional government and economy! Those will be the Republican issues. As candidates they have Landon as a first-string, triple-threat man, with Senator Vandenberg to fall back on in event the Kansan pulls a tendon. Neither offensively conservative, but both "regular."



"See the pretty putt-putt"

GARDNER REA

HERE ARE THE FACTS

Findings of nationally recognized, impartial testing laboratory ★ prove that

BEER IS BETTER IN BOTTLES

Report of certified public accountants ★ proves that

BEER COSTS LESS IN BOTTLES

Bottled beer is pasteurized—the same process that makes your milk pure and wholesome. Canned beer is also pasteurized. But glass bottles do *not* cause cloudiness in beer, and do *not* cause it to change in taste and odor while in the container.

Bottled beer enjoys this freedom from undesirable elements primarily because the bottle is complete in itself, requiring no protective lining. *Nothing is so impervious to the chemical reaction of beer as glass itself.* Beer cans, on the other hand, must have an inner lining of lacquer, wax or some other foreign substance because direct contact with iron or tin plate has an adverse effect on beer. As for the cost, it is obvious that a two-cent can, used once then thrown away, is a great deal more expensive than a bottle, which costs less originally and is sterilized and re-used so many times that the container cost PER BOTTLE OF BEER is reduced to but a fraction of a cent. Buy your beer in bottles. After all, nothing can take the place of a good, cold BOTTLE of beer.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY— BUY IN GLASS

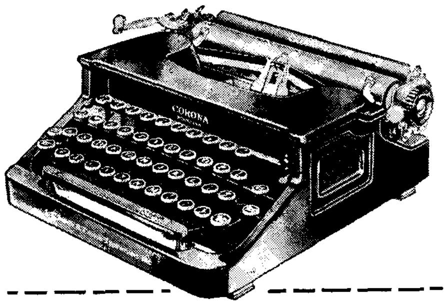
★ This advertisement is published only because some statements made in support of metal containers (such as the contention that canned beer has a "draught" flavor) are opposed to the best interests of the brewing industry and are liable to public misunderstanding. A certified summary of the reports of the authorities referred to will be sent on application to the Glass Container Association of America, 21 West 44th Street, New York City.

NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF A GOOD, COLD BOTTLE OF BEER

Many a career has started on a CORONA

Corona develops good habits, of life-long importance—clear thinking, neatness, industry, speed—each a stepping-stone to success.

Use Corona—in school, in college, in business, in personal work. It's easy to operate, and easy to finance—as little as $1.00 per week will buy a Corona!



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Untaming the West

Continued from page 52

people were actually being taught prospecting in a scientific way—which took all the picturesque romance out of it. In Salt Lake City, too, fiends in human form were putting prospecting on a business basis and nobody was grubstaking old-timers with bacon and beans and dynamite any more.

Bad news piled in from everywhere. In Phoenix, Arizona; Laramie, Wyoming; Bend, Oregon; and Miles City, Montana, and many another cow town, cattle hands were coming in from the ranges on Saturday evening in streamlined cars, instead of aboard the hurricane decks of cayuses, as they were supposed to, and as they did of yore. In fact, a survey showed yore to be definitely out. Hardly a hitchin' rack remained. Cheyenne had gone air-minded, and bad, bad Bodie hadn't had a shooting in twelve years.

People turned to Texas, hoping against hope that the Lone Star State might be keeping alive the spirit of the frontier. But hope died when ranchers around Fort Davis admitted law'n order were so virile that blacktail deer ate their garden truck undisturbed. It was much the same story on the Olympic peninsula in the extreme northwestern corner of the country, a so-called wild spot in which elk dug up carrots and potatoes and nothing was done about it—officially.

From these scattered reports, and others depressingly similar, it seemed that the West of the old days had gone forever.

Wild About Wildness

The tourist associations, which wanted to get travelers off the highways and up into the hills, suddenly began to realize that there was a radio getting Berlin and Tokyo up every gulch and that on a thousand ranches the wild, free plainsmen were talking about straight eights instead of sunfishin' roans.

Meanwhile, the tourists insisted on sticking to the paved roads and passing up Lover's Leap, the Devil's Punchbowl and Hell's Half-Acre, which were several hundred yards away over the wild perairie. The problem was summed up by the energetic Mr. Joe Bursey, chief tourist-beckoner for the state of New Mexico.

"In 1935," said Mr. Bursey, in a pained voice, "we had 2,705,000 visitors and half of them went through the state swearing there wasn't a thing to see. They just wouldn't get a yard off the highway. We fooled 'em, one place, by building a highway right past the White Sands, one of the natural marvels of the state, and they had to look at it. But could we get them off US 66 to look at the biggest ice caves in America, or away from concrete long enough to climb a mesa and look at a pueblo? No!"

"Same here," said voices from Colorado, Arizona and half a dozen other states.

So poignant cries went out to wild up the country a bit and round up any vestiges of romance and general hell-raising that still survived.

Montana, where the old spirit still lives feebly, came in with a report that a Mr. Al Granger of Harlem—Montana, not New York—had bought an airplane and was flying about shooting coyotes from it. This was admitted to be kinda wild, all right, even if not quite bringing back the glamor of the old days.

Pinedale, Wyoming, kicked in with the proud boast that there still was a town 105 miles from a railroad, and that armed posses were keeping a sharp lookout for surveyors so that the dorp could maintain its reputation of being farther from steel than anywhere else. The town, it turned out, was Pinedale.

Arizona's Tombstone "Epitaph," one of the famed papers of the old days, headed its obituary column "Hell's Bells" as testimony to the general toughness of its citizenry. The Wyoming State Tribune, at Cheyenne, referred to a gun battle with two killed and one wounded as a "trivial ruckus." A Colorado mining town repealed its ordinance against shooting strangers on Sundays. In Winnemucca, Nevada, the commercial club decided informally to treat derby-hat-wearing strangers with less tolerance in the future.

A drive to help wild up the West was started by a Butte newspaper which reprinted an item from an issue of 1882, recording how an eight-year-old problem child of that day "while being corrected by his teacher and Prof. Howell, the principal, pulled a revolver and made hostile demonstrations." It was thought this might encourage the present generation, but nothing happened. The idea seems to have been to imbue children with the proper spirit, wait until the tourist season and then leave a few resettlement project administrators, state senators, tax collectors and other fauna lying around loose near the schools.

On top of this came more good news. A United States Geological Survey party, emerging from the Salmon River canyons in Idaho, gravely reported the inhabitants of the region to be the most independent and untrammeled in the land. If freedom still shrieked anywhere, it was along the "River of No Return," as the local romanticists have it. Few of them ever had heard of the New Deal and to them the alphabet was just something to make words out of, if you needed words.

Since the Salmon River country is not easily accessible, it was felt it might safely be laid away for use during the vacation season. When the season *did* open, it was agreed, all ingoing tourists would be searched for corn-hog agreements, resettlement programs and rural culture plans. The Wild West should be kept wild at all costs.

People in the Salmon River country, the survey party reported with bated breath, grew what they liked, ate what they liked and drank what they pleased, without let, hindrance or license. They believed a man named Borah ran the country, except when Idaho wanted a new federal road. Then Mr. Borah was out running the world. Just one of those things. The river people got along without income tax, syntax or tin tacks and used the name Tugwell to scare children with.

Cactus for Cushions

So scouts were posted about the canyon entrances, with especial instructions to watch out for tall, dark men who might try to include the territory in the Los Angeles city limits, the northern boundary of which, at last report, was at Skagway, Alaska. And headed for Nome.

California, appealed to with confidence to produce some wildness, came in with the sad news that about the only thing the Golden State could produce was the fact that San Jose, not far from San Francisco, was sinking at the rate of five feet every twenty years. It was pointed out, by Californians, that perhaps wealthy tourists from Florida might get a morbid thrill by sticking around for twenty years and watching the town sink, and even consider the time well spent. It was decided, informally, however, that the thing would have to be speeded up considerably before it would pay to put in hot-dog stands and make a tourist attraction out of it.

Utah proved no more helpful. Down in the south end of the Beehive State people were complaining it was the tourists who were wild, not they. Legislators were promising to get a law passed to protect cactus, it appearing that 1935's tourists had torn up most of the crop and taken it back East to stuff cushions with, or something. It was the first time in history, the Utahans said, that cactus turned out to be unable to protect itself.

So the West turned to its old-timers and asked them what they could suggest to bring back the wild, free days of yesteryear. One letter from Cody, Wyoming, said it might be a good idea to let the tourists try out some of those old legends, like would a rattlesnake cross a hair rope?

Dude Ranchers' Dilemma

This fellow proposed that visitors be turned loose in good rattler runs, and given a hair rope to circle them on the ground at night. Most Westerners were not sure themselves whether the trick worked and it would be a good scientific achievement to find out. If it worked, all right; if not—well, it would be a good lesson to everybody.

At this point an old rock-knocker holed up near Rhyolite remembered about Sandy Bowers and Eilley Orrom, who became Mrs. Bowers after a fantastic career as the Seeress of the Washoe. Sandy was a Virginia City teamster and Eilley was doing standard model and custom-built seeressing when they met and opened a boardinghouse. One day Eilley gazed into the crystal ball and said there was some fair ore on Gold Hill. There was, too. Sandy took it out.

From then on, the Bowerses led fabulous careers. They made millions; put up a $400,000 palace on the Truckee River flats, full of Italian marble fireplaces, gilded fountains and solid silver beds. It's still there, and people talk yet of the Bowers parties in the old International Hotel in Virginia City, where champagne flowed like water and Eilley, gazing into the crystal ball, pointed out various hills and told her friends to "get a lode of that." Many of them did, and died poor, as was the honored custom of mining millionaires.

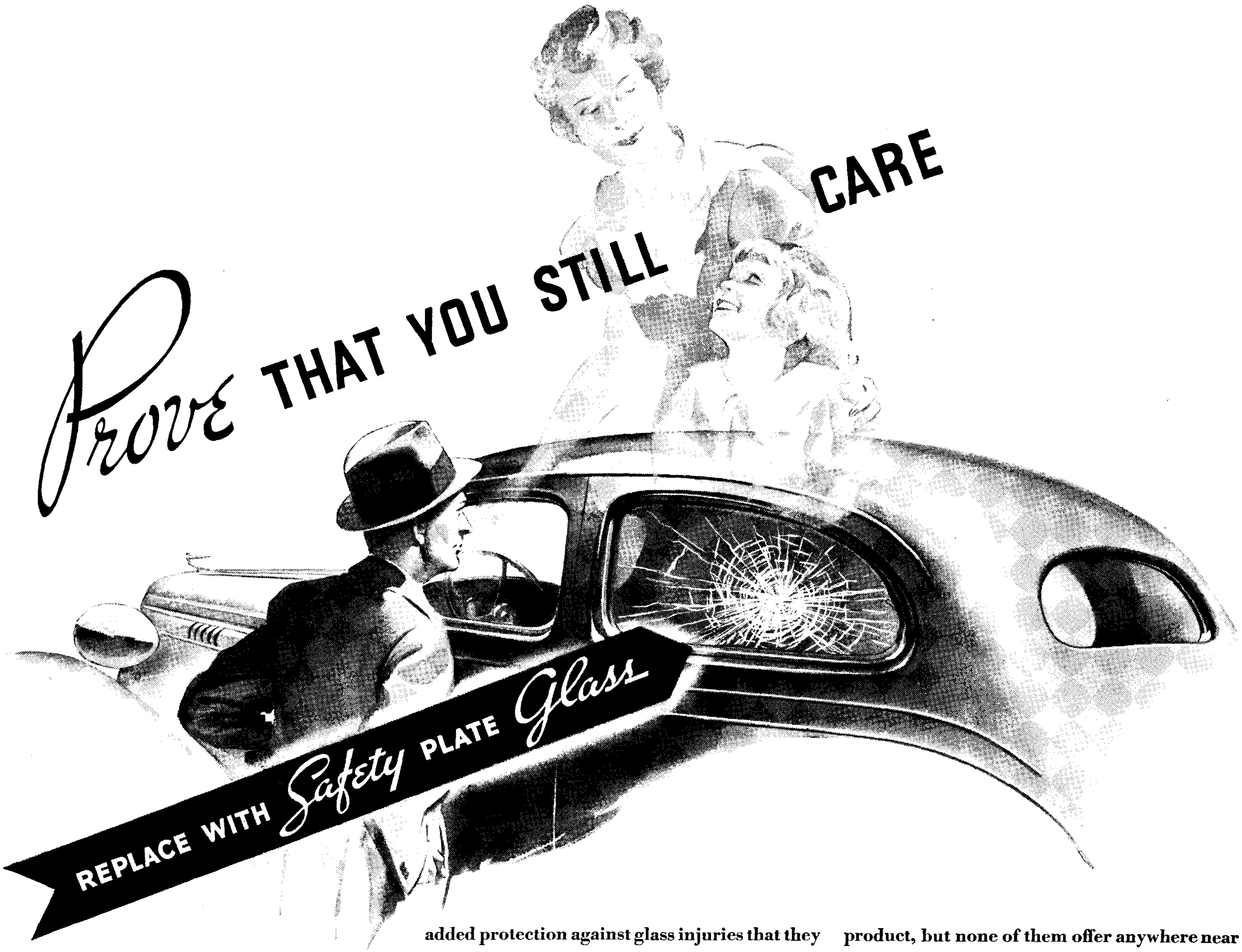
Anyway, said the old Rhyolite orepecker, why not import a carload of seeresses on the hoof, stake them out in various Man-for-Breakfast camps and let them gaze for the tourists? More veins had been located by crystal balls, he allowed, than by any of them sissy college dudes with their doodlebugs and gadgets. His plan, he said, would get the tourists out into the hills and maybe some of them might turn up lost lodes somewhere, if they didn't break their fool necks down abandoned shafts or get bitten by rattlers in crumbling tunnels.

But the best story of all turned up from Grant, down between Albuquerque and Gallup in New Mexico. A prospector drifted into town and announced that in an ice cave, away to hell-an-gone over a lava flow, he had looked down into the clear ice and viewed the bodies of ten men. One of them, he added, had red whiskers. This sounded so good that the state publicity bureau forbade anyone to go near the place, in case it turned out not to be true.

That's another thing the West has saved up for its visitors this summer.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all the talking about wilding-up the country, the dude ranchers were in a pretty

(Continued on page 66)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REPLACE WITH Safety PLATE Glass

● When you bought your car, you were sufficiently concerned about the greater protection of your family to make sure you got Safety Plate Glass All-Around.

WARNING

If this glass should break or crack, don't let your good resolutions crack with it. You have the same responsibility all over again — the same obligation to your family. Prove that you still care by providing the same degree of added protection against glass injuries that they enjoyed originally. Go immediately to an authorized L·O·F auto glass replacement dealer and have him replace the cracked or broken light with L·O·F Safety Plate Glass.

NOTICE

Safety Plate Glass will give you greater satisfaction because, being made of Polished Plate, it is so much clearer than any other kind of glass, and there is no distortion, no eyestrain when you look through it. There are substitutes for Safety Plate Glass, of course, just as there are cheaper imitations of any quality product, but none of them offer anywhere near the value for your money.

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And as for the quality of the Safety Glass made by Libbey·Owens·Ford, just consider this: it is used as original equipment by a majority of the automotive industry. Such significant recognition by so many manufacturers of fine cars is conclusive evidence of outstanding merit. Whether it be in a new car or as a new window, windshield or wing in the car you now drive, make sure you get L·O·F Safety Plate Glass. Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo, O.

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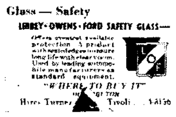

Look in your telephone book.

"TEN THOUSAND HAMMERS are working on my head"
THEN THAT NEXT-MORNING HEADACHE VANISHED . . . .
CAN THE CHIN MUSIC, WILL YOU? MY HEAD'S BUZZING AND I'M JUMPY AS A CAT
WHAT YOU NEED IS BROMO-SELTZER. IT CLEARS THE HEAD- SOOTHES STOMACH AND NERVES
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I'LL SAY BROMO-SELTZER WORKS FAST! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
DOCTORS HAVE FOUND IT RELIEVES NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES FASTER AND LEAVES YOU MORE ALERT
Makes you feel fit FASTER!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

Tests by doctors show that this way works FASTER—

HAVE *you* ever waked with hammers beating every thought right out of your head? Stomach churning round—nerves upset?

That's the moment for relief by Bromo-Seltzer. Doctors have found it works *faster* than any other remedy they've tested.

Does more for you . . .

Bromo-Seltzer not only stops headache—it soothes an upset stomach, quiets nerves and reduces excess lactic acid in your blood, caused by overindulgence.

It's this excess lactic acid that helps to make you feel so ill. Bromo-Seltzer reduces it quickly—helps restore alkaline balance.

Ask for Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Untaming the West

Continued from page 64

pickle, going around gnawing their mustaches and fingering their gun butts. For five years they'd been doing their best to make their ranches as homelike as triplex apartments on Park Avenue—places where people could come and park their own butlers alongside the raffish but golden-hearted cattle-annoyers. And now, it turned out, what people really wanted was wildness. It certainly would be a shame to tear out all those tiled bathrooms and throw out the $1,500 radio that got Paris as plain as KOA in Denver, or darn' near.

The Pacific Coast was pretty blue, too. For more than a year no one had reported seeing its pet sea serpent, Amy Cadborosaurus. Inquiries from Victoria, B. C. to Ensenada, Mexico, got no result. In the way of wild life, Seattle offered a pet seal, Vancouver Island a basking shark that had basked too long and got caught by the ebb, and San Diego a mermaid. The latter discovery was discounted owing to a film titled, "Ocean Passion," being in town that week.

Some enthusiasm was felt all over the West, however, when it became known that a national association for the restoration of wild life was functioning. The association's objectives, however, were misinterpreted in some cities, where all-night cabarets started up. In Thermopolis, Wyoming, a girl chosen as "Miss Wild Life" formally threw the key of a new saloon down a drain, and Boise, Idaho, talked of repealing its curfew law. However, just as it was felt the association might accomplish something, two thousand Shoshone Indians on a Wyoming reservation were discovered to be running a canning factory. Some relief director, with a warped outlook on life, had got them putting beets and carrots and spinach into cans, holding out to the braves and squaws that these might be *sold to weak-minded tourists this summer.*

Committees were at once named to get the miserable Shoshones out of the kitchen and back to the range, where a scalp or two might still be had, in a refined way. Practically no tourists with money, the braves were told, carried can openers.

Barring the Barbers

The tragedy of Wyoming, however, was offset by good news from New Mexico, where it was flashed about that life among the Navajos still was quite primitive, and the squaws still committed divorce merely by hoisting their bucks' saddles and blankets outside the hogans. Missions were dispatched at once to the pueblos to exhort the Amerinds to postpone all family explosions until the first gold-bearing palefaces of the 1936 crop poked their radiators over the crest of Raton Pass.

And then let go!

To the aid of Western wilder-uppers, the game came nobly. Salt Lake City reported a golden eagle, which lit on Brigham Young's statue, hopped to an auto top and rode around the town regarding the inhabitants with little less than awe. At Tillamook, Oregon, an oyster bit a newspaper reporter. A moose treed two forest rangers in the Yellowstone and kept them up for thirty hours. Near Wenatchee, Washington State, two Chinese pheasants chased a wildcat out of a pasture and besieged him under a house for hours. In Jackson Hole, Wyoming, a cougar jumped into a car and tried to drive it after its two passengers dived through the windows.

The thing was carried so far that a man in Billings, Montana, was mistaken for a pheasant, and shot.

But, for all this, there was not much joy in the 26,785 western dorps that, every year, stage a Pioneer Days or Frontier Times celebration or rodeo. At these orgies, it is customary—nay, obligatory—for all the men to go without shaves and haircuts for a month before the shootin' starts, and for the girls to wear crinolines and bustles and poke bonnets.

Along in hot August afternoons, both men and women, portraying the happy, carefree pioneers, lent a faint air of romance and profanity to the proceedings. Some towns even went so far as to rope off the business district—both blocks—and drag an ancient Yellowstone stage or the original Deadwood coach—of which there are 156 by actual count outside of Deadwood itself—around the place for days on end. If coaches and stages couldn't be found, there was always an old Conestoga wagon or a bull-team charabanc handy somewhere.

Pronunciation Problems

Even the railroads were getting a bit tired of the celebrations, with all the locomotive headlights and bells commandeered to help out the ruckus on Main Street, and the exhilarated cowpokes from the ranches shooting up pausing limiteds at 3 A. M. and giving nervous lady travelers the twilps.

What the celebrating towns wondered was whether they'd be expected to keep on being wild. Most of them profoundly hoped they wouldn't.

Another angle to the problem, from the tourist associations' standpoint, was keeping the visitors busy and interested. One idea was that all visitors should be made to learn town names in full and stop saying Santa Fee for La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de San Francis de Assissi, or Los Angeles for Nuestra Sonora Reina de los Angeles, which, any Westerner will tell you, are the real names of the burgs.

Also a lot of towns in the Southwest with x, g or j in their names wanted to go for phonetic spelling. Gila, Arizona, was tired of being called Gila. LaJolla, California, felt the same way, and Mexia, Texas, was weary of listening to Mexia. Patriots pointed out that if the towns were spelled Heela, La Hoy-ya and M'haya there would be less embarrassment all 'round. Sure, said Vallejo, which was bored at being called Valley-jo.

These, however, were considered minor angles beside the great problem of getting everything into a wild, untrammeled state and then enticing people out into it, sometimes as much as ten yards from the paving.

It seemed kinda hopeless, however. Down at Aztec and Chaco Canyon in New Mexico, there were even 2,500-year-old apartment houses, one with 1,200 rooms—but the tourists wouldn't even tramp a mile or two to look at them. Somebody had spread the word that both of them were walkups.

When last heard from, the tourist-welcomers were excitedly talking over the indisputable fact that, in the old days, the silver kings of the ranges drove buckboards hauled by $10,000 teams from their shafts into various camps, with the buckboards loaded with silver bricks. If a brick bumped out, hell! let it go. Plenty more where it came from. Weren't they using silver bricks for doorstops in their palaces?

Now, thought the Big Minds, if we could just get the silver kings of today doing that!

It's an idea.

There's Always Penelope

Continued from page 22

I'm going to look at you impersonally."

"Is that your impersonal look?"

"Yes." Sheila looked at him. "Isn't it fascinating?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I think it makes you squint a little. Sheila, this isn't any fun. Suppose I lay my head against your knee and you stroke my brow—lightly."

"We make an awfully pretty picture," she said, obeying him. "But just the same I'm serious—I'm giving you the air."

Bill closed his eyes and sighed in pure content.

"Shut up," he said.

"I don't know why I'm crazy about you," said Sheila, wistfully. "I suppose it's that light touch you have."

"That's it. Life's a balloon."

"Every balloon I ever saw," said Sheila, "had a string to it."

"This Penelope business," he said sleepily, after a pause. "There hasn't been anyone who's had you bothered, Sheila? While I've been away?"

Sheila hesitated. She thought of the three young men who had been besieging the castle walls. Then, with a certain reluctance, she shook her head.

"No," she told him. "There hasn't been anyone. There hasn't been anyone at all."

"Well, then—suppose we get married!" said Bill.

Sheila looked at him obliquely.

"You do sweep a girl off her feet," she murmured.

They hadn't said much, but they were certainly engaged—as Zenobia was able to observe, by peering around the kitchen door.

LIFE can be very pleasant for two young people embarked upon a romantic understanding with the grim shoals of matrimony bathed in a mist. As far as the rest of Weldon City was concerned, Sheila and Bill were the same amusing brats who'd been insulting each other and defending each other ever since they were six. But as far as Sheila and Bill were concerned, there was a new element in their relationship—although, of course, they were much too shy to talk about it, or even for one second to admit it. They had their own strange and secret code.

They danced together at the party that Aubrey Semple's mother was giving at the country club to celebrate Aubrey's birthday.

"You don't look half bad," said Bill to Sheila.

"I look marvelous," said Sheila to Bill. "This is a new dress!"

Bill held her at arm's length, dancing the while. Sheila was wearing a silk garment that was the color of strained honey; it had no back whatever, but it had, to be subtle, an extravagant band of brown fur around its hem. That dress made Aubrey Semple, in pink, look a little childish. But Bill was difficult.

"I like you better in that old blue thing you had on this morning."

"Listen," said Sheila. "Lots of women actually kill men for cracks like that. They fall on them with their teeth and tear them to shreds."

Bill clutched her firmly.

"Here's old Charlie Nye going to cut in again," he said. "Let's go away from here."

So they found refuge in the billiard room, where a single dilapidated billiard table tottered feebly on its three good legs. They walked to a wide window and looked out upon a deserted lawn. Some careless gardener had left a stack of autumn leaves that had the gleam of a dying fire in the light of the moon. Bill drew a deep breath.

"It's not a bad little town," he said.

"No," said Sheila happily. "And it's so nice having you realize it! The airport's going to be a big thing, too—isn't it a break that the town council had you put on the committee?"

"H'mm," said Bill.

"Why, it'll be just the job for you, Bill!"

He nodded.

"Yes, but it will be one of those long drawn-out affairs," he said. "I'll have plenty of time to run over to Abyssinia."

"Say that again," said Sheila.

BILL smiled at her; she refused a cigarette, and he lit one for himself, inhaling with gusto.

"Abyssinia," he repeated. "I had a letter this morning from old Sam Potter. You remember my telling you about Sam, don't you? He got bored being a lawyer—and he always had wanted to be a cameraman—so now he's had the bright idea that if we can get permission from the government and I pilot the plane, he could get some shots that nobody's ever thought of—" Bill pulled on his cigarette and, making a dark continent of the old billiard room, he gestured with enthusiasm. "New angles of the millet fields and of the hyenas prowling in the valleys and of the natural escarpments and even of the bars and cafés in Djibouti! Why, just to hear old Sam talking, you'd realize that he was something more than an ordinary cameraman, that—"

"Bill!" she cut in ruthlessly. "Just when do you and your precious Sam Potter intend to do all this? When do you intend to go to Africa?"

He gave her a gentle, reassuring smile.

"Oh, not right away," he said. "Not until sometime after we're married."

"After we're married!"

"Yes."

"Why, Bill!"

He looked at her anxiously.

"What's the matter, Sheila?"

"Why, Bill Patterson! I never heard of anything like it in my whole life! Why, you darned old maverick!"

He gazed at her in amazement.

"But this has nothing to do with the way I feel about you, darling! Well, I could understand what you meant if old Sam Potter were a beautiful woman or something, but the Lord knows—"

"When a girl marries," said Sheila heatedly, "she doesn't want to be married to a man who's spending his week ends in Mexico or Abyssinia or the Island of Yap! She wants a man who's going to toddle home every night at five and like it! She wants a man who—"

"She doesn't want a man," said Bill, bitterly. "She wants a robot, a sort of nice little domestic robot."

SHEILA'S cheeks flamed. She actually clenched her fists. She started to speak and she sputtered.

"Of course I want to be perfectly reasonable about this," said Bill.

"You reasonable?" said Sheila. "Ha!"

"Well—"

"The point is, Bill Patterson, I'm not going in for this Penelope act. I told you that the other day. I'm not going to stay home and weave something while you barge around with good old Sam Potter. And that's final!"

Bill looked at her sorrowfully.

"I guess you have no idea what love means," he told her.

Sheila glanced towards the door.

"Hello, Clarence!" she said.

And she gave the intruder a smile

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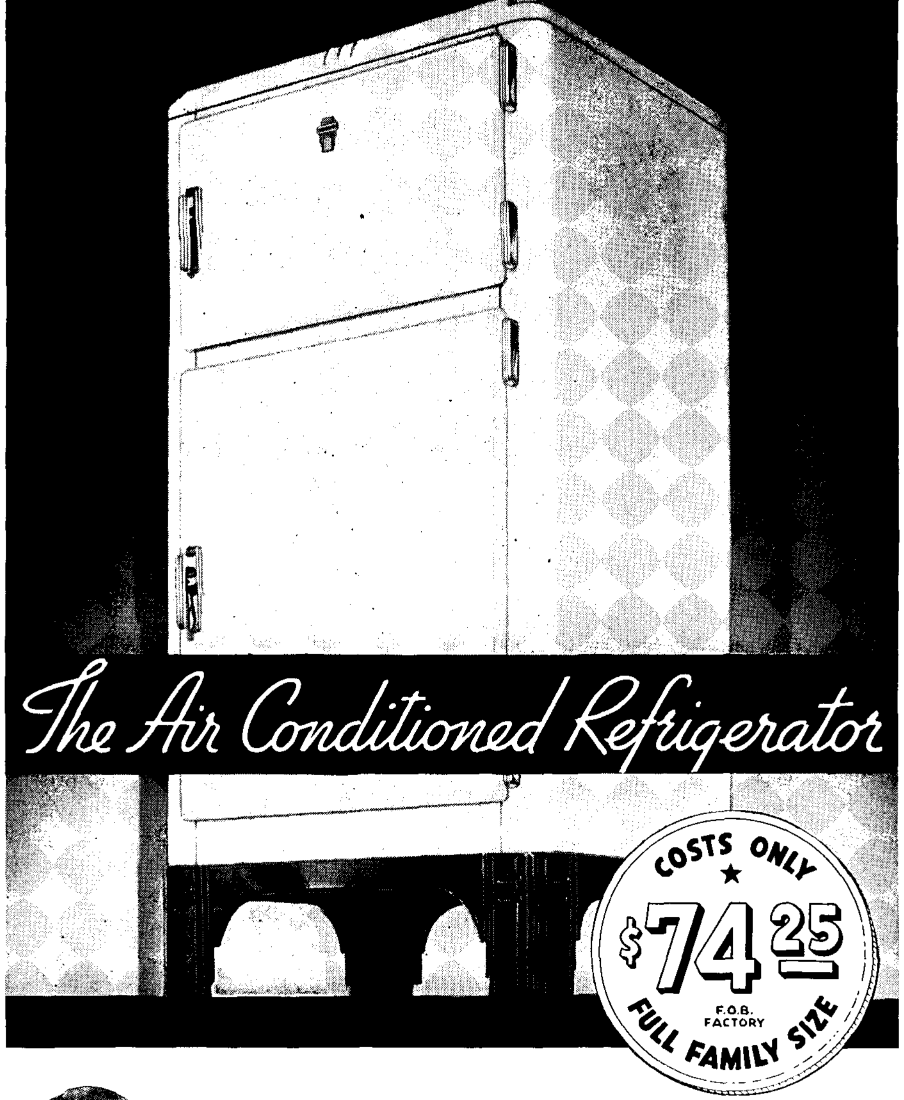
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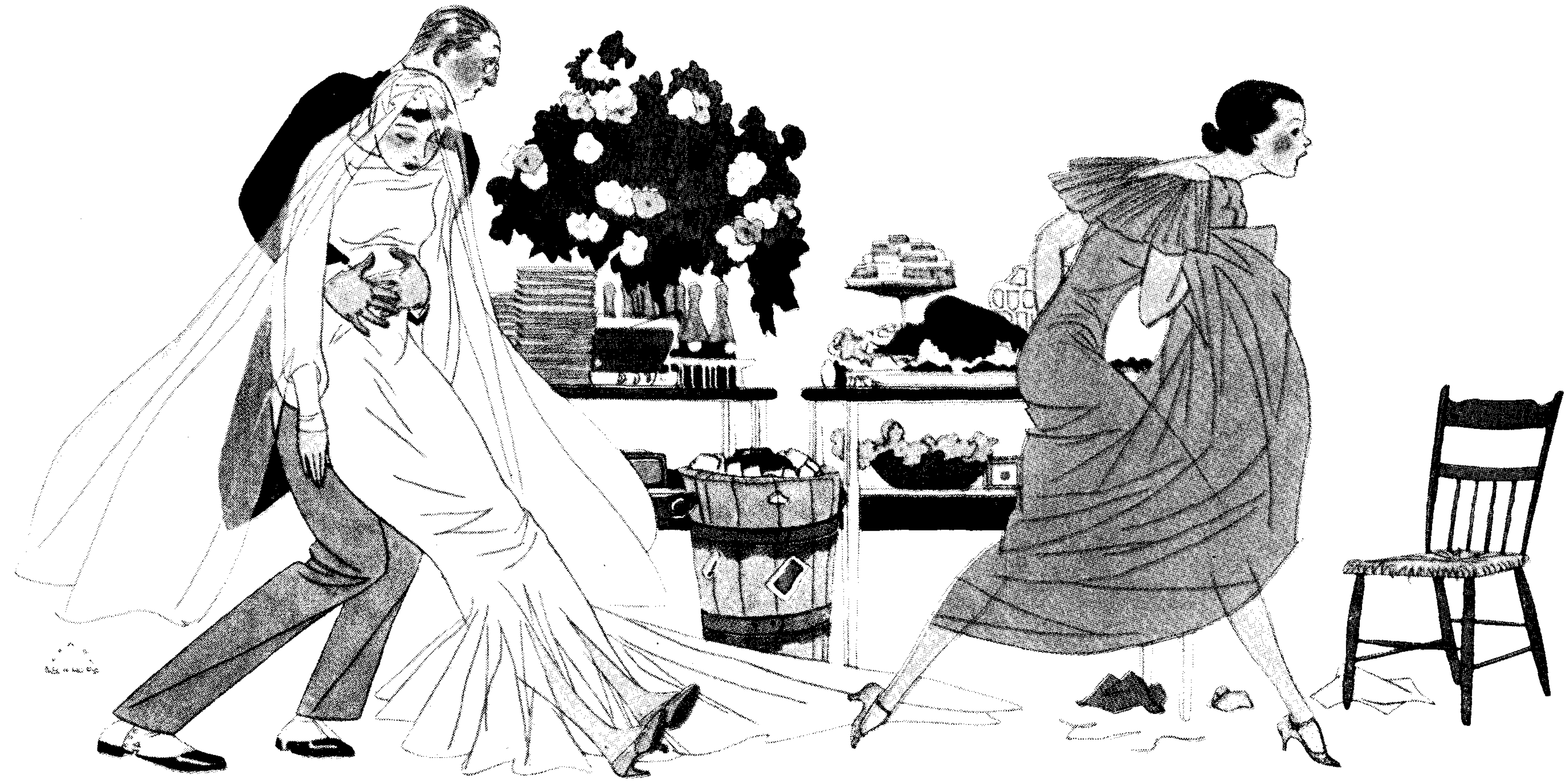


"If anybody asks for me, tell 'em I fell in the ash can," Sheila cried, dashing out

that could be described as winning. Clarence Lawton, not accustomed to winning smiles, blinked at her foolishly.

"I won't bother you," he said. "I was merely looking for a quiet spot to have a smoke."

"And you couldn't go out in the cold night air," said Bill solicitously. "Or could you?"

"There's no reason why he should," cried Sheila. "Please come on in, Clarence—it's terrible the way you avoid me!"

"I guess that's a new line," said Bill. "Isn't it cute?"

Sheila ignored this pointedly.

"Do let me have one of your cigarettes, Clarence."

CLARENCE opened his crested case and proffered it. The cigarette was mashed in the middle and dry shreds fell out of either end. But after the first puff Sheila permitted herself a faint sigh indicating rapture. Clarence was pleased. Sheila had known him all her life and never before had she behaved quite like this.

Clarence toiled, ably if not brilliantly, in the bank which his grandfather had founded. Clarence let other people experiment with new ideas; after they had been proved sound, he invested in them. This characteristic did not make him popular with the more impetuous sex. Aubrey Semple—alone of Weldon City's young set—had been able to take him without a stifled yawn.

But now there was an awkward pause. Clarence, for the first time in his life, was being the apex of a triangle.

"I'll go," said Bill stiffly.

"Do go!" said Sheila. "Go to Abyssinia!"

"Do you mean that?" he demanded.

"Of course I do," said Sheila. "And do bring me one of those darling little hyenas."

She put her hand on Clarence's arm.

"There's the music," she said quickly. "It's beginning again."

And, with no further word to her erstwhile love, she swept out of the room with Clarence.

It was set forth, over the various teacups of the town, that Sheila could have had Roger Hastings or Tom Gillespie or Charlie Nye—all young gentlemen with points in their favor. Why, then, should she have fixed upon an insufferable bore like Clarence? Sheila alone could have given them the answer: Clarence was as different from Bill as any young man could possibly be.

"You're such a dependable person, aren't you, Clarence?" Sheila asked him thoughtfully one day.

Clarence looked modest.

"I try to be, my dear," he said. "I try to be."

"A girl would always know just what you were going to do," Sheila went on dreamily, "and when you were going to do it."

"Well, if I do say so, a certain stability of character—"

"Of course!" said Sheila. "That's what I like about you, Clarence!"

Clarence readjusted his pince-nez. He looked at her as if she were a good mortgage. Then, bringing himself to the point, he proposed.

It was not the fact that Clarence had proposed, but the fact that Sheila had accepted the proposal, which astonished everybody, including Sheila's own parents.

"Of course there's nothing the matter with the boy," said Mrs. Warren hastily, "but for anyone who's as fond of—er—gayety—as you are, Sheila—"

"We feel," put in Mr. Warren, cautiously, "that some little quarrel you might have had with young Patterson—before he went to Africa—well, you always were one to fly to extremes, my child, and—"

"Your father means that somebody like little Aubrey Semple, perhaps—we'd always thought—well, you've always prided yourself on your sense of humor and it doesn't seem that Clarence has any sense of humor to speak of—which wouldn't matter to a girl like Aubrey Semple, but—"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Warren suddenly. "Marion, what was that?"

"That was Zenobia, banging pans," said Mrs. Warren with an apologetic smile. "She's been upset about this engagement, you know. She's always made a sort of hero of Bill Patterson and I suppose she's sort of disappointed that things have—er—turned out as they have."

"Well, isn't that a shame!" said Sheila bitterly.

After all, a girl does not alter her wedding arrangements to please some cinnamon-colored retainer in the scullery. The plans for Sheila's marriage proceeded in spite of Zenobia's audible sighs and mutterings.

But, on the actual day of the wedding, Sheila came secretly downstairs and into the kitchen, to appease and dazzle Zenobia by the splendid gleam of ivory satin and the lovely mist of a wedding veil. Zenobia wasn't there. Sheila peered at something in a crate. Apparently it was the wedding cake. The two old kitchen tables were stacked with dishes and silver palely glittering. Zenobia would be coming back in a minute with a rabbit's foot or something, and the kitchen would come alive. But now it was cold and strange. And there was something cold about this marriage—it was a marriage of caution to a good investment. Sheila resisted a sudden insane impulse to kick over the crated wedding cake. But she didn't do that. She merely sat down in Zenobia's old sagging, rush-bottomed chair and thrust out her underlip and glowered at the ring.

THEN the door swung open and Bill Patterson was staring at her. Bill wore a loosened helmet and an old windbreaker with its collar wide to the breeze.

"Well!" said Bill. "Aren't you the prize little fool!"

Sheila arose.

"This is simply the last straw," she said between her teeth. "This is simply the last straw, that's what it is!"

"Darling, you look beautiful in that rig," he said, "but of course you're not going to marry that bloke. I read about it in a Kansas paper—imagine picking up a paper in a Kansas lunch wagon and reading about your girl being married. That was an awful picture of you, darling. You looked like a poodle."

"Bill Patterson," said Sheila intensely, "you go away from here or I'm going to scream!"

Bill glanced at the cake and grinned.

"It looks," he said, "like a Chinese tomb."

"I don't care what it looks like," she said furiously. "It's a symbol. I'm going through with this, Bill. You can't stop me! I'm not going to let anybody down like that. Poor Clarence! The scandal—here's somebody coming."

BILL was gone when Aubrey Semple came in. Sheila saw, as in a nightmare, that Aubrey was looking flushed and tearful in her orchid-colored bridesmaid's dress. But when Aubrey saw Sheila, she burst into final, despairing sobs.

"I don't see why there should be anybody in the *kitchen!*" she said.

"Well, Clarence thought it would be a nice, informal place for the ceremony," said Sheila. "I think everybody's gone crazy. What are you crying about, Aubrey Semple?"

"That was a joke, wasn't it?" asked Aubrey suspiciously. "You're not going to be married in the kitchen, are you?"

"Don't you remember the rehearsal?" asked Sheila wearily. "I meant I don't know why I'm in the kitchen. Why are you in the kitchen, Aubrey?"

Tears meandered over Aubrey's cheeks.

"I wanted to be by myself," she said. "Weddings make me so sad."

"They are pretty grim," agreed Sheila. "Here, let's have a cigarette and talk this thing over. What's the matter with you?"

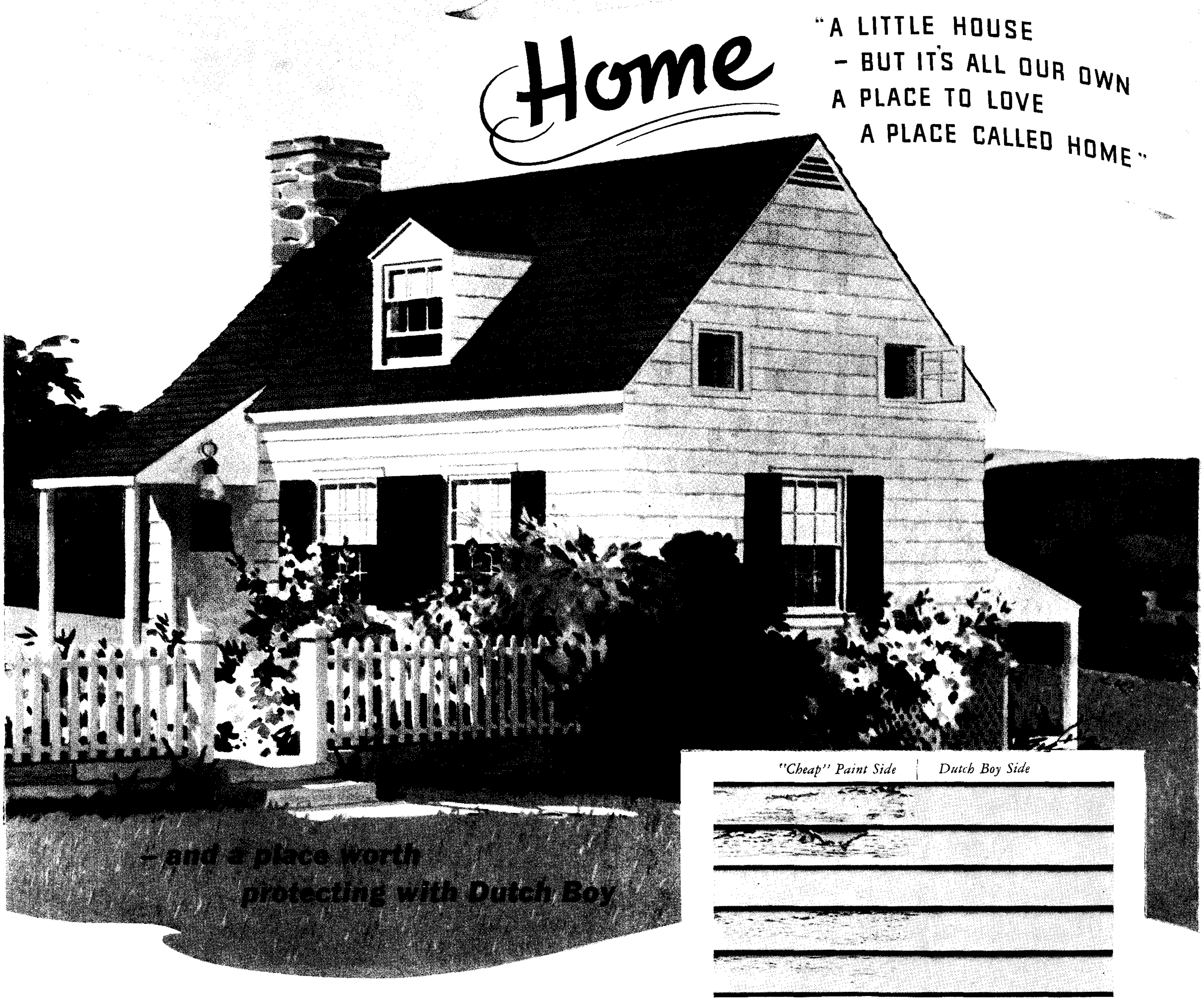
"It's this awful bridesmaid's dress," said Aubrey wildly. "I told you orchid wasn't my color! But brides don't care—they never do. As if anybody ever looked at a bridesmaid! Do you realize this is the *seventh* time I've been a bridesmaid?"

Sheila stared at her. She saw the tragedy suddenly: always wearing flounces of orchid and picture hats, and smiling sourly at the fortunate lass in the wedding veil. A sisterly emotion stirred in Sheila's breast, an emotion that had not been aroused since her boarding-school days.

"Would you like to try it on, Aubrey?" she demanded.

"What! The—the wedding dress?"

"Why not? It's nothing to slip out of



DOUBLE HOUSE SHOWS UP "CHEAP" PAINT

Here's what happened when the owner of one side of a double house used "cheap" paint and the owner of the other, Dutch Boy. Both jobs are 2 years old. The "cheap" paint job cost $16 less in the beginning. Now this owner must pay out $160—for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting.

SENTIMENTAL? Yes, but practical, too. There's a dollars-and-cents reason for avoiding "cheap" paint.

Note the actual photograph at the right. Read the wording below it. See, first, a typical example of how "cheap" paint quickly cracks and scales, spoiling the looks of your home and giving the weather a chance to attack the bare wood.

The effect on your pocket-book is just as bad. You must (1) repaint long before you planned — (2) pay the extra expense of burning and scraping off the "cheap" paint and (3) pay the cost of one additional coat — a new priming coat — as part of the repainting.

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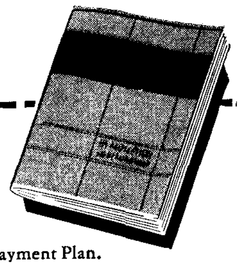

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and into. And who knows?" cried Sheila with enthusiasm. "It might change your luck!"

AUBREY SEMPLE regarded herself in the cracked mirror which was wont to reflect Zenobia's cinnamon-colored countenance. Sheila pushed aside some silver spoons and sat on the edge of the kitchen table, swinging one silken leg. Aubrey Semple was transformed by the wedding veil: Sheila noted that fact in simple wonder. Aubrey's face, ordinarily, had no more expression than a saucer, but the wedding veil lent it a sweet womanliness that her own face—thought Sheila—had definitely lacked. But then Aubrey was wailing again: the mockery was too much for her.

Whereupon the door swung open and the bridegroom entered—looking, as Sheila was to learn long afterwards, for bicarbonate of soda. Sheila backed towards the pantry, holding Aubrey's orchid flounces before her. But Clarence was staring at Aubrey.

"What are you doing in that veil?" he demanded. "Are you—I didn't know—are you marrying somebody, Aubrey?"

And into his voice had crept a note of peevish jealousy. And, even as the color flooded into Aubrey's cheeks, the truth exploded like a firecracker in Sheila Warren's brain. The truth was that Clarence and Aubrey were made for each other—they'd always been made for each other. Clarence would have discovered that indubitable fact within the course of the next ten years if she, Sheila Warren, had not cut in ruthlessly upon his destiny. Now, with a strangled gasp, she imagined them clearly—going over the budget and weighing the merits of a new oil burner.

"Listen!" she said. "We've come near making a terrible mistake—the four of us. I haven't got much time to talk, but it's all so terribly obvious—turn around, Clarence, while I climb into Aubrey's dress—I can't go around wearing a dress like a sandwich board!"

"But, my dear girl—" said Clarence with his back turned.

"But everybody's coming—even the *caterers*—" stammered Aubrey.

"If I can keep from falling over this thing—you're taller'n I am, Aubrey—well, do you suppose the caterers are going to care who marries who? If my father's sore, I'll pay 'em out of my own allowance, but he won't be sore, because he's always been so crazy about Bill, you know."

HERE the bride embraced the groom, and as rapturously embraced the bridesmaid.

"I don't know why you look so dazed! Why, you're going to be terribly happy! It's as plain as the nose on your face. You know I wouldn't have let you down, Clarence—it isn't as if you didn't have Aubrey—look after her, I believe she's going to faint—and if anybody asks for me, tell 'em I fell in the ash can!"

She dashed out of the house, but recollecting the danger of her course, she began to make her way circumspectly about the house—peering behind every hedge and, finally, at every car that was parked in the driveway or drawn to the curb in front of the house.

But Bill, of course, was gone. Nor was there any sign of his car, a battered, persimmon-colored roadster of uncertain vintage. He had probably driven to the landing field: he was probably on his way back to Abyssinia. Sheila Warren, fleeing in flounces of tulle from the scene of her own wedding, lifted an exasperated face to the sky. An airplane, like a bad omen, circled over her head and veered swiftly towards the far horizon.

"Oh, *damn* the man!" said Sheila.

But still she hurried along the dusty, elm-shaded avenue, wondering wildly if Aubrey would be having her wedding breakfast in the Warrens' house. Clarence was too thrifty to waste all that wedding cake. Sheila smothered something that was not quite a laugh and continued on her way. The flash of wheels brought a persimmon-colored disc spinning over the hill. Sheila stopped short; her hands went limp and her tulle flounces trailed in the dust.

Bill hopped out.

"What's the matter with you?" he bawled. "Chasing down the road like this! Couldn't you *wait?*"

Sheila picked up the flounces and summoned dignity.

"You didn't think I was expecting to meet you, did you?"

"Who else?"

"Nobody else. I was just getting out of the way, that's all. It was pretty complicated. I've had a time. If you'd had any consideration you'd have waited for me."

"Get aboard." Bill threw in his clutch. "Listen, I've been trying to get a marriage license. But it seems you have to put your name on the thing too. I don't know why. The point is, we'll have to hurry. We want to be married and out of town before they start the fireworks. We're going to be happy together—darling."

"Oh, I don't know," said Sheila. "We're going to have fights."

"But think," said Bill, "of those reconciliations."

"Yes," said Sheila, "I suppose you're the right husband—for me."

NOR, three weeks later, did she retract this statement. They were having breakfast on the veranda of the little house Bill had rented in Gloucester. Bill had lit a cigarette over his last cup of coffee; he was looking contentedly over the tidy yachts in the harbor. And Sheila was reading bits of the morning mail.

"Well, I guess they're all about over the first shock," she murmured. "Here's one from Pauline Rivers. She said that it was really just like us and that nobody was really very much surprised. H'mmph! She says she saw Aubrey and Clarence at a movie last night. And it seems Clarence is going to be made vice-president of his grandpa's bank. That's supposed to make me stop and think." Sheila paused. "*You'll* never be the vice-president of anything!"

"I hope not," he said anxiously.

"Never mind. You won't. But you're just the husband, darling, for a crazy person. I think I'll have another muffin—cold but nourishing."

Bill smiled the smile of a very old person, turning over his memories.

"Yes," he said, "it has been wonderful—hasn't it?"

"What do you mean?" she said. "It *has* been wonderful?"

"Well, I only meant," he explained, "that after I get you settled in Weldon City I'm going to barge off for a week or two, my little rabbit. You wouldn't mind, would you? Here's a letter from old Sam Potter—he's got a wow of an idea about flying down to Florida. It seems there's a spot of work for a film concern—some original slants on the swamps. But we wouldn't be gone for longer than a week."

Sheila thought of being a bride, dished for some original slants on the swamps. She waved the muffin about, groping for words. Then her eyes chanced to fall on the letter from Pauline Rivers—and her anger was lost in the thought of her recent peril. After all, she had come within an orchid flounce of being a banker's wife. Sheila drew a deep breath. Then she nibbled her cold muffin and looked at her chosen mate.

"I'll have plenty to do with the curtains and things," she told him, smiling. "So you don't need to worry about me—I'll stick around and wait for you."

Mussolini's Unhappy Warrior

Continued from page 13

dandies—Starace, Alfieri, and the rest of them, with their Sunday black shirts of the finest silk, their plump cheeks and content eyes, while the average Italian has to scrape for a crust these days. He could trust that crowd only to praise him—to his face. And in the field he was let down by his old friends and by his leaders. So here was the Duce appealing for help to the man who had warned him not to start an Ethiopian campaign, but who is probably the only soldier who can win the war for him! His last words to Badoglio, three days ago, were: 'General, you will find equipment. You will find men. But you will find no morale!' A bitter admission, was it not, signore?"

Whether Mussolini conceived his Ethiopian adventure to be a first step in the recreation of the ancient Roman Empire, at the expense of the modern British Empire, or whether he was inspired by home politics is something few people know. But the whole regular army, and thousands of intelligent and informed Italians, know the developments that followed his decision. First he asked Vinci, the Italian Ambassador to Ethiopia, for full reports and opinions. The scope and nature of Italy's diplomatic penetration of Abyssinia for the past forty years make it obvious that a program of eventual conquest has long existed: if, in the present crisis, Ethiopia is Mussolini's honest objective, the idea is not original with him, but inherited. Today in each of the poorest and foulest of Abyssinia's mud villages you will see one elaborate stone building—the Italian consulate. These are, in the occupied territory, serving now as Italian military headquarters. They were erected in places of desperate squalor, in remote and primeval wilderness, where Italy or any other nation could not possibly find commercial advantages. It comprised the frankest and boldest provacateur system ever set down in a friendly nation by a stronger power. From these consulates, spies worked, soldiers mapped, and Italian lire flowed steadily into the *tukuls* of provincial chiefs.

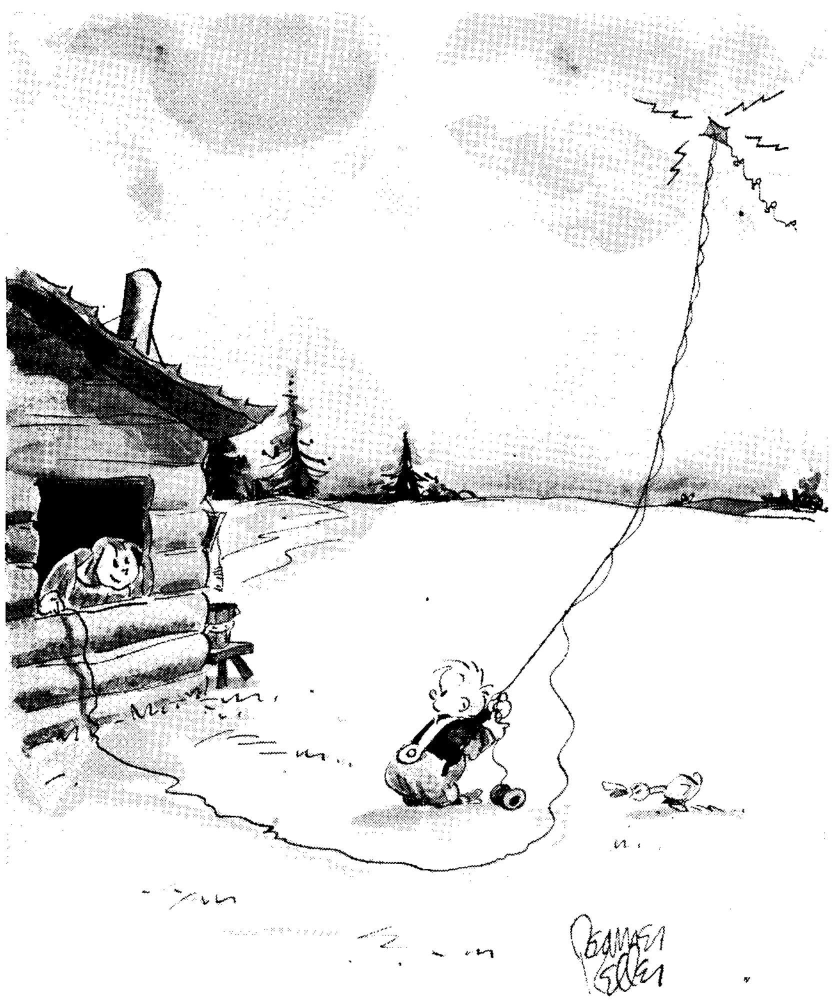
The Italians built and maintained an inexplicably large number of "consulates" in Ethiopia. Indeed, when Italy was ready to begin the campaign, with men at the frontier, she had to waste precious weeks until all her "consuls" in Abyssinia could be gathered up.

A Prophet without Honor

With the diligent years' accumulation from the consulates, Ambassador Vinci drew up a glowing prospectus for his chief—"This abundant land will fall into your Excellency's lap like a ripe plum that is coated with gold and silver," he reported, in effect. "Your legions will be greeted with flowers instead of bullets—and they will only have to ride in their trucks from the seacoast to Addis."

Even his enemies, in and out of Italy, concede that Il Duce was badly misinformed, and had the lion by the tail before he knew that it was not stuffed. This was apparent from the first moment of the Italian push. It was plain even to Ambassador Vinci, who knows Mussolini's temper and refused to leave Addis, when orders came from Rome: "Come home, I want to talk to you!" He

(Continued on page 72)



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(*Continued from page 71*)

clung to the doorjambs and sobbed, according to news reports from Addis, when the black soldiers arrived to haul him to the railroad station. They had to rap his knuckles. Soon thereafter Little Charley—Haile Selassie to you—decided to hold the Winter Meet of the Addis Ababa race track. There were no shoes in Ethiopia, no toilets, and little food—but there must be a hoss race. Then it was discovered that Indian Giver Vinci had taken with him the trophy mugs he had presented to the Jockey Club and the meet had to be cancelled. When Vinci reached the coast, he scurried farther still from an interview with the Boss. He pronounced a fervent and doubtless true wish to die gloriously on the field of battle—and went down to Somaliland.

Badoglio Has His Way

Determined upon war, Mussolini summoned head officers of the general staff and requested their several estimates of the force necessary. Badoglio immediately told Mussolini that he opposed the African venture; that it would prove to be dangerous, costly, a matter of years—and probably fruitless in the end. Mussolini then made it a point of Badoglio's duty; and the Marshal got out his pencil. After several days of head-scratching the military great minds came back home: Graziani wanted 1,000,000 men; De Bono 750,000; Badoglio 500,000; there proved to be as many different stacks of figures as there were generals. The Duce had one of his apoplectic moments; tore up the plans, shooed the master brains out, and said don't come back until you have agreed on the necessary size of the Expedition. Presently they trooped in with a joint estimate of 150,000. Mussolini scratched that out, wrote in 300,000, and said "Let's go." Badoglio now has in Africa about 500,000 soldiers; his original figure.

De Bono, little pal of the March on Rome, was bundled off to march on Addis. He managed to get to Adowa, a few miles from the border, and sat down. Mussolini needed favorable headlines, at home and abroad; the amazing spectacle of an overpowering, highly modernized, splendidly equipped European army tripping over its own feet in the face of an inept savage rabble that it vastly outnumbered did not, however, provide them. Badoglio, as chief of staff, went down to Africa Orientale to inspect the situation; and when the Marshal returned to Rome, he said some plain things to Mussolini. De Bono smelled a shift coming and he tried to forestall it by a new spurt, which bore him to Makale. I saw the Italian newspaper accounts of this, and you might have thought Verdun had fallen. In truth, the whole time he was in Africa De Bono never heard a rifle fired in anger.

In army messes, the legations and embassies in Rome and in other informed places you are assured that De Bono's recall was due to affairs other than military. I saw the meeting between De Bono and Badoglio, on a November morning in Massaua harbor. De Bono, with his white goatee and babyish cheeks and tropical Blackshirt uniform, frisked up the companionway like a seventy-year-old mountain billygoat. He gave a creaky Fascist salute; Badoglio ignored that, and merely shook hands. De Bono returned to Italy. There was a triumphal arch in Rome, flags and bunting, and a couple of thousand Blackshirts at the depot. But it rained that day; heavily. Someone in the Palazza Venezia must have looked out the window and thanked Jehovah for His coöperation. For, while De Bono's train was en route from Naples the driver received mysterious orders to pull onto a siding and remain there forty-five minutes before proceeding. Meanwhile, the bunting drooped and the Blackshirts got wet and clammy; and when De Bono finally got to Rome, virtually no one met him. The king, however, had been told by Mussolini to make De Bono a Marshal; a public token of reward. When Badoglio heard this promotion was contemplated he turned to an intimate friend and remarked, sadly, "I never dreamed Mussolini would really do such a thing." No spot is dearer to Roman hearts than the storied old Piazza di Spagna. It was suggested—by a provincial, no doubt—that the lovely cobbled island of papal and Italian history should be renamed the Piazza Marechal de Bono. This was done; and one day the new plates appeared on the street corner walls. The following morning all Rome giggled to see "per niente"—for nothing—written on each nameplate. On the second morning, the Piazza was again di Spagna—and that was the last the Italians heard of De Bono, who is living in retirement and it won't do you any good to try to find out where.

In Libya, Italo Balbo awaits the day of reckoning with his one-time friend, Mussolini

The Graveyard of Careers

A deposed general is a drained bottle, however; and Italian speculations were by now mainly occupied with Badoglio and his problems. It was known that he found difficulty in assembling a staff, from among even his dearest old cronies, because of the unpopularity of the war among regular officers and because of their professional fear of Ethiopia as a graveyard of reputations. Indeed, a rather pathetic note was given to his journey to Africa Orientale by this absence of old friends, whose abilities and loyalties he could be sure of, from his party. He might have put them under orders, to be sure, but that is not the way of Badoglio. The motives which deterred his own intimates exist for him, too, of course; in addition to his philosophical distaste for the war and his social and political objections to Mussolini, Badoglio is an old man, full of honors which may be duplicated but hold nothing new. There is no reason why he should lose the war, in a military sense, for his superiority in armaments and numbers is ample: however, Badoglio will not be misled if the puny Ethiopians go down like September corn before his machine guns. It is not the Abyssinians who count, he knows, but Abyssinia: and if dirt, rain, deserts, mountains, dust, and disease—the real soldiers of Abyssinia—should brown the gilt of his military conquest, his entire career will be soured and shredded by Fascist maledictions.

A Lifetime of Achievement

If he surmounts land, people, and weather, the glory—such as it is—will shine not upon him, nor the king, but upon Mussolini.

Badoglio will do his full measure of duty. Mussolini, studying the Marshal's past record, knew he was not gambling on that factor. For Badoglio has all the unimaginatively noble qualities and the little devotions of the middle class from which he stems.

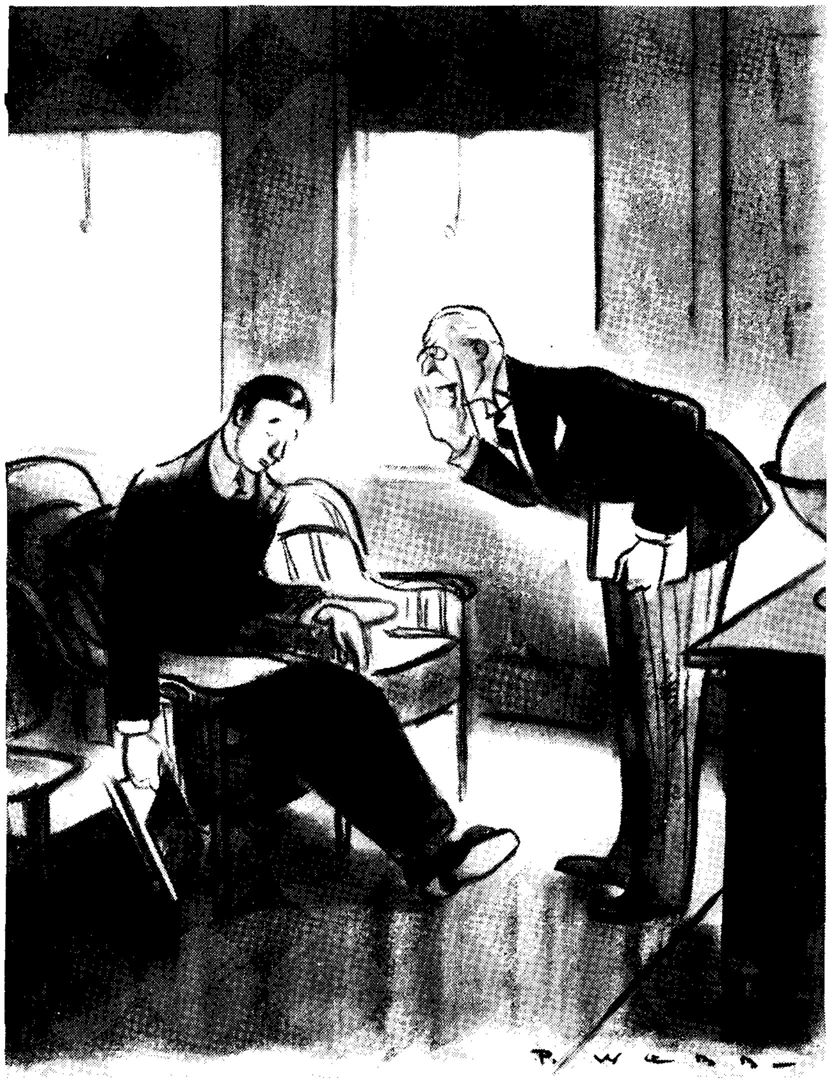
Pietro Badoglio was born in Grazzano Monferrato in the Piedmont—and the latter region, off the peninsula and bounded by France, the Alps, and Lombardy, provides the sterling hallmark in Italian character. Thus, it is in keeping that his attributes are sound and fine rather than glittering: and that he left no brilliant records behind him when he was graduated, at 22, from Italy's West Point, the Military Academy of Turin. Strikingly, the book of his active soldier's life is bound within Eritrean covers. His first assignment took him to that desolate country; and he was there when the Italians were routed near Adowa in 1896. In the dull years until the Turkish-Italian war of 1911 he advanced to a captaincy, and lifted himself above the army mental rut by his contributions on military topics, artillery particularly, to the best journals.

The general public, however, did not hear of Badoglio until he reached middle life—and the battle of Zanzur, in Libya, where his gallantry under fire brought him a majority. He was merely one of many Italian lieutenant colonels in 1915, when his country joined the Allies; but in 1918, at the end, he was second in command to Diaz. He fought, in all, forty-two months in the trenches. In 1916, he planned the assault on Monte Sabotino, which preceded the fall of Gorizia, and personally led his men over the top. By Caporetta, a year later, he was in command of an army corps; but in that bloody muddle he had the bad luck to lose an entire division, and there was some effort to make him the official scapegoat. While the panic was in progress he sat down to rest in a farmhouse and remarked to one of his staff: "The situation is really overwhelming. If we remain here, we shall be shot by the enemy. If we retreat, we shall be shot by our higher command!"

Badoglio Speaks His Mind

To his amazement, Badoglio was summoned to Italian General Headquarters and told that King Victor had appointed him sub-chief of staff, immediately under the new commander in chief, Diaz. His devotion to the king was part of Badoglio's Piedmont heritage; his profound affection for him dates from that bitter time in the last winter of the war. Badoglio, with Giardino, scraped up the remnants of Italy's military strength and pointed it toward the Piave, where, helped by a stiffening of British and French troops, its redemption began. He alone worked out plans for the battle of Vittorio Veneto, where the Italians smashed the homeward-bound Austrians. He was made commander in chief, and became a national hero; he repre-

(Continued on page 74)



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PAUL WEBB

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(Continued from page 73)

sented Italy in the armistice parleys. The Austrians quibbled. Badoglio turned to Colonel Gazzera, of his staff, and ordered: "Please go to a telephone, and cancel the order to cease hostilities on the front!" The Austrians signed where told.

If Badoglio really wanted to get dressed up, you could not see his coat for the medals, domestic and foreign.

He cherishes most the Order of Santa Annunziata, which makes him a cousin of the king—official, that is, no tampering with biological formalities. For, if Badoglio has reason to love Victor Emmanuel because of his magnanimity after Caporetta, the King will not forget how Badoglio, the sturdy rock of the middle class, stood out in front when the black tide of political shirts overran the nation. It was neither safe nor discreet, in October, 1922, for any man to raise his voice against Fascism or Mussolini: death by torture came to hundreds who did so. But Marshal Badoglio stood up on October 14, 1922, in a public meeting and said: "Give me one company of carabinièri and I will sweep these Blackshirt upstarts into the sea. At the first shot, all Fascism will crumple!" Moreover, Badoglio warned high brother officers of the regular army that Fascism represented "a peril to the safety of the King and the Crown," and began to rally to the royal colors those officers whom he knew to be especially faithful.

The Symbol of the Old Order

The next day, in his own newspaper, Popolo d'Italia, Mussolini wrote:

"This preparation of the army by General Badoglio should render possible the realization of a massacre in grand style;" continuing hopefully: "We believe that the intentions of General Badoglio will never be put into execution. We believe that General Badoglio will refuse to make the useless attempt of becoming the executioner of Italian Fascism." Mussolini and Badoglio have not liked each other very much since then.

The king, who is a temporizer and shrinks from the bloodiness of civil war, chose to pay out rope to the Fascists, hoping that some day they would hang themselves. He is still patient; and down the years he has kept Badoglio, and other loyalists, from beginning civil war. But he has made no secret of his love for the tall bit of human granite from the Piedmont Alps. The people of Italy have come to venerate Badoglio as a symbol of the safety of Victor Emmanuel: moreover, he is their one visible intellectual monument of Great War success. Consequently, Mussolini has not been able to fetch his accustomed pick-and-shovel tactics into use against Badoglio; and in more polite exchange he is no match for the old veteran.

Badoglio's last pre-Fascist chore was a series of good-will missions abroad in the king's name; he came here to the dedication of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day, 1921, in Arlington. Mussolini, never forgetting Badoglio's threat, conspired to keep him out of Italy as much as possible. Always he selected a post, which might, if incompetently filled, undermine Badoglio's popularity with king and people; and give him a chance to kick the Marshal into the ash bin. In 1924 he caused Badoglio to be sent as Ambassador to Brazil, one of Italy's diplomatic quicksands. Badoglio did a grand job, which raised Italy's prestige in South America. Then, in 1929, Mussolini sent him to Libya, which was certainly no reward.

This vast gob of North Africa, nearly twice as large as all Ethiopia, had been partly conquered by Italy before the Great War, then relinquished. Now she was reasserting and extending her influence there. Badoglio made Rodolfo Graziani his second in command, and between them they smashed the Arabs and the Senussi and won over all Libya. Too, Badoglio conceived and pushed a land reclamation scheme; all very much to the credit of Italy, and his own good name—the latter development scarcely in tune with the motives of upper Fascism. Therefore, the party underhands began to stab; and the Ministry of Colonies brought charges against the Marshal. When the Ministry failed to come up with convincing evidence, the matter was hushed.

Italy's Man of the Hour

Badoglio governed for five years more, and Libya prospered. In 1934 Mussolini found Balbo a more active menace than the Marshal; and Badoglio was recalled so that the great airman could be exiled in his stead. Mussolini could have wanted nothing better than to keep Badoglio on the shelf throughout the Ethiopian adventure, had not his Blackshirt generals failed him; furthermore, Romans believe that King Victor, upset by the spectacle of his troops standing on one another's feet in Africa throughout October and November, had more than a word to say to his Prime Minister.

Badoglio is shrewd and far-seeing. Even in his daily habits he employs the good soldier's precautions against flanking movements; consequently, in Rome, he actually resides in the War Department. If trouble comes when he is at home, the Marshal is not going to be cut off from his regular army. He has managed to arrange for himself a complete life there; minimizing the necessity of going out. Fond of bowling, he had alleys set up in the Ministry. Among his few excursions were his bridge nights with his pal, Victor, at the Quirinal Palace. The king is a nervous, petulant player; whereas Badoglio, who plays cards as he campaigns in the field, is never known to have overbid.

If the Ethiopians were not the most overrated fighters in the world—a poorly equipped, unorganized, starving, medieval horde, wasted by loathsome diseases—Badoglio might prove to be a little old-fashioned for the job in hand. While he is an admirable character, and Italy's best soldier, he has most of the drawbacks and failings that are universal among professional military men. At sixty-four, Badoglio learned to fly—qualified as a military pilot, with no privileges extended in the test.

The Handicap of Training

Despite this one sign of modernity, and despite other less specific clues, Badoglio has the weakness common to professional officers. If Sir John French, or Earl Douglas Haig, could have had their own ways, they would have fought the Western Front with cavalry; our John Pershing, perhaps, with only the Sixth United States Cavalry. The soldier invariably falls back on his own arm. Pietro Badoglio, trained in the artillery, has cluttered up the mountain passes of Ethiopia with heavy guns. The first principle of mountainous colonial warfare is extreme lightness and mobility. That is how the British fight on the Northwest Frontier of India; it is how we fought the Southwest Indians. Badoglio, however, has given his expedition into primitive Ethiopia all the artillery resources of a European army. No one who has seen Ethiopian mud villages believes this concentration of heavy guns has any utility; except, perhaps, that of giving the assurance of familiarity to Badoglio. He is like a military ostrich, who hides his head in a bed of big guns; tail exposed to spears. Literally, he turned Makale into another Verdun; the lower Takazze into another Izonzo. If he had left his cannon on the emplacements, his march through Ethiopia would have been much swifter and carried much farther than Amba Alagi.

In physical appearance and manner, Badoglio is marked for Americans at once by his extraordinary resemblance to Knute Rockne—even to his nose type, and to his wry manner of thrusting and cocking his head in speaking. He is unusually self-contained in manner, and thrifty with speech. His voice is pleasing, kindly; and belies his incisiveness. He writes as he talks; and is never ambiguous in either medium. He sags a little in the middle, now; and his mustache and headcrop have gone the way of most hair; but at sixty-five he is a powerful man, with a heavy neck, rounded shoulders, a curious priestly mien and the slightly sprung, thick legs that delight a football coach.

The Blackshirts Take Orders

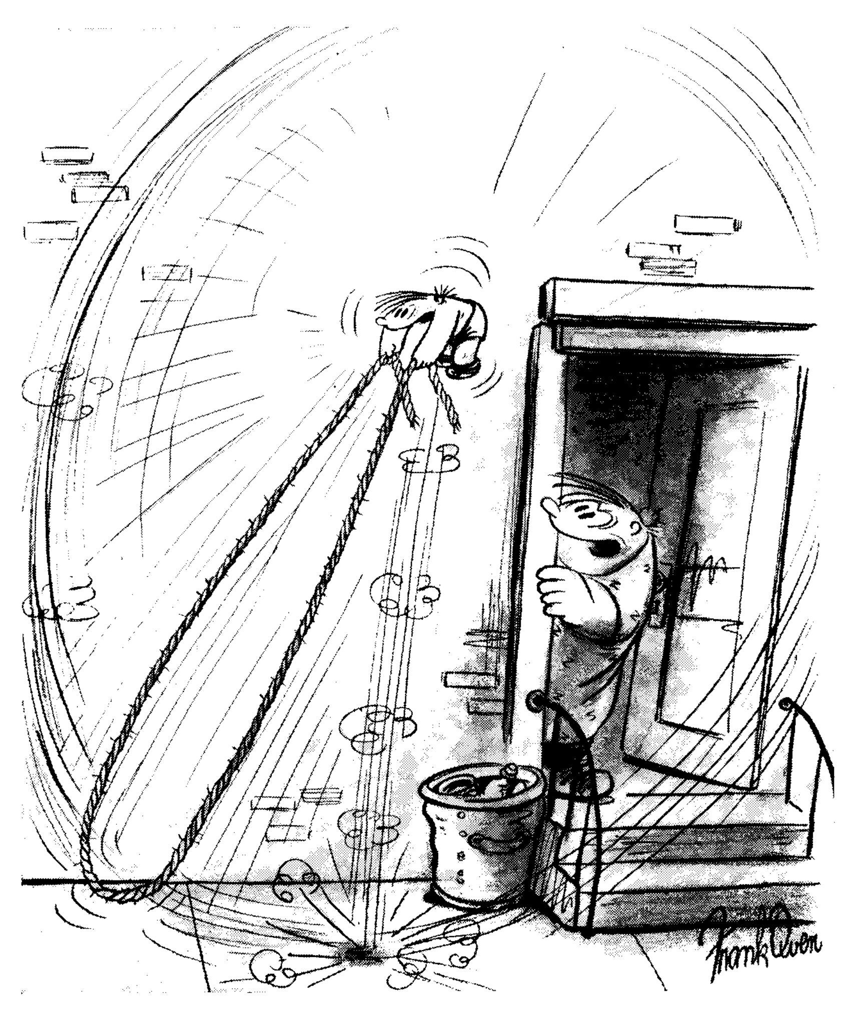
I watched Badoglio for many days; saw men fawn upon him, court him with flummery, but never receive greater reward than a cold eye and a jeering smile. I saw, literally, hundreds of Fascist salutes given to him; and *not once did he reply in kind,* although he was never remiss in courtesy. He shook hands, or saluted; or, to groups, merely smiled. One felt that when Marshal Badoglio got to Ethiopia the Italian fortunes of war—in the military sense, at least—would be different; and they have been. He quickly turned it from a Blackshirt parade into a professional military campaign. Heretofore, the advancing had all been done by Askaris, with the regular troops consolidating, and the Blackshirt regiments coming along after the cameras had been set up: indeed, there was a common saying among the war correspondents: "The Blackshirts will fight to the last Askari!" There had been, actually, a divided command, with an official press bureau and chief of staff, and a Blackshirt counterpart.

Badoglio erased the Blackshirt press department, and the separate Blackshirt high command. He put the least efficient Blackshirt soldiers to work on the roads; and he made the others step up and take a share in the fighting. Blackshirt troops appeared in casualty lists for the first time, after Badoglio took command. One of Badoglio's first stipulations to the correspondents was that names of commanders or regiments must not be mentioned in despatches. This was, in Eritrea and Italy, considered a direct affront to Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Galezza Ciano, Minister of Propaganda, whose name and exploits, as well as those of Mussolini's two sons, had been headlined in every daily communique. Ciano hurried back to Italy. Rumors appeared in the Fascist press, which Ciano controls on account of his ministerial post, that General Badoglio would be relieved and called home. Now, chastened and silenced, the soft-faced young Count, Number Two Man of the Fascist purple, has gone back to Eritrea. Badoglio, personally, might be less appealing to Mussolini than Anthony Eden, but the Marshal's professional qualifications are the Duce's only salvation in his ill-starred and misguided African enterprise. Poor health may bring Badoglio home. The Ethiopian climate, and daily life in altitudes of 8,000 feet and over, are trying to a man of his age; a man who, in addition, has a heart ailment.

But you may be sure the order will never come from the Palazzo Venezia. For, whatever he may not be, Mussolini is smart.

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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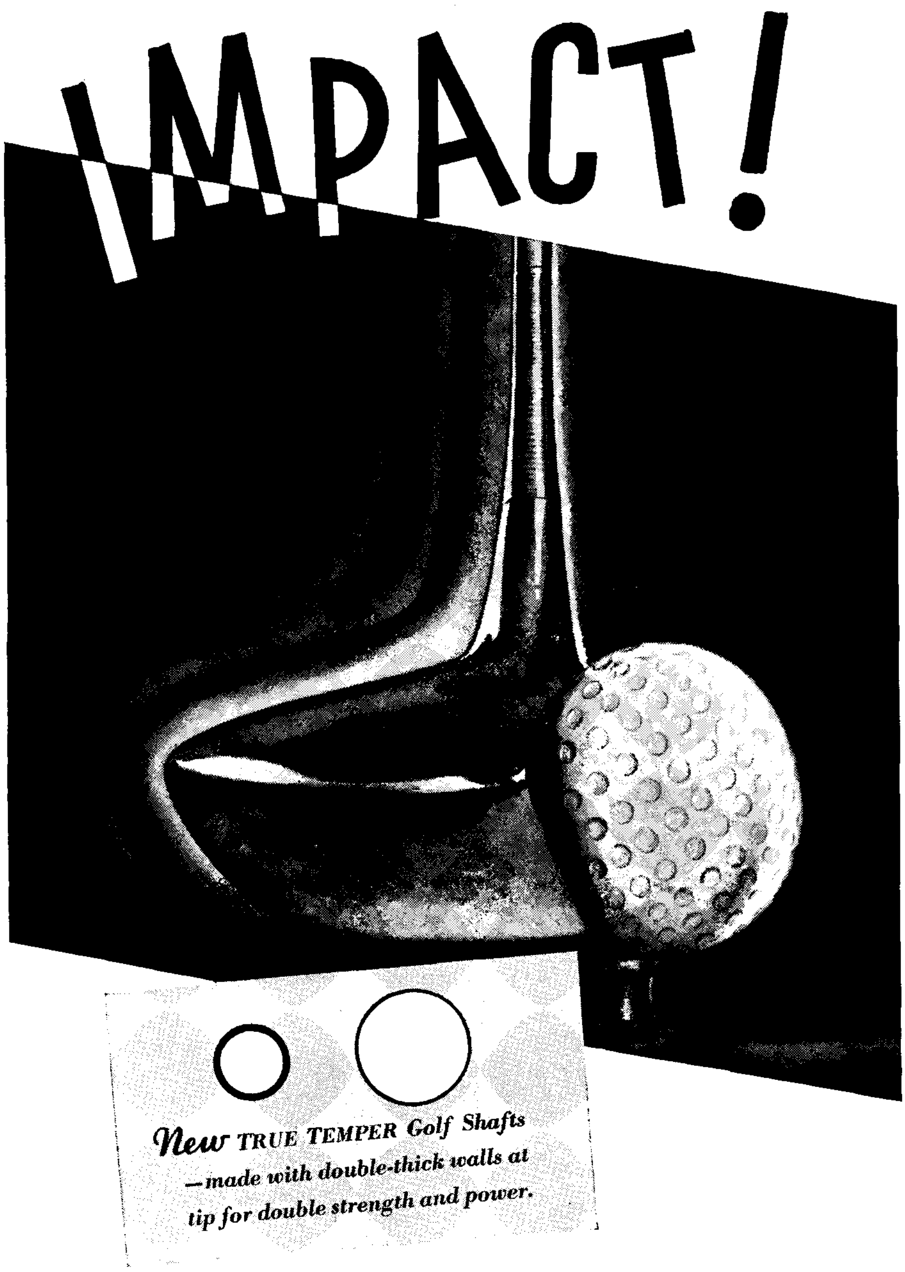
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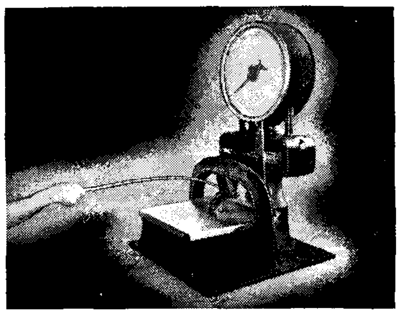

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TRUE TEMPER
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What's a Garden for?

Continued from page 20

and that will last beyond the dropping of leaves and the fading of flowers.

No longer is it possible just to build a garden, with no relation to anything else. Always the most successful garden has been planned to suit the house in style, but now it definitely becomes necessary for house and garden, related by much more than style, to be planned together.

Realizing the importance of a garden to Collier's house, Collier's commissioned Mr. Michael Rapuano, landscape architect, to design one that would demonstrate concretely the possibilities of small-garden planning. This demonstration lot is 100 × 150 feet, with the street on the north side, giving southern exposure to the garden. Worked out in collaboration with Mr. Edward Stone, architect for the house, to suit the particular needs and possibilities of this house, the design is yet based on principles that are applicable to the small garden anywhere. It makes the greatest use possible of the land, and the smaller the garden the more important this is. Large grounds may be allowed to specialize, but the small garden must do double and even triple duty.

By studying the photographs of the model reproduced here, you will see how the land has been disposed.

The house is set to one side of the lot and as near the street as the zoning laws will permit, to allow as much unbroken space as possible. Remember that all our living quarters are at the back of the house to take full advantage of the garden.

The garage is in the front of the house, so that the lawn is no longer cut up with a meandering drive that means nothing but waste space and expense, not to mention grief for the snowbound motorist. Nor does the garage break up the gardening possibilities here as it did in the old days when it sat in the back corner of the yard.

Outdoor Living Rooms

The five-foot wall around the property gives privacy and makes the house and garden one. The garden becomes an outdoor living-room, accessible from dining-room, living-room, study and terraces. If the south wall of the study or the end of the living-room were made up of one of those great motor-operated windows that drop down into the ground, as it might very well be, leaving the entire side of the room open, it would even be possible to throw the house and garden completely into one for a party or to bring the outdoors in of a summer day.

Out on that stretch of lawn, without a bush or a flower bed to break its pleasing expanse or hamper your game, you could play at badminton or croquet or deck tennis or bowling, while over in the far corner under that flat-roofed shelter which harbors a fireplace your favorite steak-cooking guest could be doing his stuff against the descent of hungry players at the end of the game.

Nor need any of these goings-on interfere with Mother's tea party on the terrace or covered porch, nor with Father's gardening activities over there among the flower beds at the left. If there are any younger children about who want their own place to play, they can have their games in the service court under the watchful eye of the maid, or sail their boats and wade in the pool you will discover under the trees by the front wall. That same wall makes a private living-room of the court at the front of the house, a cool and shady spot for sitting out.

Another day the shelter, especially if it is glass-roofed, can serve as a secluded spot for work or reading, away from the house. Again, as cooking headquarters for the children when they pitch their tent on the lawn.

Notice that the planting, disposed to make the greatest possible use of the land, is also fairly formal, a style more suited to any small rectangular lot, which is itself formal in shape. Planting that is natural and unstudied in appearance (a look actually achieved only by considerable study and hard work) requires more space to be really effective. This simple, formal garden also harmonizes with the modern architecture of the house, which is simple, spacious, uncluttered in effect.

How to Avoid Crowding

Sense of spaciousness in the garden is achieved by several means. The wall, by cutting the garden off from the rest of the out-of-doors, makes it take on a scale of its own and so seem larger. The planting is, of course, in proper proportion to insure this effect. And it is arranged in simple lines, with an open lawn that carries the eye back. Not only would flower beds scattered over the lawn spoil its use for anything else, but they would clutter up the landscape and make it seem crowded. The fact that the main planting is of very few varieties also makes for spaciousness. There are trees, hedge, grass. They dominate the scene and give it its form. The more varied your planting, the more spotty and confused it becomes.

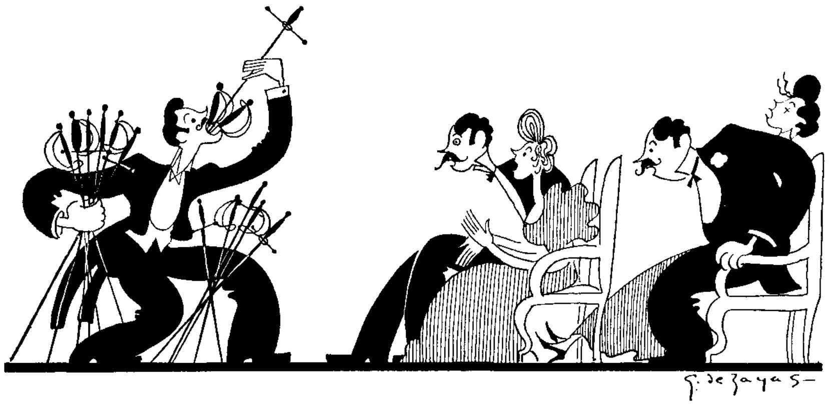
Form—there is the essential of our garden, for the sake of style and for the sake of year-round effect. And you see how simply it has been achieved here with an open lawn that doesn't vary, trees that remain the same except that leaves and flowers give way to the tracery of branches in winter, and hedge that skirts the house and lawn and outlines the flower beds in the rear. This hedge is taxus, or yew, a hardy dwarf evergreen that will present the same cheerful aspect winter and summer.

Not only do these plantings make a basic form for a garden, but they are practically a complete garden in themselves. The large trees, except for the plane tree shading the dining terrace, are honey locusts that offer lacy leaves and fragrant blossoms. That long double row or allée of smaller trees down the side of the property is dogwood that will be spectacularly lovely in the spring with white blossoms and equally decorative in the autumn with crimson leaves and berries. Those are junipers accenting the back line of the flower beds, green the year round.

The larger hedge along the service court is hornbeam, compact, with low-growing branches, which will require some pruning. It could continue around the property, instead of the wall, very handsomely and at less initial expense, if desired. Still less expensive and usable all through would be privet, but regular trimming and pruning would be necessary here. The front courtyard, the ground under the dogwoods and the paths around the flower beds are all graveled, so that's easy.

The gardener will establish his lawn then, and set out his trees and hedges first, since these are the basis of his garden. He will not buy them full-grown, unless the quick effect is worth more to him than the difference in money, but when he plants he will space them to allow for their full-grown size. Only

(Continued on page 78)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The greatest sword-swallower in history was "Chevalier Cliquot," who reached the peak of his fame in America and Europe during the 1890's. His outstanding performance took place in New York City when he swallowed, at one time, fourteen swords up to their hilts.

Prague, Czechoslovakia, possesses two of the world's oddest objects. One is a large clock—on the Jewish Town Hall—whose hands move counterclockwise and point to Hebrew characters. The other is a giant crucifix—on the Charles Bridge—bearing a Jewish inscription. The task of making this cross and effigy of Christ was enforced upon a Jew in 1696 and he, fearing the wrath of God, added the words in atonement.

In colonial America fines for misdemeanors were amusingly inconsistent. A gentleman, when in the mood, could commit any of the following offenses for the trifling sum of $10: Lie eight times, swear four times, beat his wife twice or criticize a court once.—*By Roy E. Landry, Worcester, Massachusetts.*

Platinum fuse wire used in delicate electrical instruments, meters and special radio tubes is drawn so fine that one grade of it is not considered expensive even at a price that makes its cost $11,000,000 a pound.—*By James Cooke, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The only person on earth whose bodyguard includes firemen is the President of France. Two stalwart "personal" fire-fighters, armed with a number of extinguishers, always accompany him on his journeys to see that he is not burned to death.—*By R. J. Layton, Asbury Park, New Jersey.*

Among the odd contraptions used in the World War were the gigantic nets, made of steel cables 1,000 feet long, which England hung in the air, by anchored balloons, to catch the German airplanes that frequently bombed her bigger cities. Although high hopes were held for the success of these nets, only one plane ran into one of them—and went right through it virtually unharmed.

Nicholas I, who ruled Montenegro from 1860 to 1918, was one of the most democratic kings of modern times. In Cetinje, the capital, where his subjects called him "Boss" and he called them by their first names, he also acted as judge, poet, physician, theater director and even postmaster, personally selling his stamps—often with a free drink on the side—in a room of his palace.—*By Edna Lee Johnson, Huntsville, Alabama.*

From 1924 to 1936, 66 per cent of the men admitted to the U. S. veterans' hospitals were treated for disabilities contracted *after* leaving the service. The percentage of these cases has increased and will continue to increase each year. For example, of the 348 Civil War veterans treated and cured in 1935, 335 or 96 per cent were suffering from illnesses of other than a service origin.—*By Mae Clarke, St. Cloud, Minnesota.*

Nearly every family, firm, institution and temple in Japan regards its photographs of Emperor Hirohito with an almost fanatical reverence. Not only have large ransoms been paid for the return of stolen pictures, but many persons have perished in fires while attempting to rescue them.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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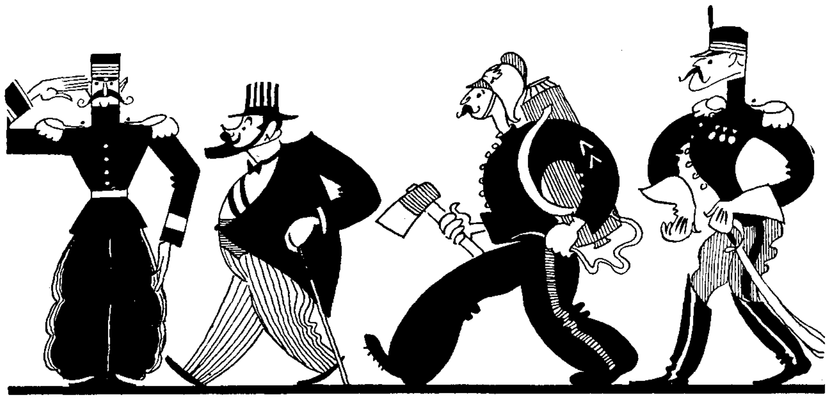
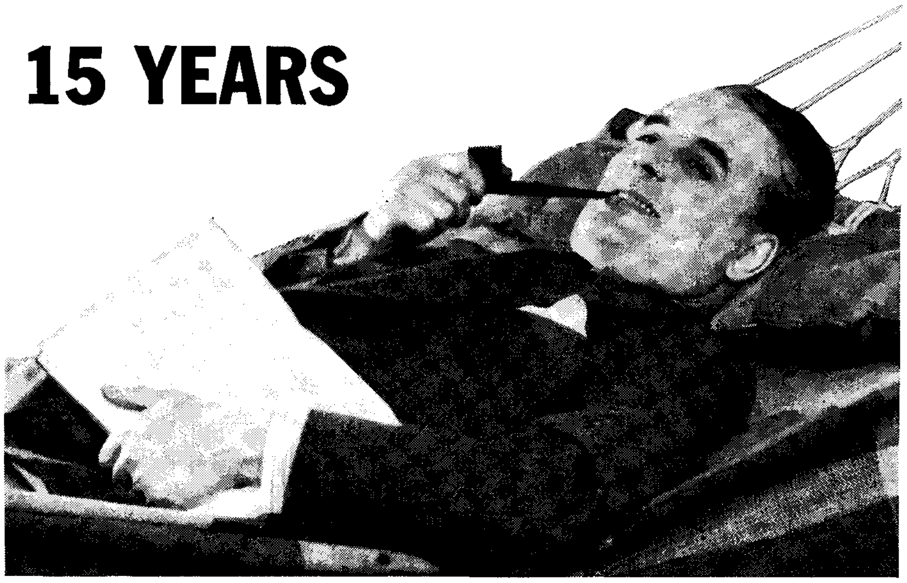


HOW A MAN OF 40
CAN RETIRE IN
15 YEARS



IT makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then. Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life. Not only that, but if you should die before that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lives. Or, if you should be totally disabled for six months or more, you would not be expected to pay any premiums that fell due while you were disabled, and you would receive a regular monthly disability income besides.

$250 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $250 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1 A check for $250 when you reach 55 and a check for $250 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2 A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3 A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for 6 months or more.

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The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $250 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

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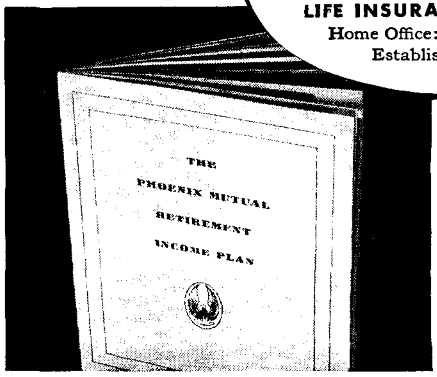

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Important News for all Golfers

two BRAND NEW HAGEN VULCANIZED Golf Balls

SCORE CUTTERS THAT ARE TOUGH TO CUT

"IT'S A HONEY"

1936 ushers in two completely new Hagen golf balls. And listen, you golf fans, they are pippins de luxe!

Vulcanized covers for tougher toughness! Honey Centers for elasticity and amazing accuracy.

And here's another added attraction. Fine high tension rubber windings are applied as never before in the history of golf. All operations made with special precision machinery developed by Hagen engineers.

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Another Amazing Development

Hagen SPIRAL GROOVED STEEL SHAFT

At last a steel shaft has been developed which has the torsion of hickory. Note how the special shaft is spiralled and grooved. This unique steel design is exclusive with Hagen. Now you may enjoy just the right sweet feel which enables you to smack 'em straight down the old alley! Hagen Spiral Grooved Steel Shafts obtainable in all woods from $10 up and in all top irons.

TORSION OF HICKORY

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF COMPANY
Detroit Michigan

CROWN ...$10

What's a Garden for?

Continued from page 76

after he has thus met the requirements of a garden that is easy to keep up and that has a year-round form, not dependent on the coming and going of flower beds, will he revert to the true dirt farmer he is and get down on all fours to tend his flowers and vegetables. For one of the joys of planning carefully and building your own garden is the thrill of seeing it develop year by year.

Look again at the layout of Collier's garden and see how it adapts itself to as much or as little work as our dirt farmer wants to undertake, and at the same time how the results of his labors will embellish the garden not only as an outdoor living-room, but as a year-round mural for all the living quarters of the house.

Splashes of Color

In that front courtyard, with its taxus hedge and dogwood trees already in place, Mr. Rapuano has planned English ivy against the garage and wisteria or clematis climbing the front wall. In the flower bed he has put bulbs for spring flowering, with a ground cover of English ivy, myrtle or partridge berry for year-round color and interest; and shade-loving anemone for a late summer flowering. You only glimpse it here, but beside the front entryway the architect has built a flower window, bringing the garden into the house to emphasize again the merging of outdoors and indoors.

On the other side of the house, wisteria climbs over the dining terrace and groundcover and annuals make a charming flower bed beside it. Those four plots down the side are open to all kinds of suggestions—herbs, vegetables, a rose garden with undercover of violets, a cutting garden, berries. Here you might try great splashy effects of color with annuals or perennials. Here the experimental gardener or specialist may mind his prizes. If they flourish, so much the better; if they don't, still his main garden is intact.

Along the wall by the dogwoods and in the flower beds at the back go ground cover and spring bulbs. Or in those back flower beds plant a handsome, showy perennial garden, massing your colors for strong effect. Or for a colorful show try this—set pots of flowering plants close in front of these beds. Or string them down the lawn beside the hedge, or along the gravel line of the dogwood allée, or mass them around the shelter.

The curve of the terrace is another place that calls for the massed effect of potted plants, exotic ones—devil's walking stick or aralia, with its strange leaves bunched on top of a spiky stem; tubbed oleander, bamboo, fragrant Viburnum carlesi.

A Year-Round Garden

The garden goes up on the deck, too, with small-leaved English ivy in the sunken pocket along the rail, another easily-cared-for year-round effect. Or try potted plants spaced at intervals, with tulips for spring, verbenas or petunias for summer, chrysanthemums for fall.

But though the garden goes into and on the house, notice that it doesn't obscure it in any way. No overgrown bushes or trees or vines screening the architecture or shutting out the view, for the garden and the house have been designed to complement one another, and the garden is far too well behaved to try to choke the house. Ivy vines, instead of climbing over the house, have been trained on the garden wall.

And here's a final planting point for the gardener who considers himself something of an artist. That white garden wall is the perfect setting for fruit trees espaliered, which means cut and trained to grow flat against the wall. Evolved in Europe where training them flat against a sunny wall was necessary for protection so that they could grow (figs have even been ripened in England by this means), these fanciful trees have been seized on in this country for the very decorative purpose they obviously serve. You may train them to branch out symmetrically like candelabra, to make a geometric or swirling pattern on the wall. Just devise your scheme, and pinch off or encourage accordingly. And these remarkable trees will still offer you blossoms in the spring, and fruits in due course. Nor will they shade other plants, or take up valuable space.

Mr. Rapuano has planned to put them against the east wall, with forsythia or viburnum bushes trained flat against the south and west walls, the yellow forsythia making a very lovely springtime picture against the white wall and dark green of ivy.

And now in spite of all this amazing variety and possibility of planting, our basic and dominating scheme remains simple, unified and uncluttered, and maintains a pleasing, year-round form. Imagine it, for instance, as a winter mural along that bank of living-room windows. There are the wall and shelter, carrying out the architecture of the house. The same sweeping form of trees and hedge and open space as in the summer; the arching branches of locust trees, the fanciful pattern of dogwood; the tracery of vines and espaliered trees on the wall; the green of taxus and ivy and ground cover; the red dogwood berries and twigs.

The architect likes this mural so much he has planned a spotlight for it that will seem like the moon shining. Etched with snow in the winter, or alive with blossoms in the spring, it will make a dramatic backdrop to light guests into the living-room.

The beauty and form of our garden being so important to our daily lives and year-round scene, we sought out Mr. A. M. van den Hoek, late of Holland, now directing the cultivation of the Gardens of the Nations high above the street in Rockefeller Center, New York, to give us pointers on keeping it at its best.

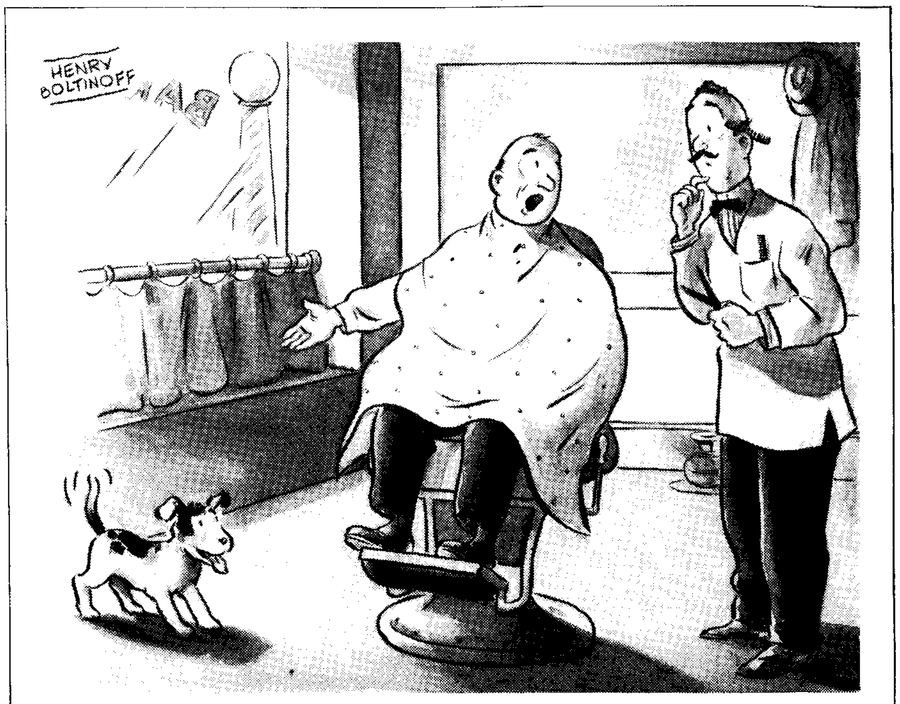
His advice was to stop grumbling about those taxes and line up for some of the benefits instead. Your state experimental station is constantly at work on plant development and care, and free of charge will give you all the latest information. They will tell you about summer and winter sprays and how to use them, how to deal with sucking insects that batten on tender young shoots, with chewing insects that make lacework of green leaves, with scale and rust and all the other pests that afflict a garden. They will analyze your soil for you. Soil is acid or alkaline, and plants that will thrive in one may not grow at all in the other, so it's well to be forewarned.

Distinction and Beauty

Between your experimental station and the nurseryman from whom you buy plants, learn about the drainage and cultivation and fertilization your plants will need, and the time of year when it is best to plant them. And from among the plants that will meet your needs in form, size, color, etc., choose only those that are hardiest and best suited to the conditions you have to offer of sun or shade, dryness or moisture, windswept or sheltered spot. Enlist Nature in your favor instead of trying to go against her, and more than half the work of growing healthy plants is done.

If it's pruning and trimming your plants need, don't just chop off the top. Pruning is an art worthy of study, as who should know better than Mr. van den Hoek, who is so skilled at it that, visiting England, the annual honor of trimming the grapevine in the grapery at Hampton Court, the first fruits of which are presented to the king, was bestowed upon him. Learn to cut out the wood according to the natural growth of your plant and cut it so that it will grow leafy and thick at the base, not leggy there and scraggly at the top. It's the thorough and right care of a few plants, rather than the haphazard growing of many that is going to give distinction and real beauty to your garden.

And a well-planned and beautifully kept garden is a joy not only to its owner's daily life and soul but also to his pocketbook, enhancing immensely the value of his house. Just another way that house and garden work together.



"What's he expecting—a piece of my ear?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

HALLOW THE DAY . . . *wire Flowers*

● Frances Langford, Walter Wanger star, appearing in the Paramount Picture "Palm Springs".

● Wire flowers on Easter if you can't be with your loved ones, for flowers have added significance on this day. Age-old symbols of the Resurrection, they bring an exalted message. To those who receive them they speak of life, of hope eternal! Those who give them share in their benediction.

Visit an F. T. D. florist. His shop bears the emblem of Winged Mercury. As a bonded member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association (International) he can guarantee delivery of fresh, fragrant flowers—artistically styled—within a few hours, *anywhere* you designate. Ten thousand leading florists, throughout the world, are members of the Association.

For dependable service buy from a member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association . . . identified by the Winged Mercury Emblem

Motion picture stars wearing fresh flowers to fit their personalities illustrate a beautiful brochure titled "Flowers and Personality". Send 10 cents postage for your copy. Address Headquarters, F. T. D. A., 485 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD ★ PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED ★

Flowers and Personality

— *Say it with Flowers* —

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS BY WIRE

. . . . **1**—All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

. . . **2**—Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem

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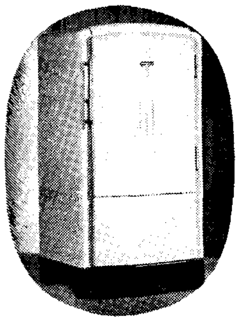
. . . **6**—Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.

Gone - the Penalty of the Open Door
THIS IS THE Conservador
It is a shelf-lined inner door for storing most frequently used foods. It keeps warm air *out* and cold air *in* main food compartment. Opens at a touch of a button.

Compare* the smart uncluttered beauty of this new refrigerator *as well as its economy

Open the door of any ordinary refrigerator . . . Out rushes the cold air . . . On goes the motor . . . Up goes the electric bill!

10,000 times each year you pay this penalty of the open door. But not with the beautiful new Fairbanks-Morse Refrigerator! Its patented CONSERVADOR keeps the cold air IN the refrigerator. Gone is the open door waste . . . The motor runs less often . . . The Conservador increases shelf space, too . . . Keeps most frequently used foods within easy reach. Compare the beauty of this new Fairbanks-Morse Conservador Refrigerator. Its convenience! Its economy features! Its low price! Stop in at your Fairbanks-Morse dealer's today. Conservador Refrigerator machine units are warranted for 5 years under an optional warranty purchase plan. Fairbanks, Morse & Co., *Home Appliance Division*, Indianapolis, Indiana.



AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL REFRIGERATOR

THIS *Refrigerator* IS MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY

FAIRBANKS-MORSE

Fairbanks, Morse & Co. *are the nation's largest makers of Diesel engines; leading makers of electric motors; leading makers of pumps; world's largest makers of scales.*

OTHER FAIRBANKS-MORSE PRODUCTS: WASHING MACHINES, IRONERS AND RADIOS

Under Pressure

Continued from page 9

Sewell made a gesture toward Blackadder. Strangely uneasy, he straightened and braced his elbows on the mantel. In a conference with his peers he would have been sure of himself, confident he could outwit the best of them, but in the presence of two women—one ripe, the other a mere girl—he had a vague feeling the odds were against him. Which was he fighting, Irma or Joyce? Joyce, of course. He leveled his eyes at her, taking her measure.

"Let's see if I can talk your language. Do you mind listening till we find out?"

"No; I'll listen."

"You're young, Joyce, and you're up against a tough situation. You don't like your stepmother. Well, there's nothing we can do about that. Likes and dislikes don't go by favor or obligation; they hang on two Spanish words, easy to understand, hard to translate—*simpatica* and *antipatica*. Right?"

"Yes," said Joyce, amazed at the boldness of his attack.

"The yoke of living on Irma has been galling you till all you can think of is escape. The first thing you picked on was to be a teacher, but you found out it isn't enough to know your subject—you've got to have a string of silly letters after your name. So you thought you'd be a stenographer and look for a firm engaged in foreign trade. Unfortunately, you're unfitted for business. You'd be an absolute flop."

Joyce stared at him, wondering if he were clairvoyant. Then she threw up her head rebelliously. "Why?"

"Because you're emotional and a thoroughbred; the first time you found yourself the mechanical link in a gyp game you'd walk out. Take it from me—when I say you'd be a flop, I'm right."

"Then what's left?" asked Joyce dismally, as much of herself as of him.

"We're coming to that," said Blackadder sharply. "You don't like Irma, but you've lived on her since you were eight years old. She's given you everything you've had—shelter, food, raiment and care—and you've never paid for any of it in love or in cash."

"Oh!" gasped Joyce, wincing under the sting of a lash she had used on herself again and again. "How could I? You know I have nothing—nothing!"

"That's not so," said Blackadder, shooting the words at her. "You have plenty if you take it to the right market. Let's get down to bedrock. Do you dislike Mike any more than you do your stepmother? Do you?"

"No!" said Joyce.

"Then why not live on him for a while where you can pay ten for one?"

WATCHING her sink into a chair as if he had knocked her knees from under her, he felt a curious elation. He had beaten her; it had been a hard fight, but he had won out, and believed he was experiencing the glow of a righteous victory. If anybody had suggested that deep in his subconscious mind as well as in Irma's the same half-formed thought had been at work—that the current of their mutual future might flow smoother with Joyce out of the way—he would have been indignant. As for Mrs. Sewell, unaware of her true motive, she now proceeded to add the finishing touch to Helm's job of demolition.

"Oh, Joyce," she moaned, "for years I've lived for you alone, only to hear you admit to my face you—you—"

"He asked me," flashed Joyce, her head upthrown. "What could I do? What did you want me to do? Tell a lie?"

An honesty so frank frightened Irma more than it hurt her and promptly she jibbed to another tack. Never losing her ultimate goal from sight, she continued hurriedly: "This way out that Helm suggests—this thing I've been begging you to do—you don't think it's for me, do you? It's for you—for your own good. Can't you see it's your best chance for happiness?"

Joyce rose with a sweeping movement and immediately Blackadder realized why Irma had likened her to a burning bush. The girl was alive with fire. Staring at her figure, vibrant and erect, he beheld an emblem of some promised land he had evaded, calling it escape, and felt a twinge of envy of all younger men. He could not read her mind but whatever was in it was something he had run away from, thinking he was saving himself! For what? For middle age and Irma Sewell?

"Happiness!" breathed Joyce. "I suppose every girl has her dream of happiness." Then her low voice began to grow in volume and intensity. "I know I have mine and it's a dream of giving, not taking. I mean giving something that's inside you, that aches to be given and—and—"

"I know, dear," interrupted Mrs. Sewell soothingly, "but believe me, you'll feel all that if you'll only just—"

"Oh, you're horrible!" cried Joyce desperately. "I wish I hadn't told you! Do you think I'm blind? You want to be rid of me—both of you. All right. I give in. I promise. If it isn't Mike it will be something else, some other way. I promise." She was gone from the room before either of them could answer.

HER departure left Blackadder breathless and somewhat confused. He continued to stand with his back to the mantel, staring at her as if her hurrying figure were still in sight, filling his eyes. And he had thought she was licked! He became aware of Irma's murmuring voice.

"You were wonderful, Helm, but I knew you would be. I was sure of it. I can't tell you what it means to me to see you standing there like a pillar giving sense and reason to everything in the room, including me."

She smiled up at him expectantly. His lips parted but it was ordained the maid should enter at that moment.

"It's Mr. Kirkpatrick, ma'am."

"Oh!" Irma's expression proceeded to go through a series of changes, each easily read. "Tell him he can go up, Ellen." Another change. "No; show him in here first." The young man entered, flamboyant as to hair, complexion, manner and clothes. "Michael, you know Mr. Blackadder, don't you?"

"Sure thing," said Mike, holding out his hand.

Blackadder beat him to the grip and almost crushed his knuckles, then let go too quickly for a comeback. Kirkpatrick's pink face turned red and his blue eyes watered, not from pain, since he was an ox for strength, but from chagrin. Noting his embarrassment and having arrived at her own final decision, Mrs. Sewell came to the rescue.

"You can go right up, Michael. You'll find Joyce in her sitting-room. I—I wish you luck."

Something in the manner of her final words made Kirkpatrick glance at her curiously. He nodded and started for the back, where a side staircase supplemented the one in the main hall. Arriving at Joyce's door, he knocked softly, pretended he heard an answering call, turned the knob and stepped in. Joyce was on her knees before the *petaca*, in the act of fitting a clumsy key into the homemade lock.

"Where did you find the Ellis Island trunk?" he asked jovially.

She turned her head and stared up at him out of unbelieving eyes. "It was my father's," she answered automatically. Then she rose, holding tight to the key, and stood at her full height. Here was transformation with a vengeance. She was a tower and beautiful—so beautiful it made his throat ache. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Who told you you could come in?"

He backed against the door until the latch clicked shut. "You did. I knocked and I thought I heard you say, 'Come in.'"

"You were mistaken. Please go."

"Aw, get off the horse, Joycie. Can't you talk from the floor for once in your life?"

Abruptly her frown deepened. "Did they send for you?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Blackadder and my stepmother."

"They did not; I brought myself."

"Then take yourself away."

"What's the rush, Joycie, now I'm here? Listen, let's have a showdown. I've told you over and over again I can give you a lot of things and so can you me, but I've done all the crawling I'm going to do. Besides, I've just had a tip. So I'm asking you for the last time—will you marry me or won't you?"

"I won't, now or ever."

His eyes narrowed as they traveled swiftly up and down her erect figure. He wanted her—wanted her so badly no price seemed too high to pay. Since the age of twelve he had been spoiled as only sudden wealth can spoil. Whatever he asked for he got if money could buy it, but now, looking at Joyce, he knew his first moment of impotence and a tormenting thirst. He stood balancing between bravado and something else, something incredible.

"Joycie," he half blubbered, "Joycie!"

He stepped toward her, his fingers itching but his eyes frightened and wet. Abruptly he stopped. She stood with the big key held tightly in her right hand as though it were a dagger. Pressed against her dark dress her fist seemed small and white, yet powerful. She had brought him to a halt with only a look—a look of loathing beyond words.

Nothing she might have said aloud could have expressed such all-embracing detestation. But what made the sting unbearable was the conviction her look was directed at him individually—that she had it in her power to show for somebody else a love as warm as her scorn was searing. He turned, tore open the door and rushed from the room.

BLACKADDER, held by a curious speculation, had remained with Irma. Frowningly he watched Kirkpatrick make for the back stairs, then he turned to stare steadfastly at Mrs. Sewell till two spots of color flared in her cheeks.

"Irma, you're a wonder. I've always known you were determined but I never suspected you'd go to such a length—baiting your hook with solitude!"

Mrs. Sewell's eyes grew moist with hurt. "Helm, how can you say such a thing to me? How could you imagine it? Young people nowadays have a freedom you and I never knew. They think nothing of being alone for hours at a time—nothing! And if it doesn't mean a thing to them—"

"Oh, I'm not criticizing the ways of the lucky young," interrupted Blackadder. "It's you I'm admiring."

"Really?"

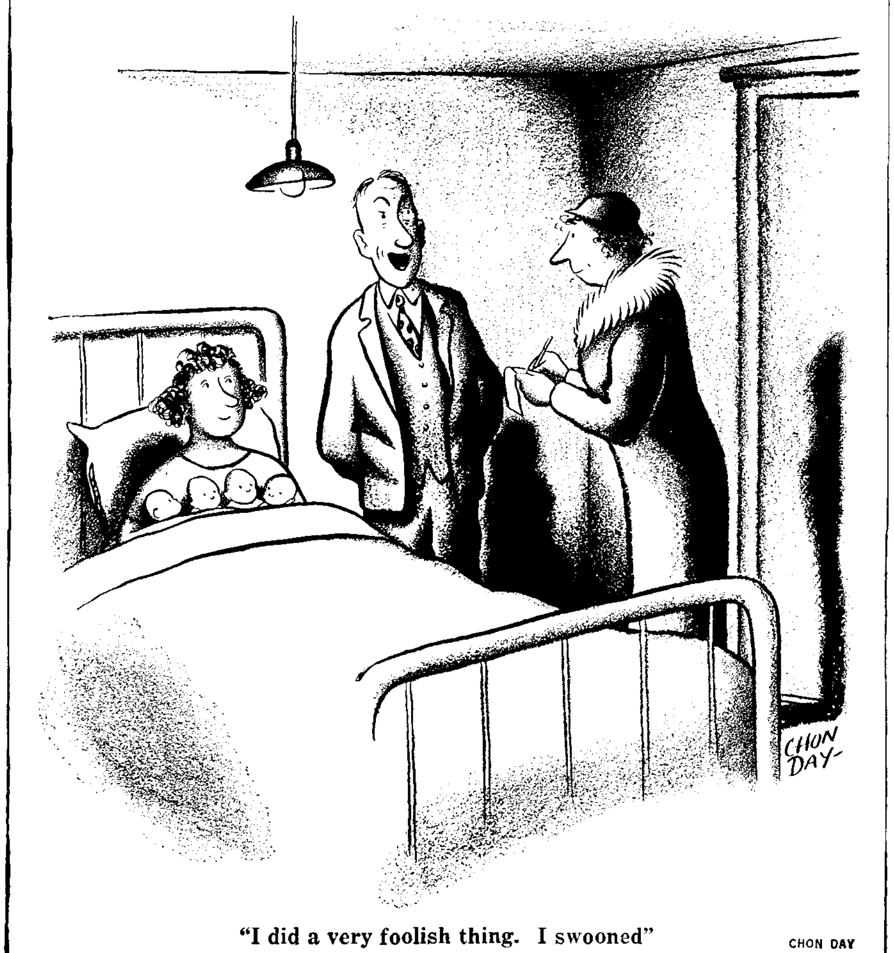
"Really," he assured her. "You've got the brand of grit that stops at nothing."

She did not answer, her ears torn between listening to him and waiting for some sound from above. All expression left her face, leaving it stripped to fundamentals. He studied it, fascinated. It looked indomitable but not forbidding, since it had something of the grandeur of a sheer crag. Poor Joyce, he thought. She hadn't a chance, but before it could occur to him to include himself in his commiseration, there was a clattering of feet on the back stairs and Kirkpatrick was striding the length of the room.

"Michael!" called Mrs. Sewell.

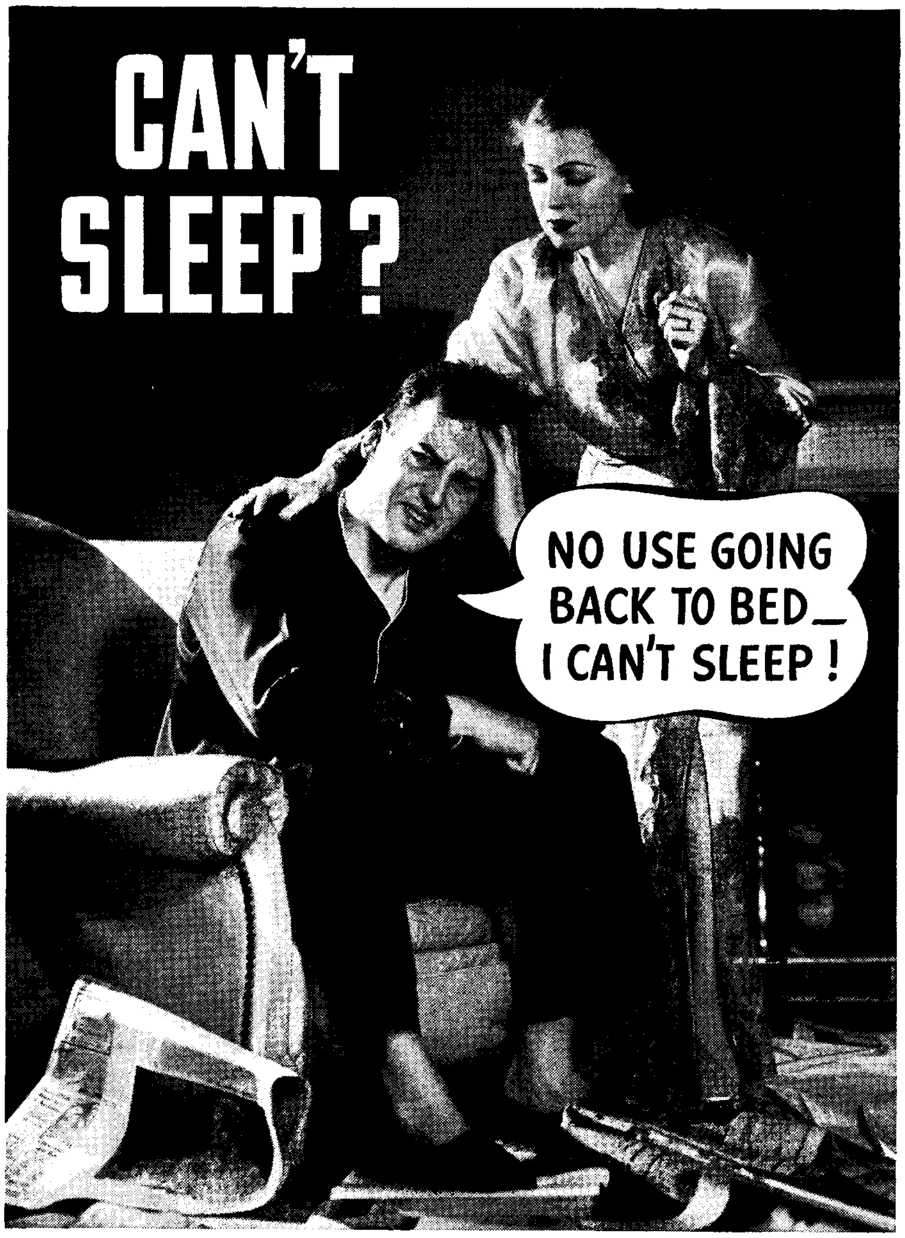
"Michael my foot!" replied Kirkpatrick from the front hall. "Say goodby

(*Continued on page 82*)



"I did a very foolish thing. I swooned"

CHON DAY


CAN'T SLEEP?
NO USE GOING BACK TO BED—I CAN'T SLEEP!

Here's a wonderful aid to sound, restful sleep

—*and* COCOMALT *helps renew strength, too*

DO YOU spend hours every night, tossing about—trying to sleep? Do you waste in restlessness and wide-eyed despair the many hours that should be bringing you *complete mental and physical* relaxation?

Be careful! Many such nights can do you irreparable harm. Deep, sound sleep is one of the first essentials for good health and calm nerves. But it should be *natural* sleep, warns medical science. It should not be induced by drugs or artificial methods.

Quick aid to sound sleep

If you are run-down, overtired—if your sleep is restless and broken—drink a cup of nutritious, hot Cocomalt before retiring each night. This delicious, *drugless* food-drink, taken hot, does more than help induce sound sleep. Thousands find that, taken regularly, it helps to build them up. That's because Cocomalt is a highly nutritious food; yet so easily digested and so quickly assimilated that it does not burden the digestive system while you sleep. Thus, Cocomalt not only helps you to sleep peacefully — not only does it impose no digestive strain that may disturb your sleep—but it supplies essential nourishment to help restore strength and energy.

Contains 6 vital food essentials

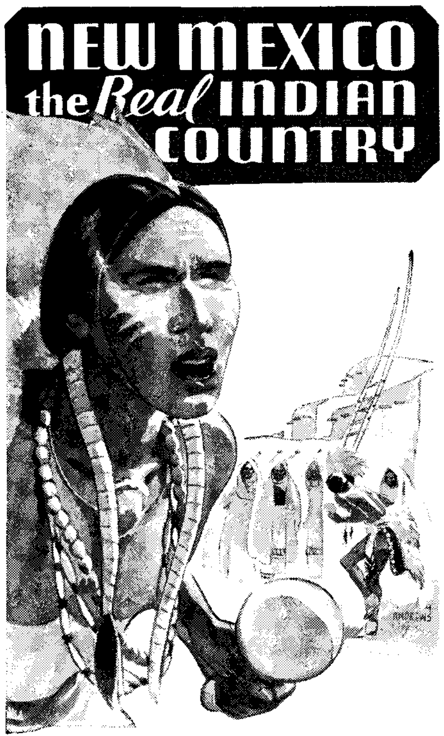
Used as a delicious mealtime beverage, Cocomalt supplies vital food essentials often deficient in the average diet—some of which are: Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus and Vitamin D.

Naturally, it is impossible to say that Cocomalt will help everybody sleep soundly. *But it has helped so many thousands of men and women suffering from sleeplessness, that you owe it to yourself to see what Cocomalt can do for you.*

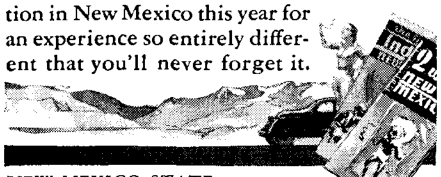
Cocomalt has benefited countless underweight children — has given many convalescents, nursing and expectant mothers much needed nourishment. Cocomalt comes in convenient powder form; designed always to be mixed with milk, hot or cold. Sold by grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. airtight cans. Don't confuse Cocomalt with mere milk flavorings, malted or cocoa drinks. Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate.

Cocomalt
A DELICIOUS FOOD DRINK
CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of the R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.


NEW MEXICO the Real INDIAN COUNTRY

IN NEW MEXICO, and only in New Mexico, the vanishing First American still lives in the picturesque and colorful fashion of his forefathers. Eighteen *pueblos,* or permanent communal villages, hardly changed since Coronado; the vast Navajo empire, and two great Apache reservations hold more than sixty thousand native Redmen. Visitors to New Mexico still see weird ceremonial dances, prayers for rain or thanks for harvest, unlike any other spectacle in America. Vacation in New Mexico this year for an experience so entirely different that you'll never forget it.



NEW MEXICO STATE
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Please send me your free booklets:
Two Weeks in New Mexico ☐
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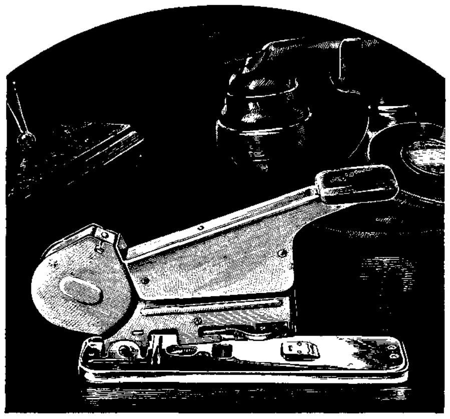
You'll bless this STAPLER a hundred times a day

A new type of stapler. Makes its own staples. 5000 in one loading. Can't jam or clog. Keep one on your desk; use it for correspondence, receipts, checks, vouchers, briefs, reports, samples and orders. You'll find so many uses, you'll wonder how you ever did without it.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OF BATES STAPLER

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The Bates Mfg. Co., 30 Vesey Street, N. Y.
Send Bates Stapler for free trial

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(Continued from page 81)

to yourselves for me for the rest of my natural life. I haven't time."

"Bad temper," remarked Blackadder. "I guess I'm a poor picker, going and coming. I'd better be on my way."

She saw him out herself, but as soon as he had gone she hurried upstairs to Joyce's door. She tried to open it but it was locked. She knocked.

"Joyce! Joyce!"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm here."

"Let me in, please."

"No. Please leave me alone. I'm going to bed. I'm quite all right and I don't want anything to eat."

"Very well, dear. Perhaps Helm and I were wrong about Michael, but I'll keep the rest of what I had to say until tomorrow."

Joyce, kneeling on the floor, listened to her departing footsteps, then bent over the little rawhide trunk, turned the key and raised the lid. Looking down at the mass of letters, documents and blueprints, her heart failed her, but she set to work to examine, to read, and the more she read the harder did the blood hammer in her temples.

Her father's last years had left her the memory of a weakling, a lovable weakling. Now, immersed in his fervent letters and shocked by the impersonal frigidity of the replies they had evoked, she saw him in his true proportions—as a martyr burned at the stake. Anger at injustice mounted into rage and rage into the incandescent heat that tempers steel to a cutting edge. He had left no son to avenge his wrongs—only a girl. She dug her nails into the palms of her hands. Some day, somehow, she would find a way. Again there came a knock at her door, a hesitant knock quite unlike her stepmother's.

"Who is it?" she whispered hoarsely.

"It's me, Miss Joyce," answered the maid's voice. "I've brought you a letter and a bit of supper."

"Thanks, Ellen, but I don't want a thing to eat. Please slip the letter under the door."

IT WAS long and without a stamp, probably a circular. Her inclination was to let it lie, but abruptly she was seized by its similarity to a dozen envelopes in the *petaca*, all bearing the penalty-for-private-use formula. A pale yellow slip fluttered to the floor as she tore open the official envelope and unfolded the letter within. She read it at a glance, then again slowly, word by word: "At the instance of the Mexican Ambassador, who has deposited the necessary funds, I beg to enclose a warrant on the Treasury of the United States for ten thousand dollars, compensation in full for the death of Ann Burden Sewell. Your endorsement will be sufficient receipt."

She caught up the pale yellow slip. Sitting cross-legged, she stared and stared at it, for it looked like no check she had ever seen. Yet its purport was unmistakable—the Treasury of the United States held ten thousand dollars at her disposal. The finger of fate was upon her. If this amazing windfall had come an hour sooner she might have signed it over to her stepmother, flung it at her with actual joy, in payment for back rent and board. But not now—no, not now. She put her arms around the *petaca,* pressed her cheek against its arabesques of brass tacks and bowed her head as if she were making a vow. Presently she went to bed, but lay awake for a long time, dreaming, planning, then floating off into a restful haze midway between sleep and consciousness.

In the morning she was up early. She drank her coffee with eyes on the clock and shortly after nine was being shown into the private office of the president of the City National Bank. Toward the last Mr. Bradley had been her father's only remaining friend. One by one the others had fallen away, worn out with watching a fellow being shrivel into the semblance of a lost soul. Mr. Bradley, however, had proved of other caliber. Deep under the placid surface of his mild exterior lay a solid rock of integrity linked to an unsuspected capacity for passion in its highest and most abstract sense. He peered questioningly at his visitor through thick lenses.

"It's Joyce," she reminded him—"Joyce Sewell."

"Why, of course! How you've grown, my dear. You're lovely!"

AT HIS words her smile lit all the fires within her, lending her a sudden incandescent beauty. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you're alive!"

"Me too. Sit down, Joyce. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Bradley, are bankers like doctors, lawyers and priests? I mean are they bound to keep a secret if you ask them to?"

"They are and they aren't. A court order can open wide our mouths and our vaults, but short of that we're bound to respect our clients' wishes. Why? Have you a secret you want to deposit?"

"Yes; oh, yes."

He leaned toward her and asked in a whisper, "Is it about the check for ten thousand?" She sank back, her eyes wide, the color draining from her cheeks. He patted her knee reassuringly and chuckled. "There, there, that was a mean trick. Nobody knows but me, my dear. It was I who supplied your name and address."

"Oh!" breathed Joyce. "Please don't ever do a thing like that to me again!"

"You're safe. I doubt whether I'll ever have another chance. But why the secrecy?"

"Because I'm going away and I don't want anybody to know where." She leaned forward. "Mr. Bradley, you know my father's story, don't you?"

"No man knows it better, and that goes for his one-time lawyers."

"I learned it last night," said Joyce. "I read every letter, every paper, every deed back to the original grant from the King of Spain. Is there any doubt La Barranca belonged to my father?"

"None whatever. He had as clear a title as I have to my hat or my coat or anything else I've paid for in cash."

"Then it's mine now."

"I wish I could answer no to that, but I can't."

"Why? Why do you put it that way?"

"Because I'd hate to see you butting your head against the wall of indifference in Washington that killed your father—a wall as thick as this country is wide. Nobody cared what happened to him and they won't care any more about you."

Her face fell but not her eyes. "Have you a conscience, Mr. Bradley?"

"Me?" he exclaimed, puzzled and astonished. Then his cheeks colored a pale pink. "Listen, young lady, if you're worrying as to how we'd handle your—"

"Oh, no—no!" interrupted Joyce. "I was thinking of myself, not you. I was wondering whether it's ever right to—to take your conscience and choke it."

His eyes twinkled violently but he did not laugh. "I see. What's your conscience been telling you to do?"

"Give this money to my stepmother."

"What for?"

"Well, for all she's done—keeping me all these years."

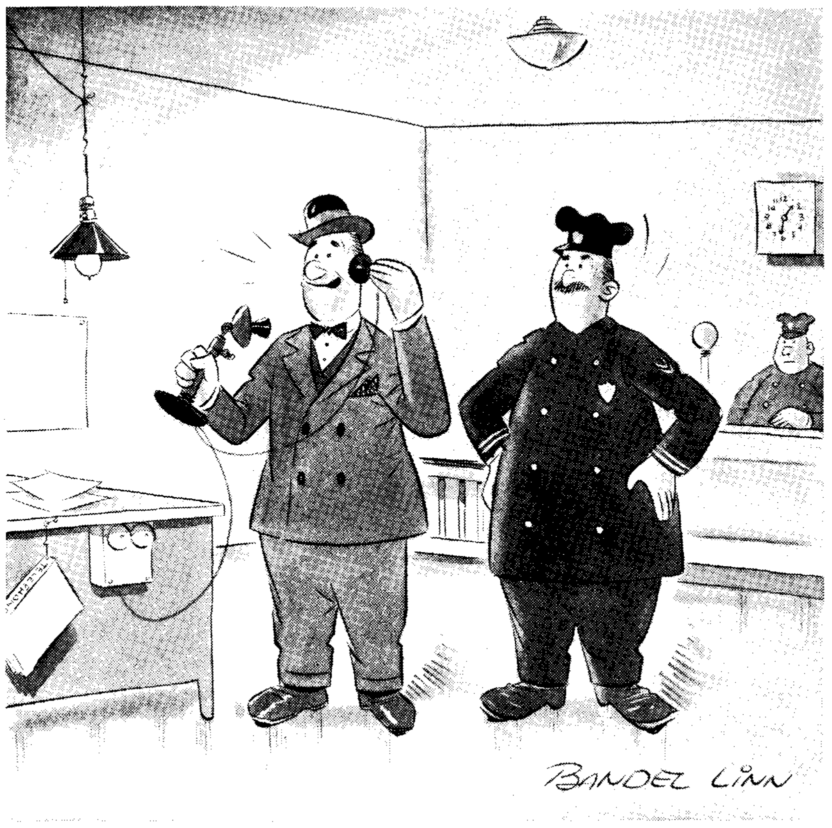
MR. BRADLEY'S eyes shone with a strange and increasing fire. "Who's been stuffing your head with that?" he demanded. "Anyway, let me put you straight. In the first place stepparents are required by law to do what's been done for you; it's an integral part of their original bargain. In the second, Irma's kindness ruined your father by keeping him from going to work. In the third, since she's a do-good-to-others addict, she's had her money's worth out of the two of you ten times over."

For a moment he thought she was going to cry, her eyes grew so luminous, but she controlled her trembling lips. "Thank you," she murmured. "You don't know what you've done for me. Now I can do what I've been planning; I can go."

"Where to, Joyce?"

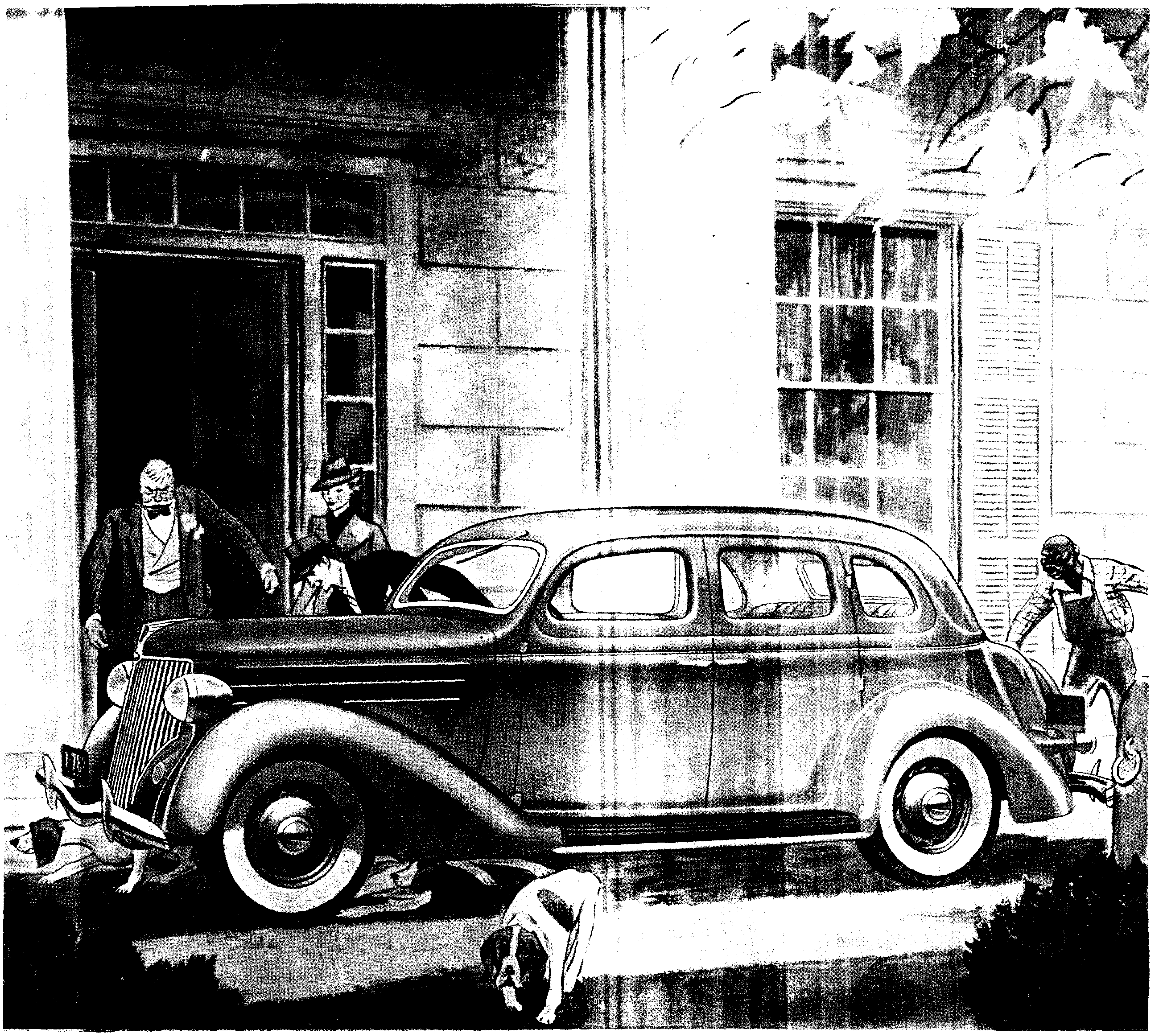
She looked at him steadfastly. "All those years my father stayed here, Mr. Bradley. But La Barranca isn't here; it's in Mexico. I'm going to Mexico."

(To be continued next week)



"Listen, Honey! They got me for murder again! I'll be home about eight o'clock!"

BANDEL LINN



Years of Good Service

The Ford V-8 is made to stand up under long, hard service. . . . Ford cars are constantly being subjected to the severest tests it is possible to make—in laboratory and factory and on the road. Wherever parts are made by one group of men, another group is bent on destroying these parts—trying to find flaws—trying to break things down. . . . The Ford policy is never to be satisfied with the work of today. Tomorrow must bring a better way. Nothing just good enough ever gets the go-ahead in the Ford plants. . . . It costs more to make a car like this—costs us more for materials and machines and inspections. But it means better service to car owners—has built the Ford reputation for reliability. . . . Each year the Ford gives you more in value and costs you less to run. Owners' records show that today's Ford V-8 is the most dependable and most economical Ford car ever built.

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$25 A MONTH, WITH USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT, BUYS ANY NEW FORD V-8 CAR ON NEW UCC ½ PER CENT PER MONTH FINANCE PLANS

Big things have happe
since you or you

For the First Time
A BUILT-IN THERMOMETER TELLS YOU EXACTLY HOW COLD IT IS

There's no longer any uncertainty regarding the temperature inside your refrigerator. You may always *know* that the food in your 1936 Kelvinator is perfectly protected, whether the temperature in the kitchen is 50 or 110 degrees. For the 1936 Kelvinator is equipped with a built-in thermometer that tells you in unmistakable figures that the food compartment is surely, safely, dependably cold.

Beautiful CABINETS OF MODERN DESIGN

The new Kelvinator is the most beautiful refrigerator we have ever produced.

With the aid of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, world-famous designer, Kelvinator engineers have combined beauty with utility. Every inch of food space is instantly accessible. Every article can be seen at a glance and reached without effort.

With the aid of modern scientific discovery, Kelvinator — pioneer in elec tric refrigeration—now offers a refrigerator far in advance of forme standards—far more complete in its service to users—far more economica in its cost of operation. . . . It makes its greatest contribution in th basic fundamentals of refrigeration service.

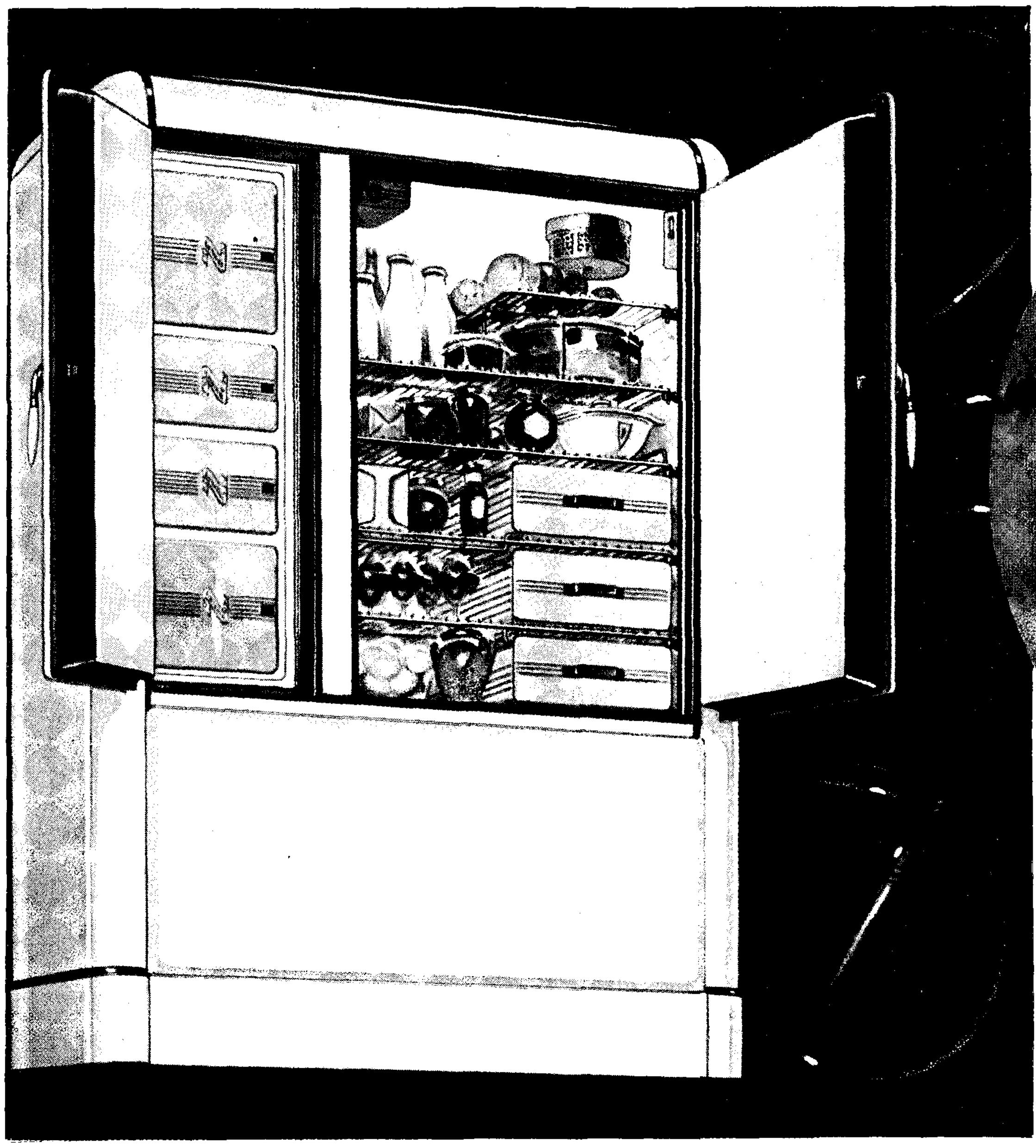
So important are these new developments that the 1936 Kelvinatc will appeal instantly to a vast number of present users of mechanica refrigerators who will want to replace what they have today wit something infinitely better.

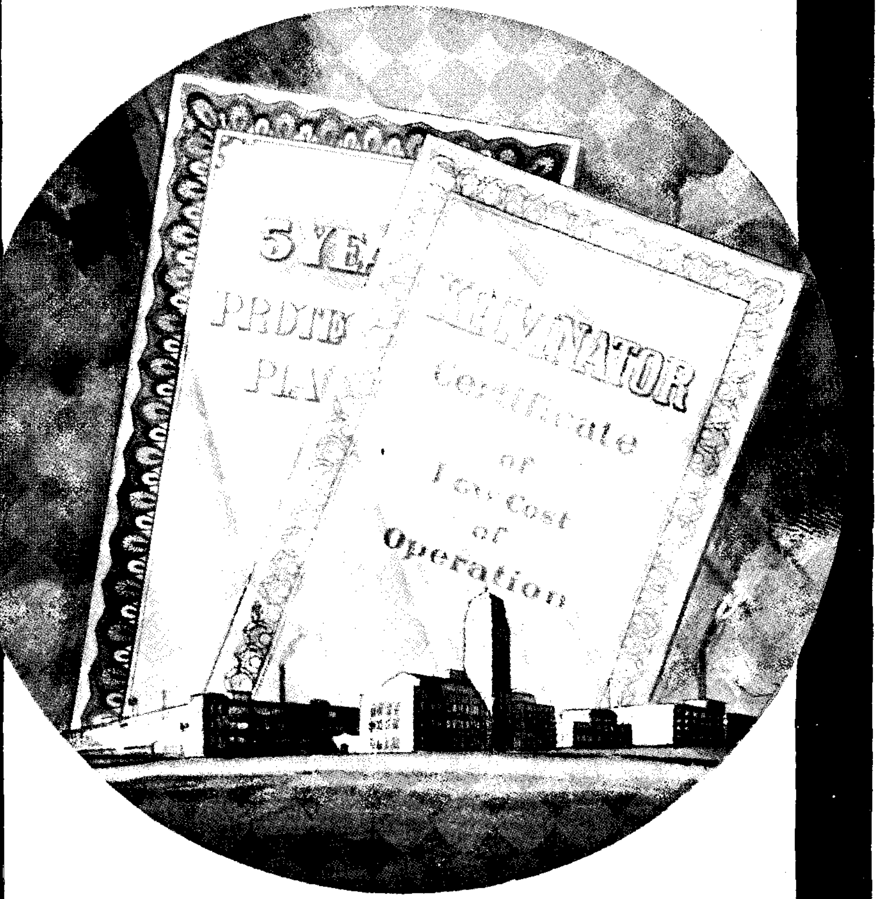
New controls have made it possible to maintain accurate, constar temperatures in the food compartment—temperatures at which food kept fresh, safe, healthful, free from spoilage whether the temperature i the kitchen is 50 or 110 degrees. So accurate and responsive are thes controls, and so important are the temperatures they maintain that w have equipped Kelvinator with a built-in thermometer that tells yo exactly how cold it is.

See the new KELVINATOR

ed ———

riends bought refrigerators





For the First Time

TO A FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN—WE HAVE ADDED CERTIFIED LOW COST OF OPERATION

The new Kelvinator comes to you, backed by a 5-year Protection Plan, written and signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

Furthermore, for the first time in the history of the business, Kelvinator provides you with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. This is evidence of the company's confidence in the performance of the new 1936 Kelvinator.

The new Kelvinator operates on amazingly little current—one-half, possibly one-third, as much as many refrigerators now in use. And each Kelvinator is sold with a signed Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.

See the new Kelvinator. It represents progress just as great as did your present refrigerator at the time you bought it, over the methods you formerly used. We believe you will find the 1936 Kelvinator will cost you less to own and use and enjoy than any other refrigerator you could buy. It is now being shown by dealers everywhere.

The 1936 Kelvinator is the Only Refrigerator That Offers *ALL* These Features

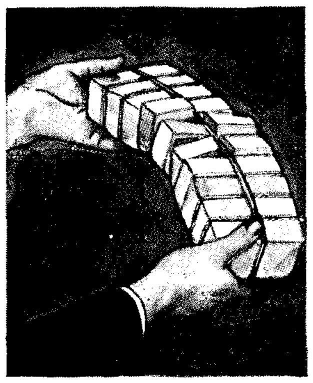
1. A built-in thermometer.... 2. A Certificate of Low Cost of Operation.... 3. New beauty in design.... 4. 5-year protection plan.... 5. Flexible grids in all ice trays. ... 6. Interior light.... 7. Food crisper.... 8. Vegetable basket.... 9. Automatic defrosting switch.... 10. Sliding shelves.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

All ICE TRAYS HAVE FLEXIBLE RUBBER GRIDS

The new 1936 Kelvinator, for the first time, provides modern, convenient, flexible rubber grids in all ice trays.

This means that ice cubes are instantly accessible. It means colder, larger ice cubes. It eliminates the inconvenience of ice removal and gives you all the ice in every tray, easily and quickly.



Your next refrigerator

The Invisible President

Continued from page 17

Mark Hepburn looked away. He was afraid of her eyes. Nayland Smith's injunction, "Be very careful," seemed to ring in his ears.

"Why did you have to go to him?" he asked.

"Well—although I know how hard this must be for you to understand—Harvey Bragg, although he never knew it, was little more than a cog in a wheel. I am another cog in the same wheel." She smiled, but not happily. "He never really controlled the League of Good Americans, nor the many other organizations of which he was the nominal head."

"Then who does control them?" he questioned harshly.

"When I say that I don't know, I am literally speaking the truth. But there's someone far bigger than Harvey Bragg working behind the scenes. Please believe that I dare not tell you any more, now."

Hepburn clenched his fists, plunged deep in the pockets of his topcoat.

"Was Harvey Bragg's murder in accordance with the—" he hesitated—"revolutions of this wheel?"

"I don't know. All I know is that it is not to be allowed to interfere with the carrying on of the objects of the league."

"What are these objects?"

Moya Adair paused for a moment.

"I think, but I am not sure, to introduce a new form of government into the United States. Truly—" she stood up—"it is impossible for me to tell you any more. Mr. Purcell, you made a bargain with me, and our time is very short. When you understand more about my position you will see how hard it is to answer some of your questions."

MARK HEPBURN stood up also, and nodded. His middle name (his mother's) was Purcell, and as Purcell he had introduced himself to Mrs. Adair.

"Which way do we go?"

"This way," said Moya, and side by side they walked in the direction of the Sherman equestrian statue. Hepburn was silent, sometimes glancing aside at his equally silent companion. She made no attempt to break this silence until they had passed the end of the bridle-path, when:

"Shall we want a taxi?" Hepburn asked.

"Yes, but not a Lotus."

"Why?"

They came out through the Scholar's Gate.

"I have my reasons. Look! this one will do."

As the taxi moved off to a Park Avenue address of which he made a careful mental note:

"I understand," said Hepburn dryly, "that Harvey Bragg was a director of the Lotus Transport Corporation?'

"He was."

The immensity of the scheme was beginning to dawn upon him. Vehicles belonging to the Lotus Corporation of one kind or another, ranged practically over the whole of the land. All employees belonged to the League of Good Americans: so much he knew. Assuming that they could be used, if necessary, as spies, what a network lay here at command of the master mind! As the countless possibilities presented themselves he turned and stared at Moya Adair. She was watching him earnestly.

"When we arrive at the apartment to which we are going," she said, "I shall have to ask you to play the part of an old friend. Do you mind?"

Mark Hepburn clenched his teeth. Moya's gloved hand rested listlessly upon the seat beside him. He grasped and held it for a moment.

"I sincerely wish I were," he replied.

She smiled; and he thought that her smile, although impersonal, was almost affectionate.

"Thank you. I mean, we must address each other by our Christian names. So you have my permission to call me Moya. What am I to call *you?*"

Suddenly, that alluring coquetry which had delighted and then repelled him at the Tower of the Holy Thorn made her eyes dance. A little dimple appeared at the left corner of her mouth.

"Mark."

"Thank you," said Moya. "I think very soon you will find yourself christened 'Uncle' Mark."

"Lay back down an' rest your head on the nice pillow we got to make you comfortable"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

DR. FU MANCHU pressed a button on his table and, in a domed room where the Memory Man, as a result of many hours of patient toil, had nearly completed another of those majestic clay heads the making of which alone relieved the tedium of his life, the amber light went out.

"Give me the latest report," came a curt, guttural order, "from the number in charge of Mott Street patrol."

"To hand at 3:10 P. M. Report as follows: Strength of government agents and police in this area doubled since noon. Access to entrances one and two impossible. A government agent, heavily guarded and so far unidentified, in charge. Indications point to a raid pending. This report from Number 41."

Amber light prevailed again in the Gothic room, and the sculptor, Egyptian cigarette in mouth, proceeded delicately to accentuate the gibbous brow of his subject. . . .

Dr. Fu Manchu, who had produced this change of light by the pressure of a button, sat for a while with closed eyes. The first steps in his campaign had been successfully taken. The next step was by far the most difficult. The atmosphere of that strange study must have been unbreathable by an average man. A graying pencil of smoke arose from an incense burner set upon one corner of the table. Dr. Fu Manchu had his own methods of inducing mental stimulation. Presently, he touched a switch and two points of light appeared. A moment he waited and then:

"Attend carefully to the orders I am about to give," he directed; he spoke in Chinese.

"I am listening, Master," the voice of old Sam Pak replied.

"A plot is brewing to set the dogs upon us, my friend. Listen with great care. No one is to enter or to leave Base 3 until further instructions are received from me. Doors leading to street entrances are to remain locked. Our visitors tonight will enter by the river gate. Their safety rests with you. All are important; some are distinguished. I shall keep you informed as the situation develops."

"THAT is the reason . . . Mark (I must get used to calling you Mark while you are here), why I am so helpless."

Through uncurtained French windows Mark Hepburn looked out from the penthouse apartment onto a roof garden. The vegetation of the rock plants was scanty at this season; a little fountain was frozen over. But he could imagine that in spring and summer this was a very pleasant spot. In the frosty sunlight a small, curly-haired boy was romping with a nurse, a capable-looking woman nearing middle age. Her habitual expression Hepburn assumed to be grim, but now she was laughing gayly as she played with her little charge.

Her gayety was not forced—that of a dutiful employee; it radiated real happiness. With the aid of a pile of cushions set beside the wall, the small boy was making strenuous endeavors to stand on his head. His flushed face, every time that he collapsed and looked up at her, reduced the nurse to helpless laughter. He gave it up after a while and sat there grinning.

"God bless us, bairn, you'll bring all the blood to your daft little head if you keep on," she exclaimed, speaking with a marked Scottish accent.

"Is there blood in my head, Goofy?" the boy inquired, wide-eyed. "I fought it on'y came up to there"—he indicated his throat.

"Where d'you think it comes from when your nose bleeds?"

"Never fought of that, Goofy."

Mark Hepburn, watching the mop of red-brown curls ruffled by the breeze, the clear blue eyes, the formation of the child's mouth, the roundness of his chin, experienced an unfamiliar sensation of weakness compounded of pity and of swift, intense affection. He turned his head slowly, looking at Moya Adair.

Her lips trembled, but her eyes were happy as she smiled up at him and waited.

"There's no need for me to ask," he said. His harsh voice seemed slightly to have softened. He was recalling the details of Mrs. Adair's record which he had been at such pains to secure. "I should have remembered."

"Yes." She nodded. "My big son. He's just four. . . ."

WHEN, presently, Mark Hepburn met Robbie Adair, the boy registered approval save in regard to Hepburn's budding beard. He was a healthily frank young ruffian and took no pains to disguise his distastes. He had a disarmingly cheerful grin.

"I like you, Uncle Mark, all 'cept your whiskers," was his summary.

This dislike of beards, so expressed, produced a shocked protest from Nurse Goff and led to further inquiries by Moya, frowning, although her eyes danced with laughter. Interrogation brought to light the fact that Robbie associated beards with untidy hair and a peculiar form of insanity.

"There's someone I know, up there," he explained, pointing vaguely apparently towards heaven; "his hair blows about in the wind all in a mess like yours. He makes heads. He holds 'em up, and then he smashes 'em. So you see, Uncle Mark, he *is* mad."

Robbie grinned.

"Whatever are you talking about, Robbie?" Moya, kneeling on a cushion, threw her arm around the boy's shoulders, glancing up at Mark Hepburn. "Do *you* know what he means?"

Mark shook his head slowly, looking into the beautiful eyes upraised to his, so like, yet so wonderfully different from, the eyes of the boy. He became aware of the fact that he was utterly happy, a kind of happiness he had never known before. And down upon this unlawful joy (for why should *he* be happy in the midst of stress, conflict, murder, black hypocrisy) he clapped the icy hand of a Puritan conscience. Nurse Goff had gone into the apartment leaving the three together.

Some change in Hepburn's expression made Moya turn aside. She pressed her cheek against Robbie's curly head.

"We don't know what you mean, dear," she said. "Won't you tell us?"

"I mean," said Robbie stoutly, turning and staring into her face from a distance of not more than an inch away, "there's a man who is mad; he has funny hair and he lives up there!"

"Where exactly do you mean, Robbie?"

She glanced aside at Mark Hepburn. He was watching her intently.

The boy pointed.

"On the very top of that tall tower."

Mark Hepburn stared in the direction which Robbie indicated. The building in question was the Stratton Tower, one of New York's very high buildings, and the

From its OLD KENTUCKY HOME

it rose to be a nation's choice

Looking for extra-good straight whiskey at a low price, have you tried Crab Orchard lately?

It's straight as whiskey can be. It's ripe, ruddy bourbon from Old Kentucky, where they know good whiskey and—more important to you—how to make it good. Its price is now down to the place where you can easily afford it without straining your budget.

With fifteen months of slow aging in wood, it's now better than ever. Eight times as many people are finding that out for themselves and that's how many more are buying it now as compared with last year.

You'll be smart to buy it too. For you'll be enjoying the taste you want in the kind of whiskey you want and still be money to the good.

In it you get not only mature age. You get full 93 proof, and *that means better whiskey!* You get natural brilliance and color. Before you taste it you can see its quality in the way it holds its sprightly full rich bead.

When you first try Crab Orchard you will say there's little wonder that it has become a nation's choice. Get it at bars and stores everywhere, and accept no substitutes.

A GOOD GUIDE NATIONAL DISTILLERS TO GOOD WHISKEY

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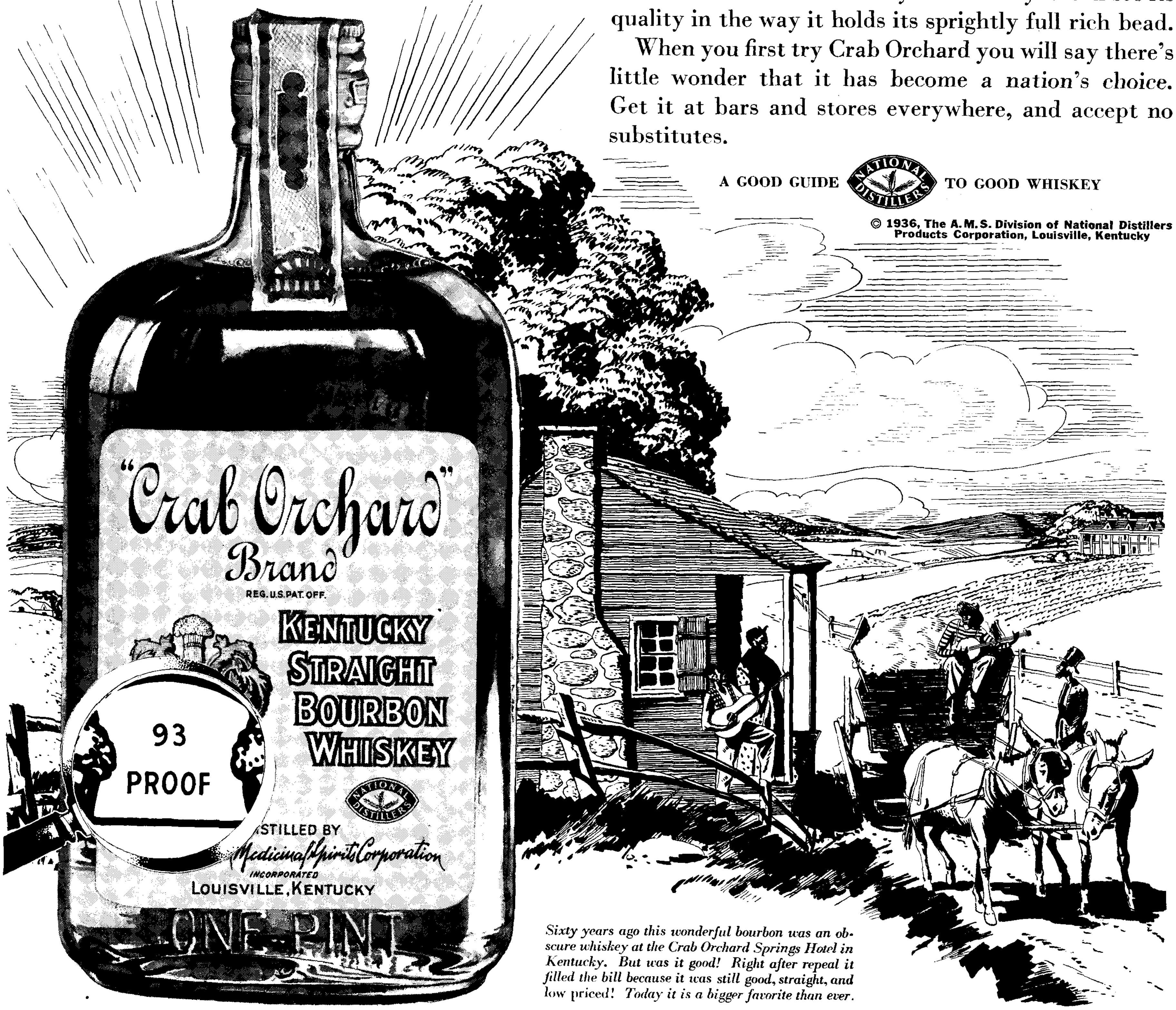
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
93 PROOF
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ONE PINT

Sixty years ago this wonderful bourbon was an obscure whiskey at the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel in Kentucky. But was it good! Right after repeal it filled the bill because it was still good, straight, and low priced! Today it is a bigger favorite than ever.

LAXATIVES? I NEVER NEED THEM ANY MORE!

Don't Be a Slave to CATHARTICS

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical everyday diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nutlike taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
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The Invisible President

Continued from page 86

same which formed a feature of the landscape as viewed from the apartment which he shared with Nayland Smith. He continued to stare in that direction, endeavoring to capture some memory which the sight of the obelisklike structure topped by a pointed dome sharply outlined against that cold, blue sky, stirred.

He stood up, walked to the wall surrounding the roof garden and took his bearings. He realized that he stood at a level much below that of the fortieth floor of the Regal Tower, but in point of distance much nearer to the building the boy indicated.

"He always comes out at night. On'y sometimes I'm asleep and don't see him."

It was the word "night," which gave Hepburn the clue, captured a furtive memory—a memory of three lighted windows at the top of the Stratton Tower which he had seen and speculated about on the night when, with Nayland Smith, he had waited for the coming of "Fly" Carlo.

He turned and stared at Robbie.

"You say he makes heads?"

"Yes. I seen him up there."

"At night?"

"Not always."

"And then you say he smashes them?"

"Yes, he always smashes 'em."

LATER, in the cozy sitting-room, delicately feminine in its every appointment, Mark Hepburn sat looking at Moya Adair. She smiled almost timidly.

"I suppose," she said, "it's hard for you to understand, but—"

The door opened and a curly head was thrust into the room, followed by a grin.

"Don't go, Uncle Mark," Robbie cried, "till I say goodby."

He disappeared. Mark Hepburn, watching Moya as with mock severity she signaled to the boy to run away, wondered if there was anything more beautiful in nature than a young mother.

"I am glad," he said, and his monotonous voice in some queer way sounded different, "that you have this great interest in your life."

"My only interest," she replied simply. "I go on for him. Otherwise—" she shook her head—"I should not be here now."

"Still I don't understand why you serve this man you call the President."

"Yet the explanation is very simple. Although the guards are not visible, both entrances to this building are watched night and day. Whenever Robbie goes out with his nurse he is covered until they return. He is never allowed to walk on the streets, but is driven to the garden of the house on Long Island. That is his only playground except the one on the roof outside."

"I suppose I am dense," said Mark Hepburn, "but even now I don't understand!"

"This apartment belongs to the President, although he rarely visits it. Mary Goff is my own servant; she has been in my service since the boy was born. Otherwise—I have no one. For two months, Robbie disappeared—"

"He was kidnapped?"

"Yes, he was kidnapped. That was before all this began. Then, the President sent for me. I was naturally distracted; I think I should very soon have died. He made me an offer which, I think, any mother would have accepted. I accepted without hesitation. I am allowed to come here, even to bring friends, whilst I carry out the duties allotted to me. If I failed—" she bit her lip—"I should never see Robbie again."

"But after all," Mark Hepburn exclaimed hotly, "there's a law in the land!"

"You don't know the President," Moya replied simply.

In the room where the Memory Man worked patiently upon his strange piece of modeling, a distant bell rang and the amber light went out.

"Give me the latest report," came the hated, dominating voice, "of the number in charge of party covering Base 3."

"A report to hand," came an immediate reply in those terse, Teutonic tones, "timed 5:15. Police have been further reinforced. Chinese approaching the areas, one, two and three, have been interrogated. Government agent in charge not yet identified. Several detectives and federal agents have been in Wu King's bar since noon. Report ends. From Number 41."

Following a silent interval during which in the darkness the Memory Man lighted a fresh Egyptian cigarette from the stump of the old one:

"The latest report," the voice directed, "from the number covering Eileen Breon."

"Report to hand timed 4:35. A man, bearded, wearing glasses and a driving coat with a fur collar, age estimated at thirty-five, arrived in her company at the apartment at 3:29. He remained for an hour; covered on leaving. He proceeded on foot to Grand Central. Operatives covering lost his track in the crowd. Report ends. This is from Number 39."

"Most unsatisfactory. Give me the latest report from the Regal-Athenian."

"Only one to hand timed 5:10 P. M. Owing to long nonappearance of federal agents Hepburn and Smith, number suggests—"

"Suggestions are not reports," the guttural voice said harshly. "What is this man's number?"

"Number 52."

Following a further brief silence:

"Make the connection," the harsh voice directed. "You are free for four hours."

Amber light prevailed again. The sculptor, brushing back his mane of white hair with a tragic gesture, adjusted the dictaphone attachment which during his hours of rest took the place of his phenomenal memory. No message came through during the time that he gathered up lovingly the implements of his art, sole solace of the prisoner's life.

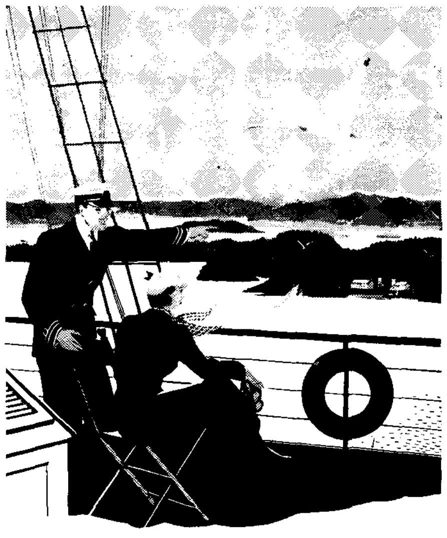
Carrying the half-completed clay model, he crossed to the hidden door, opened it, and descended to that untidy apartment which, with the balcony outside, made up his world. He threw wide the French windows and went out.

Setting the clay upon the table, he returned, and took a photographic printing frame from its place in the window. Removing the print, he immersed it in a glass tray. As its tones grew deeper, it presented itself as an enlargement of that tiny colored head—the model which eternally he sought to reproduce.

MARK HEPBURN, fully alive to the fact that he had been covered from the moment when he had left the apartment where Moya Adair's small son lived—a prisoner—experienced an almost savage delight in throwing his pursuers off the track in the great railway station.

He had detected them—they were two—by the time that he descended the steps. He knew that Moya's happiness, perhaps the life of Robbie, depended upon his maintaining the character of a family friend. Whatever happened, he must not be identified as a federal agent.

Furthermore, at any cost, he must combat a growing fear, almost supersti-



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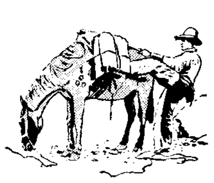

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tious, of the powers of Dr. Fu Manchu; even a minor triumph over the agents of that sinister, invisible being would help to banish an inferiority complex which threatened to claim him. He succeeded in throwing off his pursuers, very ordinary underworld toughs, without great difficulty.

A covered truck was waiting at a spot appointed. In it, he donned blue overalls, and presently entered a service door of the Regal-Athenian, a peaked cap pulled down over his eyes, and carrying a crate upon his shoulder.

The death of Blondie Hahn, demigod of the underworld, and of "Fly" Carlo, notorious cat burglar, had been swamped as news by the assassination of Harvey Bragg.

Mark Hepburn abandoned the problem of how this atrocity fitted into the schemes of that perverted genius who aimed to secure control of the country. He was keyed up to ultimate tension, insanely happy because he had read kindness in the eyes of Moya Adair; guiltily conscious of the fact that perhaps he had not performed his duty to the government, indeed, did not know where it lay. But now, as Fey, stoic-faced, opened the door of the apartment, he found himself to be doubly eager for the great attempt planned by Nayland Smith to trap some at least of these remorseless plotters, it might be even the great chief, in their subterranean lair.

"SHUT off," snapped Nayland Smith. "Drift on the current."

The purr of the engine ceased.

A million lights looked down through frosty air upon them, lights which from river level seemed to tower up to the vault of the sky. Upon the shores were patches of red light, blue light and green, reflected upon slowly moving water. Restless lights, like fireflies, darted, mingled, and reappeared again upon the bridges. The lights of a ferryboat crossed smoothly astern: lights of every color, static and febrile, fairy lights high up in the sky, elfin lights, Jack-o'-lanterns, low down upon the sullen tide. Hugging the shore, the motor launch, silent, drifted in an ebony belt protected from a million remorseless eyes. In the shadows below a city of light, they crept onward to their destination.

"I understand," Nayland Smith's voice came through the darkness from the bows, "that a fourth man has been reported?"

"Correct, Chief," Police Captain Corrigan replied. "He was checked in and reported by flash two minutes ago."

Staccato warning blasts of tugs, sustained notes of big ships, complemented that pattern painted by the lights: the ceaseless voice of the city framed it. The wind had dropped to a mere easterly breeze; nevertheless, it was an intensely cold night.

"There's a ladderway," said Corrigan, "with a trap opening on the dock above."

"And the property belongs to the South Coast Trade Line?"

"That's correct."

The late Harvey Bragg, as Nayland Smith had been at pains to learn, had held a controlling interest in the South Coast Trade Line. . . .

"Here we are," a voice announced.

"No engine," Nayland Smith directed. "Ease her in; there's plenty of hold."

The lights of Manhattan were lost in that dusky waterway. Sirens spoke harshly, and a ferry returning from the Brooklyn shore threw amber gleams upon the oily water. A towboat passed very close to them; her passage set the launch dancing. All lights had been doused, when that of an electric torch speared the darkness.

A wooden platform became visible. From it a ladder arose and disappeared into shadow above. The tidal water whispered and lapped eerily as they rode the swell created by the backwash of the towboat.

"Quiet now!" Nayland Smith spoke urgently. "Lift the spar up and get it across the rail. How many men, Corrigan?"

"Forty-two, Chief."

"I can't see a soul."

"Good work by me!"

Nayland Smith rested his hand upon the shoulder of the man in the bow and mounted to the wooden platform. Another towboat went by as Corrigan joined him. Her starboard light transformed the launch party below into a crew of demons and gleamed evilly on the barrel of a gun which Corrigan carried.

"It was the same two men who brought the fourth passenger?" Smith asked.

"Can't confirm that until we check up with Eastman, who's in charge above. But the other three were brought down by a pair of Chinks, and one of the Chinks rang a bell—which I guess I can locate: I was watching through binoculars. How many times he rang—except it was more than once—is another story."

"I know how many times he rang, Corrigan. *Seven* times. . . . Find the bell."

"Got my hand on it!"

The spar, raised upon the shoulders of the launch party, now rested on the rail of the platform. Slowly, quietly it was moved forward. Corrigan snapped his fingers as a signal when it all but touched the door.

"We don't know which way it opens," he whispered — "always supposing it *does* open."

The spar separated the two men.

"That doesn't matter. Ring seven times."

Police Captain Corrigan raised his hand to a sunken bell push and pressed it seven times. Almost immediately the door opened. Beyond was cavernous darkness.

"Go to it, boys!" Corrigan shouted.

Lustily the spar was plunged through the opening. Nayland Smith and Corrigan shot rays of light into the black gap. Somewhere above a whistle blew. There came a rush of hurrying footsteps upon planking, a subdued uproar of excitement.

"Come on, Corrigan!" snapped Nayland Smith.

CORRIGAN leaped over the spar and followed his leader into black darkness now partly dispersed by the light of two torches. It was a brick tunnel in which they found themselves, illimitable so far as the power of the lights was concerned. Corrigan paused, turned, and:

"This way, boys!" he shouted.

The patter of feet echoed eerily in that narrow passage. Vaguely, against reflection from the river, the spar could be seen jammed across the doorway. Nayland Smith's light was already far ahead.

"Wait for me, Chief!" Corrigan yelled urgently. The officer in charge of the hidden party which secretly had been assembling for many hours, appeared, a silhouette against a background of shimmering water, leading his men as Corrigan sprang along the tunnel behind Nayland Smith.

Five paces Corrigan had taken when Nayland Smith turned.

"Wait for the men, Corrigan," he cried, his instructions echoing weirdly.

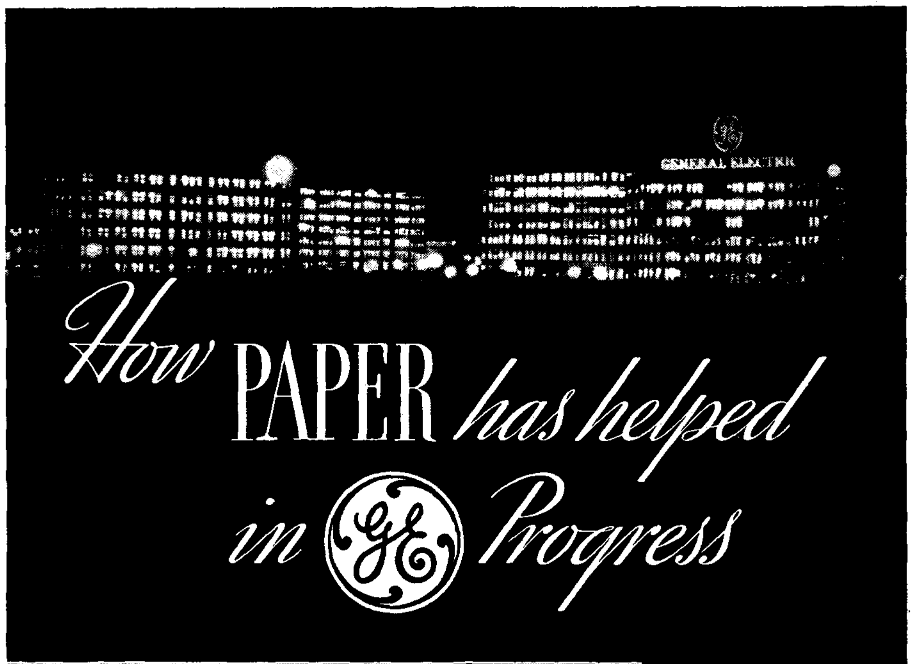
Corrigan paused, turned, and looked back. A line of figures, antlike, streamed in from the river opening. Then:

"My God! What's this?" Corrigan groaned.

Something, something which created a shattering crash, had blotted out the scene. Corrigan turned his light back. Nayland Smith was running to join him.

An iron door resembling a sluice gate had been dropped between them and the river. . . . They were cut off!

(To be continued next week)



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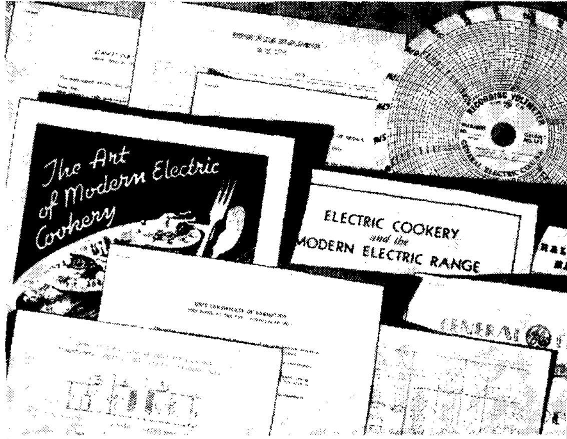
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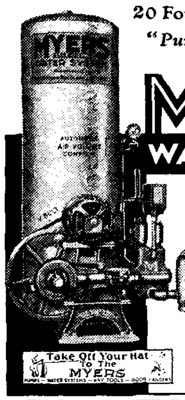

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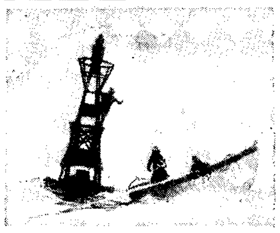
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Kiss Me, My Fool!

Continued from page 15

doesn't know her way round—but if you'll tell me where to meet you—and I can't find the place, I'm to ask a policeman. Is that right?"

"Great. Bring the policeman along. Tell him to bring his patrol wagon. We might want to ride in the park after we eat."

At five-thirty, Miss Morley came into Mr. Tandy's office. She wore a coat with a big fur collar, and a small, reckless hat, and she was pulling on some small, sedate gloves. She put her heels together and gave him a little bow. "I cannot tell a lie," she said. "I am having dinner with Mr. Hayes."

Mr. Tandy put on a ferocious scowl. "This is against all Tandy traditions and decidedly irregular and exciting. How did you bring it about?"

She blushed hotly. "I didn't. He did."

"All right. But be nice to the man. He's my oldest friend and he's in trouble up to here." Mr. Tandy placed a flat palm on the top of his head.

He went into details. "His family have been the benefactors of their town for years. I knew his father, and I met the grandfather once, when I was visiting Griff. Griff stands to lose everything if the wrong people get into office—I dunno—a lot of political and financial rigmarole, but that isn't what worries him. He's proud of his town. His people built it up. I hate to see a guy like Griff messing in politics—but he's on a spot."

He shook a fountain pen, preparatory to signing letters. He said, "You've never been asked to entertain out-of-town buyers since you've been here, Millie."

"No."

"Well, you're not being asked now—but—if it should happen to please your fancy—be cheerful with this one. He's a good guy."

She said, "Greatly refreshed, they resumed their journey. Good night, Mr. Tandy."

SHE met Mr. Hayes in a hotel lobby. He was holding a florist's box. She thought, "How nice—and country. Just like society men, in the movies."

They looked at each other for a long silent moment. Then he grinned and thrust the box at her. "For the Morley façade. And where would the lady wish to eat? Shall we go dinning, or would you care for a place so quiet you can hear the waiter's shirt-front creak?"

"Oh, let's not din. I get enough noise at the Tandy Asylum. Anyway, as the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons and places?"

"That's right."

"Then come along with me—and prepare to part with two subway nickels."

"She has a way with her," thought Griffin Hayes, "and so far it doesn't sound very siren to me."

He parted with the nickels, and presently they came up out of the subway and she led him to a street lined with office and loft buildings, with only a few windows lighted. She led him into a deserted foyer, and to the last door of a bank of elevators, and pushed a button several times.

An elevator came up from the basement, and an old fellow with an unbuttoned uniform coat opened the door without getting off his stool. "Good evening to you, Miss Mildred."

"Hello, Paddy. Father in?"

"He is—and so is Mister John, unless he left by parachute."

The car went up.

The car stopped, and Griffin was surprised to find himself in a little foyer that had a domestic look. Mildred Morley unlocked the door at the end. She motioned to Griffin, and he followed her into a charming living-room, with a real fire blazing in a real fireplace.

A big man in a silk dressing-gown was slumped in an armchair, reading a wide-held newspaper. "Hello, the house!" cried Mildred.

Without putting down the paper, the man answered, "There was a call for you. Man by the name of Vallee. Rudy Vallee. Or maybe it was Lawrence Tibbett."

"They're always at me to sing on the radio," she said, and went to the man and kissed him on the back of the neck.

He shot to his feet with an enraged, "Don't do that!" and then he grinned, and as he fended Mildred off with one hand, he held out the other to Griffin Hayes, and Griffin could see at a glance he was Mildred's father.

"How do you do, Mr. Hayes?"

They shook hands. "Are you something of a mind reader, Mr. Morley?"

"Oh, I can always guess a man's name—especially when my daughter telephones and says he is coming for dinner. Have off your coat—and let me take your hat."

"Where's the son and heir—and last hope of the Morley's?" Mildred asked.

"The crown prince? Oh, he would be in his chambers, making himself handsome against the adventures of the night."

Mildred was opening the box Griffin gave her. She screamed with delight. "Orchids, Daddy!" She turned to Griffin, as pleased as a child with a Christmas tree.

"Ho!" said Mr. Morley. "A rich Persian is in our midst, with alabaster boxes of frankincense and myrrh! Lock all doors! Don't let him out!"

Mildred smiled at Griffin. "Don't be alarmed—we're all crazy here, but not very destructive." She put a finger to her lips, tiptoed to a door that was ajar, opened it wider, then stood back and declaimed: "In our family, all the children were bright, but me. John went to college—and when he came out, a very silly ass was he!"

A fine-looking fellow in evening clothes bounded out and made wild groping motions at Mildred, who darted behind a chair. "Don't, John—get away from me, or I'll pull your tie! Stop it, John, we have company! Mr. Hayes—meet Fred Astaire! At least when he puts his high hat on and hits it a tap, he thinks he looks like Fred Astaire!"

Brother John, a year or so younger than Mildred, got very red. He shook hands with Griffin. He jerked his head at his sister. "Don't mind her, sir. She thinks she's smart, just because she's got a job."

Presently John departed, with a "Nice to have seen you, Mr. Hayes," that was worthy of Sutton Place, and Griffin and Mildred and her father sat down to a dinner that was served by a stout lady named Norah, and called "Duchess."

It was a good dinner, and Griffin forgot about mills and elections and taxes. When they were having their coffee in the living-room, he said, "Excuse me, but curiosity gnaws on me. Am I in a penthouse?"

Mr. Morley winked at his daughter. "You are, my boy. On top of the twenty-fourth story, with an excellent view of the river on a clear day, if we do say so ourselves."

"Well, believe it or not, this is my first penthouse," said Griff.

Mildred laughed. "Shall we tell him, Daddy?"

"Why not?" Mr. Morley turned to Griffin and his eyes twinkled. "At the third stroke of the axe, the head fell, and the gallant king was no more. Meaning, Mr. Hayes, that I built this building and put this house on it, for the superintendent's use. Then I got three successive financial wallops. I lost the building, but I kept the house—and during the day, I am superintendent of the building."

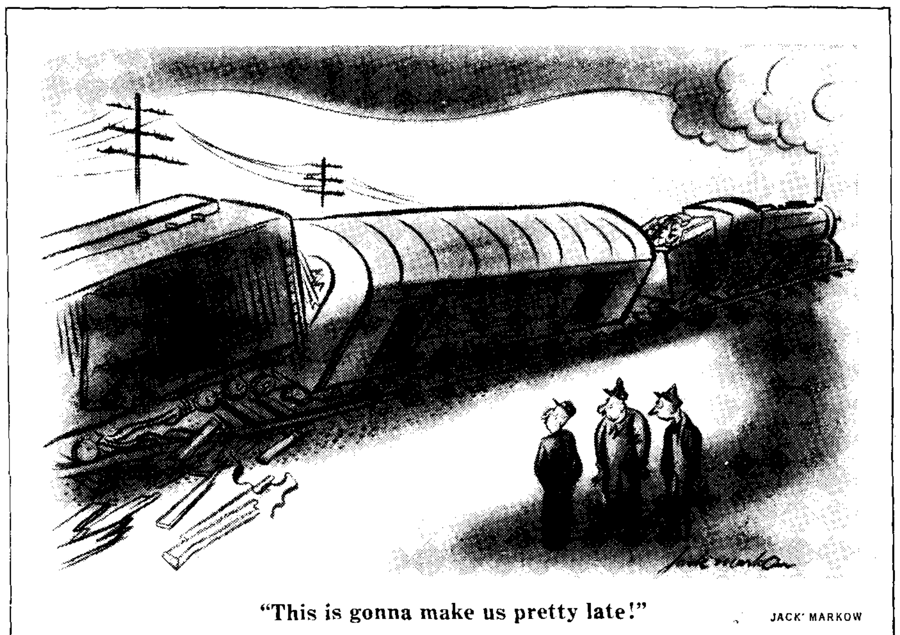
GRIFFIN HAYES smiled at Mildred Morley, sitting at the other side of the reading lamp, with needle and thread, and a lapful of silk stockings. He said, "Now I am beginning to understand the water in your cellar and the snow in your vestibule."

She blushed, and laughed.

Mr. Morley got up. "Well, this old sachem is retiring to the back of his tent and pulling off his moccasins. He's had a hard day guiding hunting parties over the sixth, ninth, eleventh and fourteenth floors. Good night, Mr. Hayes. Make this your headquarters when you come to town. If words fail us, we'll fall back on sign language."

Griffin asked him not to go, but he went, and in no time at all, Griffin was talking about himself, man and boy. He got excited, and he gestured. Suddenly he stopped his left arm in mid-gesture and stared at his wrist watch and cried,

(*Continued on page* 92)



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Kiss Me, My Fool!

Continued from page 90

"*No!*" and consulted Mildred's watch, and a few clocks. But the answer was "*Yes!*" It was ten-thirty and he'd have to go to the station. Mildred held his coat for him. They moved to the foyer, and he pressed the elevator button. "I guess," he said, "we've about brought ourselves up to date—except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"To whom were you speaking, when you said, 'Kiss me, my fool?' "

Her face flamed. She was terribly fussed. "I—I don't know. I'm always saying silly things."

He said quietly, "Millie—I don't know what's the matter with me—and what's more, I don't care. I think I'm sunk, and darn it—I hope now that you were talking to me!"

"Oh, Griffin—that's terrible. I'm so darned ashamed—"

The elevator was getting closer. "Millie," said Griffin softly.

"No!"

"Yes."

"Not after I said that, Griffin. I couldn't—I mean—"

"You are sweet," he said, and put his arms around her, and kissed her—and they didn't let go of each other until Paddy opened the door.

"Now you be careful, Griffin. Don't you get into any trouble about that election! And you call up as soon as you come to New York again!"

"What's the matter with long-distance? Doesn't it work on your board?"

It did. He called her, the next day, at noon, and talked to her before and after talking to Dick Tandy. He called her that same evening at eight-thirty, and every other night, at the same time.

"Hey, Pop, what's the matter with Sis?" John demanded. "Hanging around the house every night—and she used to be out with the owls and in with the morning rolls and cream."

"Hush," said his father. "Your sister has become the singing recluse of Manhattan Isle."

A WEEK later, Griff came to town on mill business. He and Millie went out to dinner, and danced until train time, and she said goodby to him at the station. They walked up and down the platform together until the last minute, and the veteran conductor thought it was one of the best farewell scenes he had ever witnessed—and Mildred walked rapidly away in the wrong direction, got in a strange subway and was almost an hour late getting home.

"How was Griff?" her father asked.

"He looks thin and worried."

"How's the election going?"

"He says 'so-so'—but I guess—rotten, yet, despite all the fine Tandy badges and banners."

"So!" said her father, "Did you tell him 'don't give up the ship'?"

"I did—with variations. I'm going to ask Mr. Tandy if there isn't something more that can be done."

She spoke to her boss, making it seem casual. Dick Tandy said, "I have to go to Chicago on business. I'll look in on Griff on the way back."

He reported, "Ain't that a shame? Remember my friend Griffin Hayes? Sure you do. Well, hell's fire, I stopped off to see him, and I heard him make a campaign speech."

"How was it?" Mildred asked, striving to be calm.

"Terrible! Griff is a peach, but he isn't cut out for politics. Honest, I blushed to my boots for him. He stumbled and bumbled and faltered and hemmed and hawed—and the trouble is, Griff is just too decent and too serious and painstaking. The other party is using rough and tough methods, and ignoring facts and figures. Griff's party is going to lose. They're bound to."

"Oh, is that so!" thought Miss Morley hotly.

"Look what his opponents are putting out," said Dick Tandy, and tossed her a campaign button with a design showing a plump goddess with an overstuffed horn of plenty. "See? Vote for us, and you'll get everything delivered to your doorstep free in a handbasket. Darned fake, but the voters are eating it up."

"May I keep this?" asked Mildred, and went away with the button.

That night when Griffin Hayes telephoned, he sounded as though talking to her were reaching an oasis after a long barefoot trip over two deserts and a mountain. It took him half an hour to say goodby, at night rates.

THE next day, Mildred went into conference with Mr. Berg, Mr. Fitzpatrick and one of the artists—all sworn to secrecy. A few days later, she went to the station with Joyous, the drowsy office boy, who had two big satchels and who now was stiff with importance. "Now, Joyous Joyce—you listen to me. You do just as I told you—and get a good room at the best hotel, and stay there, and don't get into mischief."

"No. Miss Millie. Gee, this is great. This may be my big chance. Gosh, it's exciting, going away on a business trip like this."

"Don't you get excited. You do as I told you, and come back as soon as you are through. And at night, you must stay in and read."

"Aw, sure, Miss Millie. I'm not a kid any more."

"Remember, I'm responsible for you to your mother."

The porter took his bags. The train started to move. "Here, Joyous." Mildred kissed him. "Goodby, and you be a good boy."

Good boy? With that send-off, Joyous would be a field marshal.

At eight-thirty, Griffin telephoned, as usual. Millie said nothing about Joyous. Griff sounded discouraged. "I'm doing a rotten job, and I know it. My party should have picked a smarter man. Honest—when I listen to some of the other fellows' arguments, I almost get convinced myself. If your father heard me say that, he'd throw me overboard—but that's the way it is. Anyway, it's wonderful to hear your voice. Wish I were right there with you. Know what I'd do?"

She knew, and she wished he were with her, and what's more, she told him so.

Joyous came back two days later. The other office boys had done his work for him in his absence; Mildred had financed the entire enterprise—and their secret was still a secret. Joyous said, "Gee, that's a nice town, and everybody is crazy about Mr. Hayes, and before I got there they thought his side was sure to lose—but I did my stuff, just like you told me, and now it's going to be different. You wait and see."

Mr. Morley was out that night when Griffin telephoned, and so was John. Mildred was grateful for that.

Mr. Griffin Hayes was furious. He told Mildred she had made a fool of him, in his own home town, that he would not have had this happen for anything. He told her that he was through with her, that he wished he had never seen her, that if there were some other city besides New York which he could use for business purposes in the future, he would

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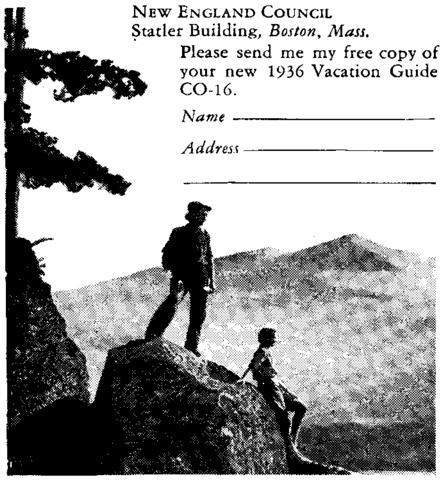

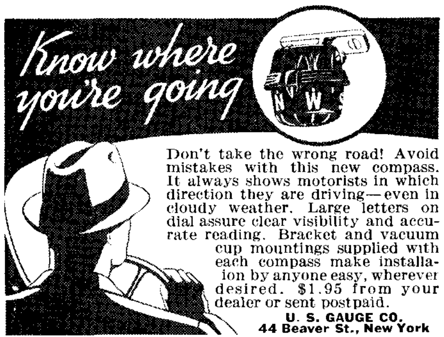

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use that city, as he would not want there to be the slightest chance of ever seeing her again. About that time, each hung up on the other.

She was crying when Mr. Morley came in. This was so unusual that it called for unusual measures. Without taking off his overcoat, he sat down and pulled her into his lap. "No matter what it is—it isn't worth it," he said.

"It is too! And it's terrible. It's enough to make a man strike a minister!"

"You mean, it's enough to make a minister strike his father. But that is very bad, and never happens more than once in fifty thousand years or maybe a hundred thousand."

"Well, this is the time, and oh, Daddy, it's awful—and tomorrow is election day!"

"Oh ho!" he said, nodding understandingly over her bowed head as she sobbed. "Well, cheer up—and wait until all the returns are in."

The next day she didn't use her usual range when singing Tandy-Badge-And-Button at the switchboard, but favored a low, melancholy octave. She was exasperated, in the afternoon, when Joyous said, "Call up the paper again and see if they heard anything. Go on, you didn't call for half an hour." And she flew off the handle at her boss, when he said in passing, "Well, I guess this is the day poor Griff Hayes' party walks the plank. You remember Griff, don't you? Oh, sure, of course you do. You went out to dinner with him."

At half past five, young John Morley burst in excitedly on his father. "'Yo! Yo! Land! Land!' cried the lookout, and the sailors swung rejoicing from mast to mast, as Columbus discovered America!"

Mr. Morley went across the room, turned his son and directed him into the foyer, at the same time shoving a bill into his hand. "Here, Diamond Jim, here's a pound. Go see a movie. Take Mae West to the opera—but don't come back here until midnight. I don't want you around until Millie's gone to bed."

"But Father—I have a job! Don't you want to hear about it? And I want to tell Millie—"

Mr. Morley clipped him on the back and rang the elevator bell. "That's great, son. Of course I want to hear all about it. Come into my room when you get back—but don't bother Millie tonight."

NOT long after John left, Millie arrived. Mr. Morley heard the elevator stop, but there was a delay in opening the living-room door that could be explained only by handkerchief work. He looked up from his paper. "Hah! The bugler paced through the driving snow—down by the river, to watch the foe!"

She smiled wanly and said, "Behind him in camp, his comrades lay, wounded and spent from the m-o-o-orning fray."

"Well, they'll get better. Now spring into it. A camel train passed through the market place today. The bargaining was fast and furious—but what do you suppose the Duchess bore home to us, in high triumph?"

She sniffed, "What? Tell me—I can't guess."

"That's the beauty of penthouse life, with many windows to open. Goose, my child! Angel food! And the Duchess has made a pie."

"Well, if you're not darlings. Where's John?"

"He got a job, and he's gone out to celebrate."

"Hooray for him. Well, watch this weary business woman disgrace herself at table."

But her enthusiasm was spurious, and he knew it. After dinner, they came back to the living-room. He said presently, and without preface, "How about calling up one of the papers?"

"I did. Made a fool of myself, calling so often. They don't know how the election is going—and—and, Daddy, I think I'll go to bed."

"Hark!" said her father.

The elevator door slammed open, then there was a knocking at their door. Mr. Morley opened it, and young Griffin Hayes rushed in, looking as though he had taken a short cut through a riot.

"Griffin!" cried Mildred. "Are you all right?"

"Sure. I hired an airplane and it made a comical landing at North Beach Field. Then I tore my coat on a taxi door handle, and I got off at the wrong block, and when I was running around here I bumped into a man and I had to stop and fight him. I tried to explain I didn't want to fight, but he insisted, as I guess he was one fight short of his daily quota—"

"Well, for heaven's sake, sit down, and rest!"

MILDRED ran into the bathroom and came back with damp towels, and washed his face, as he sat panting in a chair. He pushed her away. He said, "I came to apologize."

"Just balance yourself, my lad," said Mr. Morley.

"I'm all right—I mean, all wrong. I insulted Millie last night. I was terrible to her, on the phone, and all she was trying to do was help me, and I didn't have brains enough to know it."

Mr. Morley nodded to his daughter, and said, "See?" Then he said, "Well, Griff, so far you haven't insulted me, so I shall be withdrawing to the gamekeeper's lodge, as I need none of your apologies."

"No—you've got to wait and hear this!" cried Griffin. "I bawled her out—and all the time she was winning the election for us!"

"*What!*" said Morley.

"They're still counting votes, but they all read the same, or most of them do. Millie snowed the other party under!"

"How come?"

"She flooded the town with badges with a caricature of the opponent's emblem—a siren kind of goddess of plenty, and over it in big letters it said, 'KISS ME, MY FOOL!' They tell me an office boy came up with the badges and gave them to everybody—by the way, I've got a job for that boy. Anyway, you ought to see the effect it had, when the voters got the idea! And did they get it!"

"Maybe it was Mr. Tandy's idea," said Millie faintly.

"Maybe it wasn't—and don't I know it!"

Mr. Morley looked at his blushing daughter. He said, "Mildred, tell the Duchess to give Griff something to eat." He started toward his room, halted: "Oh, and Millie, if you're sure you know Mr. Hayes well enough by now, give him that necktie you bought for him ten days ago. You hid it right there in the bookcase, as I recall."

He shut his door behind him.

"Millie— Oh, Millie," said Griff.

"Yes, Griff?"

"Millie—I— Oh—Millie—"

"Yes, Griff?"

"Millie—I— Oh, darn it—I—"

"This is leap year. You better look out."

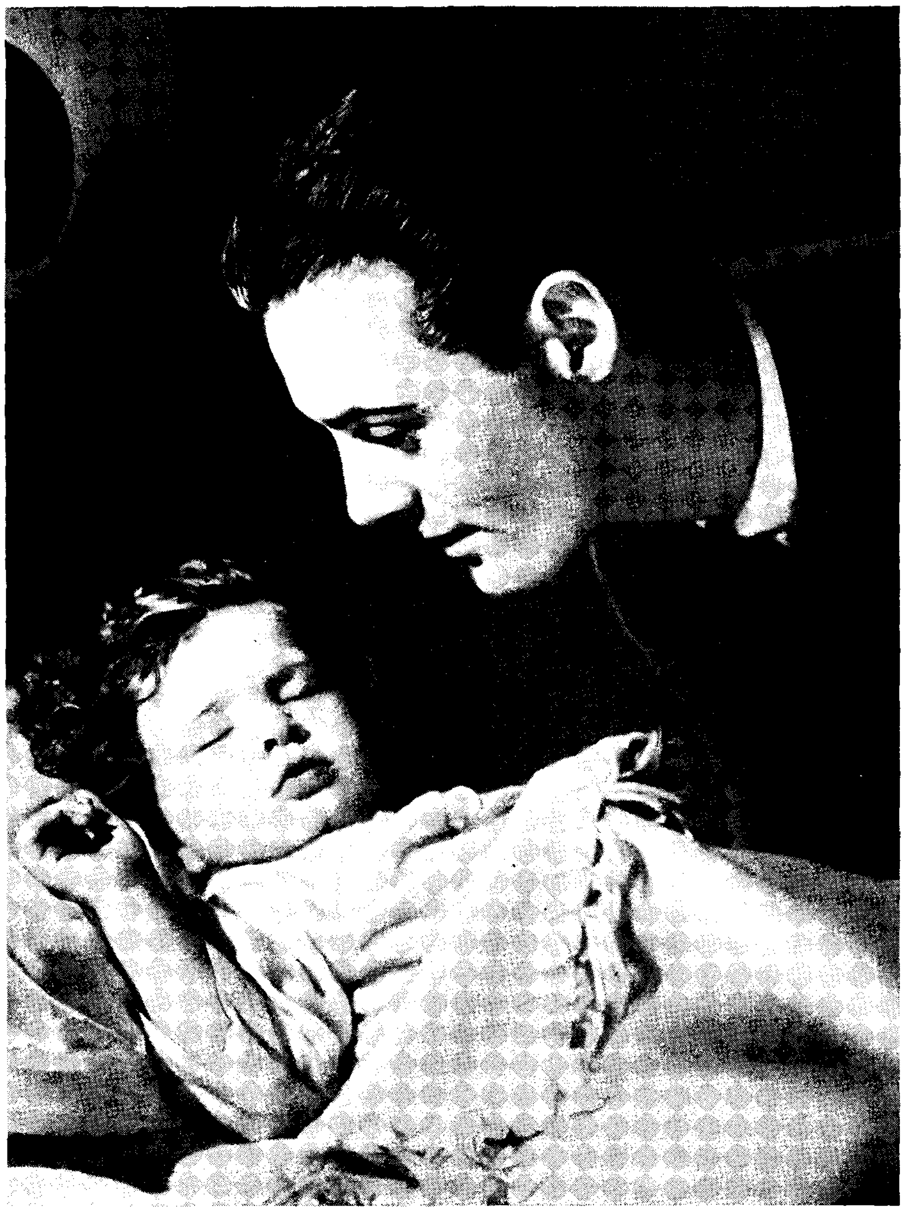
"I don't want to look out! Oh, gosh, Millie, let's get married!"

And after many moments, he stirred, and she murmured, "Am I too heavy for you?"

"Certainly not. I was just thinking. Dick Tandy said you promised him you wouldn't get married. What are you going to tell him?"

"Did I say that to him? Then I must have lied. I'll just go to him and admit it."

"Kiss me, my fool."



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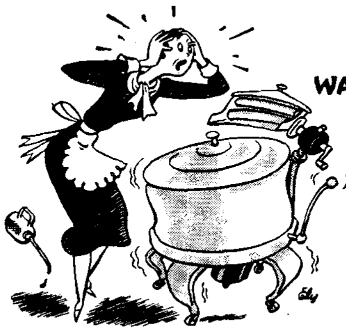

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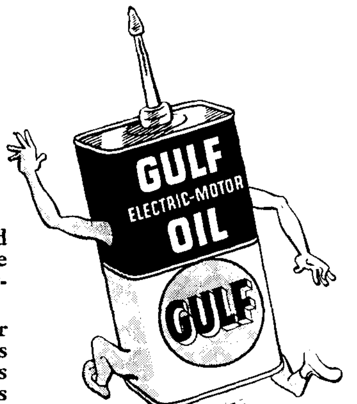

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Tap-Dancer's Husband

Continued from page 11

a breakfast nook, dishes and blankets, a green rug, a Winthrop desk and a Windsor chair. Mr. Corliss had bookcases, Mrs. Corliss a portable phonograph. Could they move in at once? They could.

When the landlord retired, Jean was Jean again, and danced for joy, shuffle and tap, heel and toe, four steps to the window and three to Bill, till the dishes in the kitchen rattled and they heard the landlord returning. Then they sat very still in one Windsor chair, and looked over the tops of trees at the bleak brick back of Main Hall.

That first morning, when Bill had gone off to school, briefcase in hand, proud-eyed to the world, Jean danced through her housework and, rushing downtown, came back with a red lacquer tray for the little telephone table in the hall and the calling cards of the faculty wives. After a week she put it away in the closet. Only Dr. Thorne had called, and he had no wife and forgot to leave cards.

"You'll find things a bit difficult," he warned them. "The powers that be do not approve of instructors marrying their students. I hope you'll be happy," he added, and went away looking sorry for them both.

Bill and Jean didn't mind. If no one approved of them, they approved of themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Corliss with a two-room apartment over the trees, sixteen hundred a year to spend together, and all their shining days.

Cloudy days, too. They were both imperfect. Jean *liked* the wrong books and music; she wouldn't listen to any good at all of Dr. Phelps. He was just "off side" to her. She had a funny little pride about herself and her people, and when that was touched, she could be very silent and stubborn.

And Bill was inclined to be moody, to go into a dark room in his soul and shut the door on the world. Jean didn't mind that. She was used to artists, she said. Bill should see her own father working up a new routine. It affected his stomach. Sitting alone in his dark soul chamber, Bill would hear noise, the phonograph playing, a soft rhythmic shuffling, Jean asking attention, tapping on the floor and the door of his soul, wanting to go to the movies. They went to the movies and tramped home through the rain to coffee and laughter, and living was fun.

JANUARY. February. The wet March wind was tossing the branches under the sitting-room windows when they had their first quarrel. Without consulting Bill, Jean had found work downtown at Professor Wiley's Dancing Academy in Odd Fellows' Block.

She had been proud telling Bill, after the supper dishes were done. There were bills unpaid, and she wanted, she said, to pay for their happiness, too.

Bill was adjusting his student lamp, settling down at the breakfast nook table to correct a batch of freshman themes. He said firmly now, "It wouldn't do, dear." And unwisely, "Dr. Phelps wouldn't like it."

Dr. Phelps was a loose board on the floor of their living, a bad place they had been carefully ignoring, stepping around and over. Jean didn't much mind his not calling on them, his acting as if she were an indiscretion of Bill's, of which in kindness he chose not to be officially aware. What she minded was Bill's trying to excuse him, a sort of secret loyalty he had to Phelps.

Angry now, Jean stepped on the loose board, hard. "I don't care what Dr. Phelps likes or doesn't like," she said boldly. "He's not my little tin god on wheels." She stood in the door of the kitchen, flushed and lovely, her hands behind her undoing her apron.

Bill, opening his grade book, said reasonably, "I know he's been unkind, Jean, but I can't forget what I owe to his influence. More than anyone else, he taught me to write."

Jean wrinkled her nose at him. "And what?" she asked.

Bill's pride was hurt and he put on his mask of a young professor. "We aren't discussing my stories, Jean. I know you don't like them. I admit they have no commercial value. I'm not that kind of a writer."

JEAN hung her apron away and came back to the doorway, her small face thoughtful. "Listen, Bill," she said gently, "I don't know all the answers, like Dr. Phelps and you, but I do know one thing, if writers are good they get paid for it, the same as plumbers or teachers."

Bill laid down his pencil and sighed with strained patience. "I've told you, Jean, those popular stories are all written by formula; anyone with a little talent can write them."

A low, obstinate voice. "Then why don't you?"

In dignified silence Bill gathered his papers from the table and crammed them into his briefcase. Jean spoke to his back, willing to make peace. "Where are you going?"

"To my office," he said, without turning, "where my door has a lock to protect me from juvenile minds."

Her voice mocked him for that. "Good night, Professor," she said.

"Moreover," he said, turning to frown at her, "please understand, you're not going to work in any cheap dancing school."

Jean kept smiling, but her round chin had lifted. There was a dancing school in Polson, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon's School of the Dance. Bill had forgotten that, or had he? Quietly she asked, "What's the matter with dancing schools, Bill?"

"The people in them," he said, got his coat, and went out.

Before he had reached the street, Jean was calling "Professor" Wiley.

Alone in his office that night, Bill corrected no themes. He sat smoking cigarettes with his feet on the desk, thinking of the answers he might have made Jean, and reluctantly, at last, of the best one. Crushing out his cigarette, he opened the drawer of his desk and broke open a block of yellow sheets. If they needed more money, he'd earn it himself. He'd dash off a popular story and sell it, and toss Jean the editor's check as a careless gesture. Any ordinary mind could do it. He'd been teaching that for two years, and Dr. Phelps had taught him.

He sat staring a while at the yellow sheet of paper, and then went to work, writing steadily and swiftly. Sure-fire stuff, he told himself, marching wearily home across the dark wet campus, and better than the magazines published. A very rich young man, a very pretty girl, an ending that laughed at them both.

Pleased with himself and his secret, he came in to find Jean, a slim, forlorn figure in pajamas and dressing gown, in the Windsor chair by the radiator, pretending to read. Her dark-lashed eyes had a guilty look. "I made coffee," she said in a small, grieved voice, "and it got cold twice."

"I'll make some," he said and, bending, kissed her.

Her arms crept around his neck, and the two were one again in the little room over the trees that was like a fort in the night.

Bill wrote his story and mailed it, and got it back in two weeks. He kept mailing it out and it kept coming back. There was something wrong with the editors.

He locked the story in his desk one Saturday morning, drove the old coupé downtown and walked back, breathing the soft air of spring, frowning at robins on lawns, a disillusioned young man, not pleased with himself, nor with Jean.

In spite of all he had said, Jean was working at the dancing school, coming in and going out with sullen blue eyes, waiting for him to speak to her about it.

It was she who spoke that Saturday noon. Taking the unpaid bills from the Governor Winthrop desk, "I can pay a couple of these," she said timidly.

Bill held out his hand for them. "There's no need," he said, "I'm selling the car." And, with bitterness edging his voice, "I'll pay for my own mistakes."

Jean didn't answer him.

In June, when the town was green and gay for Commencement, and the birds were in the cottonwoods under their windows, the green light of their living changed suddenly to red.

Yearly, when the final exams were over, the English department held a picnic supper under the pines in Crow Canyon. The members of the department and their wives entertained the graduating English majors. Bill had planned not to go, when, two days before the picnic, Dr. Phelps called him on the office phone. Dr. Phelps' voice was cordial. "You'll be at the picnic, of course," he said. "We want you." And surrendering graciously, "You and Mrs. Corliss."

Bill said, "Thank you. Yes," and went home breathing deep of June, walking on air. Things would be different now. "We're going on a picnic, Mrs. Corliss," he told her. In spite of himself, he grinned. "The English department picnic. Dr. Phelps insists that I bring you."

She did a dance step and stopped. "I'll wear slacks and a sweater. Oh, Bill, when do we go?"

"Friday night."

The happiness went out of her face. "It would be Friday night," Almost timidly, she said, "I can't go, Bill."

He smiled from his chair, not believing her. "And why not?"

A sorry little voice. "Friday night is Wiley's recital at the Paxton Theater. I'm on the program, Bill. It's printed and everything."

Bill wanted to be reasonable. Crushing out his cigarette, he spoke gently, "Jean, dear, you're not seriously asking me to go back and tell Dr. Phelps you won't go to the English department picnic; you won't take your place among the faculty wives because you're dancing at a movie house, with Wiley's Cute Kiddies, or whatever he calls them?"

Her smile begged him not to be angry, but her voice was obstinate. "Bill, darling, this is Wiley's big night. It's the way he earns his living. I can't let him down; I just can't."

"You find it easier to let me down?" Bill asked and, getting up, stood by the window.

Not looking, he felt her beside him, her hand, light as cottonwood down, on his arm. "He knew I was dancing Friday night, Bill. He's taking me for a nice little ride. Bill, darling," a small frightened voice at his side said, "don't let him do it. Don't let him beat us."

HE DIDN'T answer her. They stood silent a moment, looking out at the green and lovely world, the roof of Main Hall and the blue June sky, flushing to sundown.

He broke the silence. "You'll have to go, Jean," he said.

A small, desperate voice. "I can't go."

His profile was cut from wood. "Go and dance then," he said, "your life is your own."

The hand was gone from his arm, and he was alone at the window.

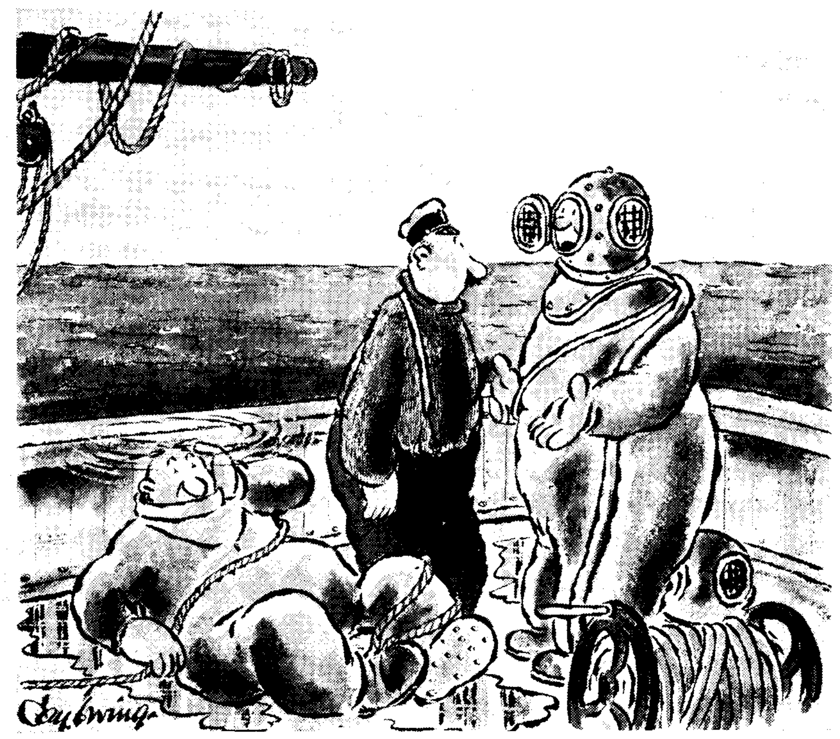
He went alone to the picnic. They were all considerate; no one mentioned Jean. When a rain squall ended it early, and they were back in town at nine, a kind of shamed defiance made Bill, riding with Dr. and Mrs. Phelps, ask to be dropped at the Paxton Theater.

In time for the second show, he bought a ticket and stood in line, tall and hard-faced. He sat in the dark through it all. Jean came last, in amber light, in top hat, black bow and white shorts; there for them all to see and loving their seeing. A lithe, laughing redhead, weaving gay patterns of rhythm, kicking troubles away to the music's beat, and kicking away his career. The audience liked it.

He went home through the rain-smelling night. She came in soon, still wearing make-up, carrying her things, her shorts and her shoes, in the brief case. That seemed the last straw.

She tossed the briefcase on the Wind-

(*Continued on page* 96)



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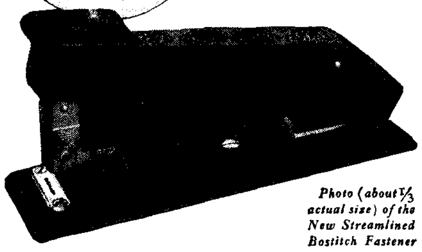

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(*Continued from page 95*)

sor chair and stood smiling at him, her eyes bright and excited, asking him not to be angry. "I told Wiley tonight I was through."

"It's too late," he said, and quietly and curtly told her the truth, in bitter detail; that his marriage and her conduct were killing his chances at Paxton.

She sat now in the Windsor chair, taking out of his briefcase the offending shorts and the worn little shoes. Once she said quietly, "My mother and father were dancers, Bill."

"That's the trouble," he said and went on.

She didn't interrupt again. When he was done, she looked at him as at a stranger whom she wouldn't like if she knew. "I was afraid of that," she said, and went out to the kitchen, her red head carried high like a flag.

He heard her moving about and wondered what she was doing. Then she went into the hall, dialed for a taxi, and went by him as if he weren't there, into the bedroom.

After a moment he followed her. She had a bag on the bed, packing it; another bag was on the floor with her portable phonograph. "Where are you going?" he asked with assumed indifference.

She didn't look up from her packing. "Where no one's ashamed of me, Bill."

His voice chided her gently. "Do you know it's midnight? You can't leave now."

She faced him then, her blue eyes hating him, holding back tears. "Try and stop me," she said.

He didn't, and heard her catch her breath as he turned away. The doorbell was ringing; the taxi had come.

From the window he saw her go, saw the lights of the taxi flow into the night. He had no need to worry, he told himself. She was just going home for the week end, taking the one o'clock train that would be in Polson at three. She'd be back Monday.

He went to bed after a while and tried to sleep.

THE morning came slowly, gray at the windows, with birds beginning to sing. She would be in Polson now, breakfasting, he thought, with those foolish parents of hers.

He was dressed and shaved when the telephone rang. He reached the phone in four strides. A telegram for him. It was sent from an Idaho town. The voice in his ear was careful, impersonal. "On bus to Hollywood. Goodby and good luck. Jean."

"Shall I read it again, Mr. Corliss?"

"No, thank you," he said, and hung up.

People soon found out Jean was gone. Dr. Phelps was kind, not saying, not even looking, "I told you so." Just dropping in with new books, saying casually, "Mrs. Phelps and I would like you to have dinner with us Sunday."

Bill said dully, "Thank Mrs. Phelps for me, sir. I'm not accepting engagements while Mrs. Corliss is away."

Phelps didn't insist. He knew Mrs. Corliss wouldn't be back; they all knew. Bill didn't care. He wanted to be let alone, to sit alone in the little room over the trees, listening for quick light feet and a sound at the door, knowing there would be no sound at the door.

One night he started writing again, putting Jean and himself down on paper. That day in class when it all had begun, the smile that held back laughter, and the voice in dissent. "When people are unhappy," she had said, "even in stories, they ought to do something about it."

He wrote it all down. The first golden weeks of their marriage, the gold wearing thin; the little hollow in her throat where a shadow lurked, the dancing feet. The best writing he had ever done, but he couldn't finish it. He could think of no happy ending, no ending at all. He put it away, not caring. He didn't care about anything.

It was September again and the students were back. A new year beginning, a new year with the mistakes of the last wiped out, forgiven.

Old Dr. Thorne stopped him on the steps of the English building. It was late afternoon and classes were over for the day. Below them, the campus was green and quiet, cool with the long tree shadows. The old man said, "When is your wife coming back?"

"She isn't," Bill said.

Thorne stood there holding his green bag of books, the late sun glinting on the gold of his glasses; his voice was tired. "You'll get ahead," he said.

Hard-faced, Bill went by him and into the building. He sat remembering, trying to see her; the blue, honest eyes, the lifted chin and the long, singing line of her throat. He heard a small brave voice. "When people are unhappy," she had said, "they ought to do something about it." There it was. A trumpet call in the stillness of the empty room, in the stillness of his mind.

DR. PHELPS was in his office; Bill went in to him, and the young lady typist in the outer room heard them in conference. Dr. Phelps' gracious murmur. The scrape of a chair, and Bill's voice, curt, quiet and distinct. Strange language for an English instructor. "Dr. Phelps," she heard him say, "my wife is me. You go to hell." She typed again.

The door swung open and Bill came out, head up and eyes shining, an English instructor no longer.

He telephoned the Brandons in Polson and took the night train south. Through endless hours he planned what he'd say to Jean. "It was I who failed you," he would say. "I was a fool and I'm sorry."

It didn't happen like that. He found Jean in Hollywood, south of Sunset Boulevard where the little folk live, in shabby bungalow courts and aging apartment houses. He went in from blinding sunshine, up a dark stairs and down a dark hall. He stood listening in the hall; through a door heard the sound of a phonograph playing, a soft, rhythmic shuffling and tapping, Jean's feet on the floor and his heart in his throat.

Jean opened the door to his knock and the phonograph blared, drowning speech. It didn't matter. He couldn't speak. All he could do was say, "Jean." All he needed to do was say "Jean." She was crying in his arms, locked safe in his arms, and the stars were under their feet. They came swiftly to earth, to the sofa with their wealth between them. It didn't take long to count it, and they looked at each other with frightened eyes.

"We'll eat," Jean said, and her voice was a song in the room.

And they did eat; a little on some days, more on others. Jean danced in a picture, two of thirty-six legs tapping down glass stairs. You saw the star's face. Bill talked to tourists at Forest Lawn, tutored the son of a Bel-Air baron, and wrote and wrote. The first story he sold was his own and Jean's; a tall young man, a pretty girl, and a happy ending at last. "A Fable for Writers," he called it, but the editor called it Tap-Dancer's Husband.

Bill's writing for the movies now. Dr. Thorne was their guest last summer. He wasn't impressed by the house on Whitley Heights, the sunken garden, nor the gardener doubling as butler; nor the view from the great living-room window, the smoky plain of the city and the far, thin line of the sea.

"Very nice," he said, "but Dr. Phelps would ask, 'What work have you done that's lasting? Where now is your immortality?'"

With his arm around Jean, whose feet would dance on the stairs, Bill took him up and showed him the twins.

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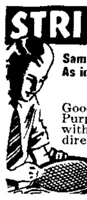

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In the Blockhouse

Continued from page 19

carefully, his spirits did not return. Their gloomy looks at each other seemed such a pity, when every hour drew the journey shorter.

They heard a cowbell late that afternoon before they reached the cleared land where the blockhouse stood. They were nearly in, the ringing bell determined it. Here they were coming out into the open—she could see the sparse late wheat in the cleared field; men were bringing it in, under the gray evil skies now threatening.

Mr. Cleaveland was waiting outside the door of the blockhouse. If he felt surprise to see only two of them coming, he did not show it. "The winter's on us," he said to them, as they came up and stood before him. "Snow has fallen on the lake shore. Last night a roving band of Iroquois crossed the Cuyahoga to their winter hunting grounds." As he spoke Mr. Cleaveland was holding an Indian arrowhead in his hand. "They killed a trader, a Frenchman, near us in the Conneaut woods."

Rogue turned to her. There she stood, in the green dress and white apron she had worn from home. Lorena felt the look, and she had to meet it, for she and her family's indecision had led him into this grave danger. His look was far more than accusing, it was piercing and as blue as Lake Erie's waters. It was penetrating; there was passion in it, and it found its mark. Lorena's own honest, dark stare wavered and fell before it. She looked down at the wide green skirts of her dress and the white apron.

"Somebody get me a drink," Rogue said loudly, "and I'll turn back for them."

"Get him a jug of Monongahela whisky, my child," Mr. Cleaveland said, and Lorena sped for the blockhouse kitchen.

There were women in the kitchen, mixing corn meal and water and a pinch of salt in bowls for johnnycake for supper. Salt from Pittsburgh cost twenty dollars a barrel. Those much-needed liquor jugs were everywhere. She caught one up and ran back with it to the men.

"Here's the jug for Mr. Jarman to take with him—when he gets sent back," she called from the doorway scornfully.

"Scout Jarman's not being sent back," Mr. Cleaveland told her with a shake of his head. "I send no man out near the Conneaut woods today. If he goes for your parents, it is his own going."

Rogue gave her a quick nod, and took the jug under his arm. Before he left for the woods, he favored Lorena with another look, this one sober and serious. Then he shook Mr. Cleaveland by the hand and turned and went back into the forest.

THE settlers had begun to bring the wheat in too late. At the beginning of night the sky darkened immensely, and a flurry of snow fell. It had never before fallen near the lake shore so early in the year. The last wheat must remain where it was.

Too tired to sleep, Lorena lay awake and listened in the night. Now that she was away from that man she found that she could forget him and truly fear for her mother. Many families were already safe in for the winter; all the space in the blockhouse was occupied by the stores of food and by families; some families slept among the stores. The lone single souls were fitted in wherever they could go. Lorena was with a family named Tomlinson; in the bed with their two little girls. She couldn't look out of the window, for it was boarded up for the winter; she couldn't move about for fear of disturbing the snoring Tomlinsons. But she could lie quiet and she could listen.

She heard the soft thudding of snow on a rising wind. It was cold out there, and out there were Indians. Wind, increasing, drove her nails into her palms as she listened. At last, she went to sleep.

The next day, Lorena's eyes were like great waiting lights burning in her pallid face. The blockhouse folks talked over the strange girl who kept to herself while she waited for Scout Jarman to bring in her people. Outside, the snow was melting, but there was a fresh fall of it in the night. That night they heard drums in the forest.

The dead Frenchman had been brought in. The Iroquois, contrary to their custom, had set their dogs on him, and afterwards had cut his throat from ear to ear with his own knife.

AFTER seeing the Frenchman, Lorena began to lose track of the time since she had been brought in, since she had traveled with Rogue. One day or two—all days at the blockhouse were similar. She recalled Rogue's brown throat leaning back, tilted back against the stars. If that throat was cut, and they were to blame— Then always she thought of her mother's grave danger.

It was a long trance she was in, walking up and down, listening to Indian drums even when she only thought she heard them, and working with the women. Sooner or later she began to know that she had waited too long—they were not here. A day and a night had passed since they should have been here. People looked at her—and kept silent.

But except when Lorena was around, nothing much else was discussed in the blockhouse kitchen, around the Dutch oven. Lorena, and the missing Van Duzens. Too bad the Reserve had lost young Mr. Jarman; Mr. Cleaveland said that big lad would have been a credit to the nation; he had been studying to be a lawyer in the East when the urge came upon him to scout out west. Soon Mr. Cleaveland must return to Connecticut; his plan had been to leave Jarman in charge at the blockhouse.

Mr. Cleaveland broke Lorena's trance for her. "Edward Jarman's bringing in the Van Duzens. They're coming, Lorena," he called out to her before everybody, flinging the blockhouse door wide open, without a thought of Indians.

She saw her mother, dearly beloved, crossing the clearing, wearing her black cape and bonnet, and supporting her father, Mr. Van Duzen. That was how it had always been in her family. Her mother had white hair brushed neatly back, and an eager, birdlike face. Her mother's face was lined, and her mother was tired now. Loving her wildly, Lorena enfolded her, and the two of them assisted the old man in.

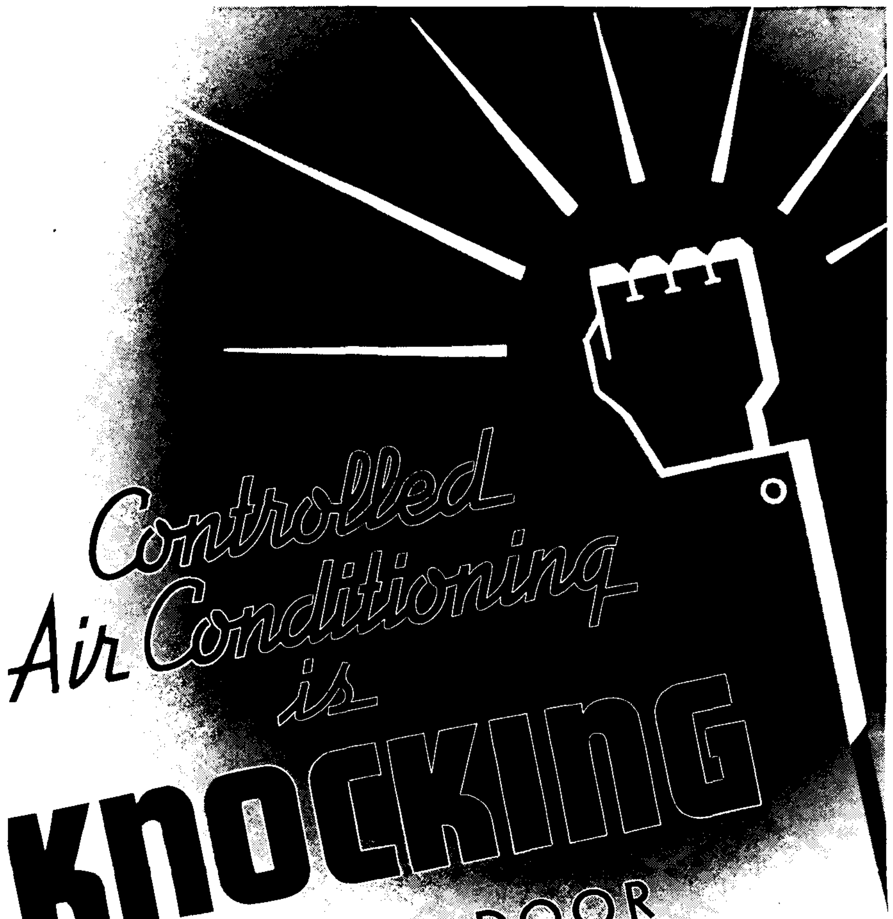
"We stayed over one more night in the woods, for Mr. Jarman saw traces of Indians ahead," her mother told them all.

Kind hands received her parents from her at the blockhouse door.

Lorena, looking down, saw that her own hands were wet from the snow fallen from the trees on the shoulders of her mother's black cape. She began to laugh and weep because her hands were wet—Her mother had been cold. Impatiently she turned back outside, for she had to thank him for what he had done for her.

Rogue Jarman was standing in the middle of the clearing, on guard behind them, giving her parents plenty of time to get in, in safety. When she reached

(*Continued on page 98*)



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(*Continued from page* 97)

him his gaunt, wild look at her astonished her. Clearly he had thought never to see her again. He was shy and angry, too, at having been so slow with her people.

He was unshaven, sick, and trembling. She saw one of the muscles jerking in his brown cheek. The whisky jug which he handed to her was still heavy. She wondered, as she set it down, why he had drunk almost none of it.

Lorena was still too stubborn to thank him, but she did try, and she took his arm in both her hands. "See," she began to say, laughing and weeping, "my hands are wet—"

He reeled and stumbled; he almost fell against her, for the fresh snow was slippery footing. Then he struck her hands roughly away and walked on without her, rolling as he walked.

But she caught up the jug and was after him. They were twenty paces from the blockhouse door when a shower of arrows stopped them. And all around them rose gunfire, shouts, war whoops, a sudden frenzied noise. Indian drums began, nearer than ever before, boom—boom—boom, all around them.

SHE stood still, fixed with fear. Yelling Iroquois! Rogue grabbed her around the waist and, defending her body with his, they reached the step—they were in at the door. And Mr. Cleaveland had it shut and barred in back of them.

The boom—boom—boom went on outside.

Rogue Jarman rubbed his cold face with his two hands and looked around at all the white people. The Iroquois were attacking the blockhouse. His two charges, the elderly shabby Van Duzens, were seated over by the fire, deriving some comfort from the warmth there.

"Somebody give me a drink—so I won't be so tired—then I can fight," Rogue said.

Lorena was nearest him. She handed him the same trustworthy jug again. "I beg of you not to join in the fight," she called out to him primly. "Don't you consider you've got enough glory?"

The settler women were all hollering above the uproar outside and handing down muskets to their men. "Lorena," Mr. Cleaveland called her by name, "stand beside Rogue and assist him at his gunrack."

"I aim to fight. I enjoy it," Rogue said, taking a long pull at the jug.

"I don't always aim to do just what I most enjoy," Lorena told him at the top of her voice, with scorn. "Many's the time I don't feel like stopping to make biscuits, yet I make them."

Boom—boom—boom.

"The more fool you," yelled Rogue. He had plenty of sense. "Get away from me, girl. I'm getting ready my rifle."

HE TOOK his stand at Jarman's post at the blockhouse wall. He fitted his gun barrel out through the cleft pierced for it in that wall. While they were building the blockhouse early last spring every man settler had had his loophole assigned to him by Mr. Cleaveland, in case of an Indian attack. None but Mr. Cleaveland had believed that such a disaster would ever happen, yet now wasn't it happening?

Rogue rang a shot through the wall. Lorena stood close beside him, and held his gun pouch for him, and screamed. She had to shout to let him hear her, for round and round outside ran the caterwauling Indians, and their cries were curdling up the settlers' blood. They were a furious tribe, that tribe of the Iroquois. The lake shore was still theirs, or so they understood it. And they did not want to powwow about it. If they had their way they wouldn't leave a white woman or man alive west of the Alleghenies tonight.

"You oughtn't to be here at all," Lorena called in his ear as he reloaded his rifle. She hated him, such a pesky hero, yet she was trying to draw him away from death, from that loophole in the wall. "You should be back east keeping on with your studying, not out here killing Indians and talking like a backwoodsman. You begin one thing and finish another."

Rogue had fired another shot. Some surveyors who had rushed up from the lake shore to save Mr. Cleaveland's blockhouse were attacking the Indians from the woods. But there was no way of seeing how they were faring. Rogue drew back against the wall. "I just killed an Iroquois Indian," he said to her, as if surprised. He had killed his first man.

"Shame on you, fighting for glory, just so Mr. Cleaveland will say how great a man Rogue Jarman is. You aren't grown up, you oughtn't to be out here, you're just a boy," Lorena hammered at him. Forgetting for herself the loophole in the wall beside them, she leaned against him, and beat upon his chest to hold him back out of the battle. Already one settler, a Mr. Tomlinson, had been killed by a shot that entered the wall, in one corner of the big room. "I know who you are, you're Edward Jarman, Mr. Clive Jarman's son, of Western Pennsylvania. I've seen your name on my father's books. You were in my father's poetry class back in college in Connecticut. You're just nineteen."

Rogue took another long drink from the jug as she held it slantwise up for him. After wiping his lips and face on the sleeve she was clinging to, he lifted up his head and roared out a song. Some of the settlers joined him in his song. The children screamed and the women wept and laughed, and the men sang, "Hail Columbia." These men thought it a mighty fine song for killing Indians. It sounded well with the crack of the guns and the cessation of shouting surrounding the blockhouse. Rogue had put the remainder of the battle to a tune. But as long as she lived, Lorena Van Duzen Jarman never wanted to hear that song again.

The drums were going away, still angry—boom—boom—boom, like the crash of waves against a shore, like the crash of the wilderness against Mr. Cleaveland's blockhouse. But the blockhouse had stood firm throughout.

Some of the Iroquois had gone down to their canoes, on the shore of the good river Cuyahoga. Red voices were still upraised in the chilly forest feathered with snow. Lord, they sounded savage. The new Ohio winter had not affected their hot rage and torment. Their drums went shoreward with them, their drums still being struck. At the river they met another tribe, the Missisaugas, and the two tribes conferred.

Then the sounds ceased, and the settlers stood as if they were deafened.

"I was in your house once in Connecticut," Rogue informed her over his shoulder. He sounded noisy in the hush surrounding them. "I helped the men carry in your father when he fell down in the street."

Heartbroken, Lorena flung up her arm and wept against the wall. She said she knew, and that the shame of his knowing all about them was beyond her bearing.

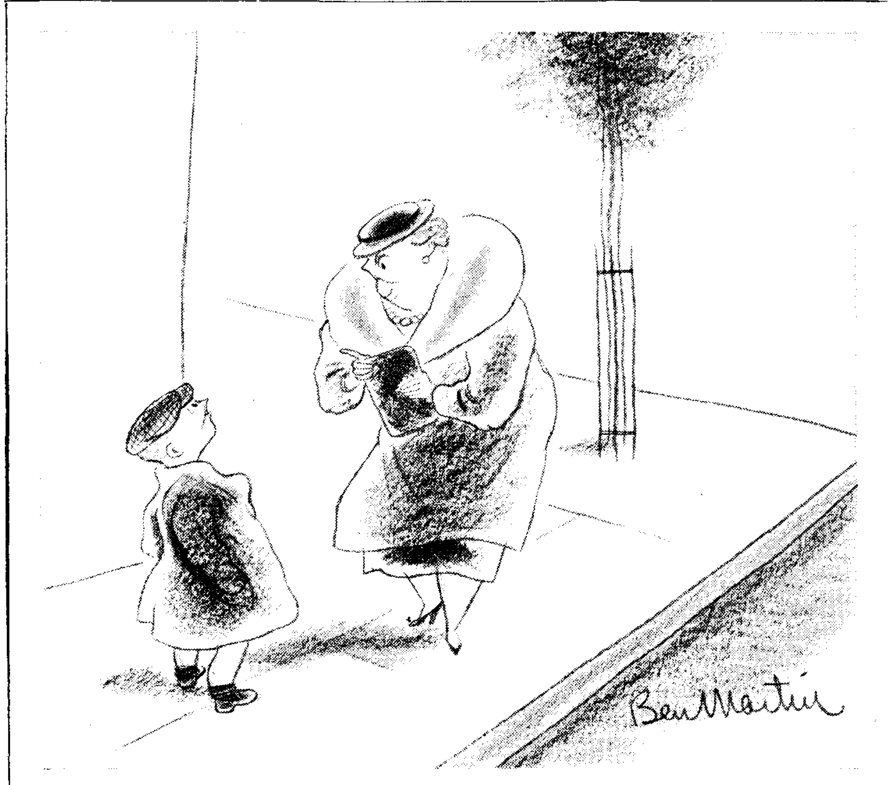
But Scout Edward Jarman said, "Pa let me come west when he heard that Dr. Van Duzen and Mr. Cleaveland were out here on the Reserve. I honor your father in many respects, miss. But he is of too fine a grain to stand such things as other men stand. He would have done better to remain in Connecticut."

ROGUE proved right. For now that the tumult and the shouting had died down outside, Professor Van Duzen had arisen from his stool by the fire, in the midst of the council of settlers, had detached himself from the clinging hands of his wife, and stood ready, with his noble white brow uplifted, to address their group.

"Our suffering enemies lie out, bathing their wounds, upon our shore. The battle is over—is not their lesson learned? Who desires war, when peace can yet be had? We are the victors—I will go out through that door with a white flag and arrange a peace. You will say there is danger. Therefore let me go. My life has come to mean little. I have less to lose than you upstanding men."

Mr. Cleaveland, coughing in the smoke lingering from the firing, answered him with courtesy. "You bring us more out here than you realize, Dr. Van Duzen," Mr. Cleaveland said. "Edward Jarman and Richard Kelly and myself and many others of the men hereabouts are college men. You bring us recollection of our cultured days before we decided to come out here and settle the Western Reserve for our country. We build cabins but in

(*Continued on page* 100)



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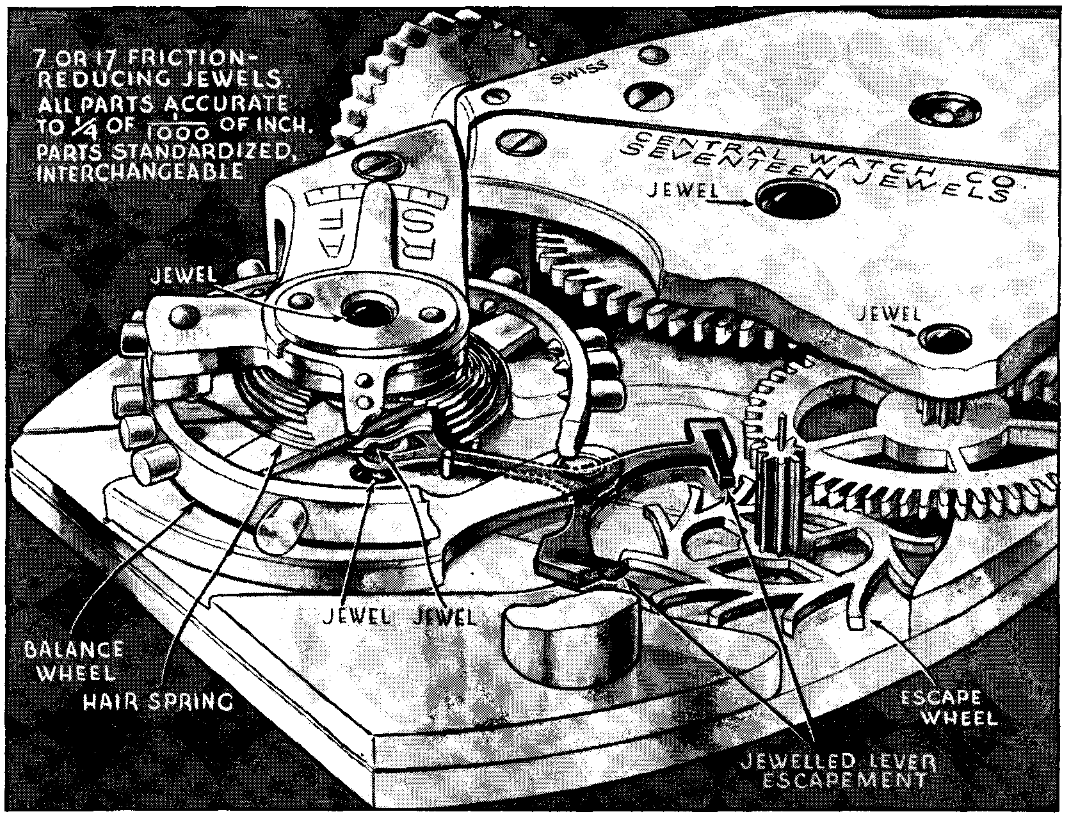
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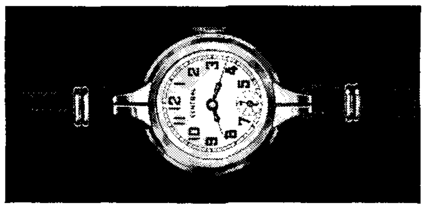

EVE—7 jls., White Centralite . $12 95
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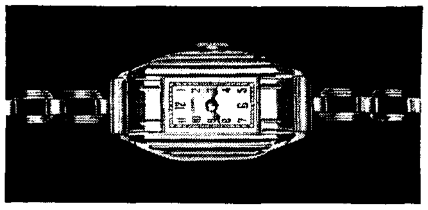

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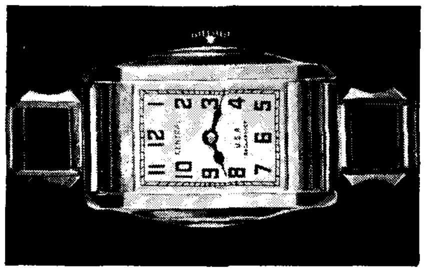

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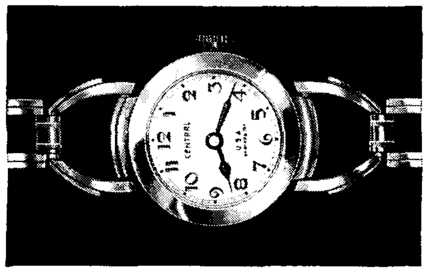

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ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

In the Blockhouse

Continued from page 98

them are bookshelves and on the shelves are books. Education and the love of English literature, Dr. Van Duzen, are at the heart of the Western Reserve."

Lorena wanted to thrust her fingers in her ears. How could they talk so long, in the midst of savage danger? But these college pioneers made long-winded speeches and provoked deliberate thoughts, no matter what their danger was.

"Moses and Edward and Richard," her father was saying collectively, calling them by their first names as if these tall, stalwart, bearded men were all as young as Edward Jarman was. They were all so much taller than her father. "I was your teacher. I still can teach. And, by heaven, I still shall teach you. These Indians do not understand our presence here. Have you paid them well for this land? They question our right to the lake shore. And so do I. Did you buy it of them? And the forests, where the snow falls night after night, what price can mortal men set on these? It is strange when men buy trees and cut them down where they stand in the sunlight. And what riches have you at command, Moses Cleaveland, what payment can your paltry Connecticut Land Company make, that will equal in value the steep, green banks of the Cuyahoga—"

Her father would bring woe on everyone, and on himself, and with the finest feelings in the world. And these men would listen to him with the deference due an older man, even Mr. Cleaveland, inscrutable and shrewd and kind, would listen to her father, for her father had been his teacher at Yale College in 1776.

THERE were dead lying out in the clearing. Most of the dead were Iroquois. Several of their restless wounded had dragged themselves over under the trees and lay prone there, where no one ventured near to tend them. Among the surveyors up from the lake shore, a Mr. Hardy had been shot and killed. His friends were standing around the body.

Now the blockhouse door was opened slowly, and Lorena's father appeared, on his way to the council of the two tribes on the Cuyahoga shore, backed by Rogue Jarman and Mr. Cleaveland. These two last carried their guns. Lorena's father carried on a pole a white pillowcase to signify a truce. That flag of truce hung limp upon its staff, as most flags of truce do. It was a pity, Lorena thought, for like all women she desired peace.

This day had seemed very long—it was hard to remember the beginning of it. Now the sun was at last descending in the far west. While the door stood open, Lorena was busy inside the blockhouse, pouring out coffee into tin cups. Man, woman, and child, all filed past her for a cup of Lorena's hot coffee. Mr. Cleaveland had allowed them some coffee to commemorate the successful battle day.

The men had not been gone very long when a loud, agonized scream was heard from the clearing, and then the hot noise of both guns. Lorena set down the coffeepot carefully.

"My dear husband," her mother cried, and together the two women rushed for the door.

But Mr. Cleaveland had hurried back and was in time to hold them on the threshold. He pointed down the clearing. One of those restless wounded Indians had risen up in the shadow of the trees with only a bow and arrow to shoot at Mr. Van Duzen as he walked venturesomely out there carrying his white flag above the melting snow. The arrow had pierced him close to his heart, had probably entered one of the lungs.

Rogue carried his teacher in, across the bare, defeated footprints in the snow. In the blockhouse, as Lorena's father was laid down on the puncheon floor before the fire, Rogue's eyes sought hers. The white pillowcase had been clumsily thrust inside Mr. Van Duzen's waistcoat to stop the blood.

WHILE he lay there dying the roving band of the Iroquois led by the peaceable Missisaugas came and banged on the door to request a powwow. Their spokesmen conceded that they were unable to resist the settlers' superior firearms and they sued for peace. They had conceded that before, Mr. Cleaveland said. The Paqua chief of the Missisaugas said their tribe was not to be blamed for what the Iroquois band had done, and that they would insure the peace. Then, led by Mr. Cleaveland, who was authorized by his land company to negotiate with the natives and to make what payment his company could afford for their land, the settlers and surveyors attended the council. It was held on the Cuyahoga shore. Lorena watched the men leave the blockhouse, the men so white, so fine, so upstanding and so blundering, many times stupid, always childlike and stubborn, yet staying out here long enough to settle the country. A new sickle moon was promising in the evening sky. Subdued peace came to the lake shore, as her father lay dying.

Lorena's hand was the last hand her father clasped on this earth. Her hand on one side, Edward Jarman's hand on the other. Smilingly his eyes found his wife. He wanted all three of them to be there.

Then he was dead and wordless, and Lorena leaned and kissed him. She had not thought she loved him, but she did love him.

And because she had loved her father, she found she could love some others too, some others who knew all about them. Rogue stood on the other side of the room, with his face hidden humbly. His friend was dead; he had gone back to his loophole in the wall. Lorena Van Duzen took him a cup of fresh-made coffee, but he turned away a little. So she set down the cup and put both arms around him and kissed him. She could see dull red come up under the brown of his cheeks, and from the quick answering clasp of his arms Lorena figured that he had loved her a long time—that was why he had been so angry and forbidding when she had left him at the blockhouse to go and live with her parents alone up the crick. In peace and warmth and glory they kissed, and together they wept for her father.

ROGUE proudly had in the pocket of his hunting coat the last book her father had given him, just the other day when Rogue returned to the cabin up the crick. It was "The Tempest," a poetic play by William Shakespeare.

"Look inside, at what he wrote," Rogue advised her shyly, and she could see the dull red color glowing in his cheek again.

Inside the worn cover her father had written in his magnificent handwriting:

"I give this book to Edward Jarman, who this day in our cabin asked me for the hand of my only daughter in marriage. That she may some day care for him is my most earnest wish. I somehow know—for weak men can recognize strength—that in this young man lies the most splendid future on our Western Reserve. May God bless my daughter's husband, and the United States of America."

The Jonah

Continued from page 48

She was to be ready for her first voyage in little more than a month. They were giving her to Jon Chadwick, and taking him off his job in advance so he'd be able to prowl over her while she was fitting and get to know her before he took her in charge. And there he was, growling as if he were being misused. Here was a fellow who didn't want command! It was almost unbelievable. I think I glowered at him.

"You aren't . . . ah . . . afraid of the quarter-deck, are you?"

He sat down abruptly, and his face twisted up in a pained grimace. I was sorry I'd said it.

"You know that isn't so, sir," he murmured; and I did.

"Well . . ."

"I can't do it, sir!" he cried. "I can't!" He leaned forward, fixing me with those eyes of his, all wrinkled up at the corners, eyes that seemed able to see so much more than other people's. "You know what I mean. It's happened every time, from the very first. You remember the Corbin, sir, five years ago? She took a sugar charter and was bound light for Cuba when she tangled with that hurricane. She was never heard of again. Turned up her keel with all hands, most likely. All right!" he cried in a hollow voice. "I was second mate 'of her till then. I begged them not to take me off. . . . Soon as I left, it happened. Can't you see, sir, what it means? I . . . I feel responsible. Those chaps haunt me on dark nights! Now it's worse. Julie, I mean Miss Sumner, is on board here. We're engaged. I think more of her than I do of any damned ship's command! If anything should happen to her, I . . . I've got to break that jinx, sir. By heaven, I've *got* to!"

I was still looking hard at him.

"You do as you're ordered," I said. "Sign off this ship and get about your new command. Nothing is going to happen to the Calentia just because you leave her."

He came to his feet, heavily and slowly. "Very good, sir," was all he said.

I called a good luck to him, but he never stopped. He kept on going, right through the doorway and out of my sight. And the next day we sailed for Liverpool.

It was a raw, wet November afternoon. Cunning little puffs of breeze kept muttering in the northern quarter out of a sky half fog, half stratus cloud. You know what that means. Before we discharged the pilot, it set down thick as mud.

CLEAR of the Banks, the weather lifted and I could take a bit of rest. Not much, though. Because the western ocean was true to its signs. Those little grumblings of northern wind got their whiskers stiff soon enough, and we went heading into a gale that wasn't playing quoits. A regular snifter—one of those squalls that's got nothing in it but sleet and misery for the men of the watch.

The Calentia was an old stager for that sort of thing. She hummed shrilly with the gale, but she knew how to take those long-running, hollow green seas with their hoary beards. She let them come aboard, when she thought it best, a curling monster or so she saw she couldn't avoid. Sheets of foaming ocean poured over her head and against the sea-break on her foredeck, to spill in angry green from her freeing ports. It was a pleasure to watch her. And I did!

I am by nature a careful man. It's strange how many chances a fellow thinks he'd take when he's mate; and how cautious he suddenly gets when the ship's his own. But that voyage, I watched the Calentia like a hawk. I was in challenge, and I confess I didn't like it a bit. Jon Chadwick had the notion that every time he left a ship disaster fell on it. Now that's not reasonable. I meant to demonstrate—to myself as well as to him!—that it was not his preserving presence that kept *my* ship secure. How would you feel? I felt it was as much as to say my professional skill was nothing at all. So something inside me was definitely on guard. Maybe my old grandfather and his lucky silver pieces had something to do with it, but I took precious little rest. I meant to explode Jon Chadwick's silly jinx.

I saw Julie Sumner several times, too. It was good to watch her, pretty, efficient and self-assured about her work, comforting a sorry-looking crowd of gale-weary passengers.

THEY felt better as we neared the Irish coast, shaping for Fastnet Light. For that unholy gale got it over with at last, though it took some time for those hollow rollers to flatten down. That night even the stars came out for what I think was the first time of the crossing. A fine night, cold as ice, but clear and brittle. Moonless and very dark on the water, with the sky full of the brilliant glitter of constellations. I felt cheery, I can tell you. Expected Fastnet's loom before dawn, and there was my ship bubbling along like a kettle singing on a kitchen stove of a winter's night. I stayed on the bridge till on toward midnight, just to enjoy it, and to remind myself it was high time someone blasted Jon Chadwick's foolish notion once for all.

When the watch changed, the relieving officer was so delighted to find the weather fine he came over to say a word. You couldn't blame him. A fellow can do with the comfort of a human voice when he's just been routed out of a warm bunk to do the middle trick. An early November gale in the North Atlantic is pretty rough when you're pounding it at better than twenty knots! He nodded down the dark run of the boat deck before turning to face the weather.

"He's pretty near walked it all the way," he rumbled quietly. "They ought to build him a bridge."

I looked, and smiled to myself. There was the dark shape of some lonely passenger down there, pacing it off in great style. "Got insomnia, I guess, Mister."

"Lots of 'em get it up in these latitudes, sir." The officer grinned. "Me, I could sleep through any gale . . . if the watch would only forget to call me."

I remembered the days when I could have done that myself. I was pretty well fagged, though. It hadn't been an easy crossing. And I was just about to go below for some badly needed shut-eye. . . . But I never did.

Because all of a sudden, while I stood there musing, I heard heavy running steps on the boat deck below. I spun round just in time to see a huge, dark shape swing up the ladder as if it had wings. It was a man, though. I heard his heavy panting breath as he swept me to one side. I was that astonished, his thrust staggered me against the bridge bulwark, and I am not an easy man to stagger.

"She'll strike, sir!" his harsh tight voice cracked out.

"What the devil!" the officer of the watch managed to gasp.

And then, so help me, before we could so much as put a hand to him, that fellow

(*Continued on page* 102)

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(*Continued from page* 101)

had a fist on each of the engine telegraphs, tearing them back to full astern. I found my voice and my anger then, I can tell you. I was red clean through. Some drunken fool of a passenger having what he imagined was great sport on the bridge of an ocean liner!

"You confounded idiot!"

I lunged at him together with the watch officer. But he wasn't there any longer. He was inside the wheelhouse. We lost precious moments while that fool threw in the general alarm switch. The bells started clanging. Next thing, he had the manual steering gear engaged.

"Quartermaster!" I heard him bellow. "Keep her hard over!"

I was inside by that time. He'd thrown the switch for the watertight bulkheads, too. I could see the little red and green lights showing up on the telltale as the doors started closing all over the ship. By God! I thought like a flash, that numskull's been on a liner's bridge before. I swung for him again, but he was already out the weather door, hurling himself down the ladder for the boat deck. The watch officer was after him. But he stopped short suddenly in his tracks. So did I. Far forward there was a deep, throttled explosion. The Calentia's bows lifted with a sickening sensation, and fell back again.

"Stop her!"

I was out in the wing again, peering forward. I felt suddenly icy all over. It was no good flying into a rage. What was it we'd struck? That was the thing now! The officer—he had swung his body far over the weather wing—dashed back to me.

"Something black, sir," he whispered hoarsely, "just floated by."

"Send the mate up! You get forward, Mister. Have a look. Sound the forepeak well! Lively! There's three hundred ton of baled cotton waste on the 'tween deck, for'ard of the steerage. If that takes fire . . ."

He was gone. The rest of my officers started reporting. I sent them about their jobs. The whole ship was lit up, blazing with cluster lights now. And as I stood there, doing what I could in the press of sudden catastrophe, I saw that fellow down on the foredeck, far ahead of any of my own men. He was a giant all right, dark and huge in the downflung glare of the foremast cluster. He was tearing at the steerage scuttle. He got it open, and I saw a belch of heavy smoke hit him square in the face. But he never stopped. He went straight down into it.

I HAD some bad minutes, plenty of them.

The boat deck was crowding with frightened passengers. They were scared clean through. I sent two Juniors along to help the purser and the steward soothe them down. It didn't look good. In that lurid glare on the deck of a liner swinging to the ocean swells, they revealed their natures plainly. You could tell, in those moments, which were the really courageous men, and which the pretty women. And then suddenly, in all that scrambling turmoil, I saw Julie Sumner. She marched straight through them, and presently I heard her tinkling laugh very clearly.

"It's Armistice Day, you silly people!" she cried at them. "Can't you stand a little celebration?"

I'd heard enough. It warmed me through. Julie Sumner knew what she was about. I looked forward again, and was just in time to see them staggering up out of the steerage scuttle. But I breathed easier. The smoke was gone. That fellow who had ducked down there in the lead, as if he knew what was going to happen and was all prepared for it, he'd got it under control almost at once. And a blessed good thing he had! I waited, my fists tight on the rail, for my officers to report.

How long all that lasted, I'll never really know. It seemed ages. But my log book says very plainly that we came back on our course at half-speed by five bells in the middle watch. The Calentia was taking water forward. But she was holding her head up well, most of the damage above the line. The bulkhead would hold it; we got pumps on it at once. On a half-speed bell we could manage good enough up the Irish Sea to Liverpool.

I sent a quartermaster to hunt up Julie Sumner and that passenger, and went down to my office to wait for them. I was thoroughly shaken up. Well, how would you feel if an unswept war mine, floating the ocean out of the North Sea, came up and kissed your ship's bows good morning on a dark night in the middle watch southwest of the Fastnet Light? Because that's what the Board of Inquiry—some months later—decided it was we fouled.

JULIE came in first, her pert, blond head as saucy as ever. I complimented her for her plucky job with that frightened crowd, and she smiled at me. I felt better at once. She was going out when my mysterious passenger stepped over the weatherboard. Julie stopped in her tracks. Her hand flew to his lips.

"Jon!"

I stared at him in absolute astonishment. It was Jon Chadwick, all right. He looked thin and haggard, with sleepless eyes and hollow cheeks. His brows and the hair of his large hands were badly singed. He was pretty well done in. He came forward slowly, touching Julie's arm lightly as he passed, and stopped in front of me, swaying a little with fatigue.

"I'm sorry, sir," he murmured wearily, "but you see how it is."

"Was that you took charge of my ship?"

"Ay, sir. I didn't mean—"

"What in thunder are you doing aboard here?"

"I stowed away, sir."

"You . . . what!"

"I'd just finished building a small mate's locker, sir, aft of the steerage before I was relieved. I didn't tell the new mate about it. I've been living down there on biscuit and water. . . . I'm sorry, sir."

Sorry! He looked it. Ship biscuit and water for an Atlantic crossing, and precious little of either, at that, by the drawn look of his face. The whole business came sweeping back to my mind.

"So you stowed away on my ship to guard it from your calamities?" I asked dryly.

"Yes, sir; I did. The ship . . . and Julie. I told them ashore I was ill and wanted a few weeks holiday before taking over my new command. And I stowed away on the Calentia. I thought, sir, that if I was on board after my relief I could break that damned jinx. So help me, sir, that's all I wanted to do!" His face was twisted up tight. He was in deadly earnest, make no mistake. "I dozed during the day, sir, and at night I kept the watch from the boat deck. I just spotted that black thing floating down on us. I had a hunch what it was. I knew that if it struck amidships or anywhere near the boiler-room there wasn't a chance. So I did the only thing I could. I swung the ship's head to it." His shoulders sagged. "I thought if I was aboard nothing would happen. But it seems my name's got to be on the articles, sir."

"Nonsense!" I barked at him. "Sheer, unmitigated nonsense, Mr. Chadwick. I won't have it! Your relief from this ship had nothing whatever to do with the accident. If it was bound to happen, it would have happened anyhow!" I stormed at him and I raged. But I will tell you that deep down in my heart I knew my anger was nothing but a quarter-deck gale. I had to defend myself somehow, didn't I? "Now you listen to me. The both of you! I'll forget the whole business on one condition. The Calentia will have to go on dock at Liverpool for survey and repair. I'll smooth this thing over, Mr. Chadwick, and I'll arrange to sign Julie off the ship if she'll take you in tow back to your command." I turned to her, and I like to think I smiled. "Marry him, Julie—or drown him! But keep him off here, and get that nonsense out of his silly head!"

She didn't have to answer. Nor did he. Just seeing the look that came into her eyes was enough. . . . And that's the way it was.

The Calentia got clear of the riveters sooner than any of us thought, and it wasn't long before she was plowing westward across the North Atlantic again, sound as ever. I didn't take much rest. I think on that homeward crossing I earned for myself a very ragged reputation with my officers. I hounded the bridge till I expect they all cursed me roundly for an old fool. No one likes to have a skipper up on his heels by the hour. But I didn't care. I was going to see to it Chadwick's idiotic superstition was thoroughly blasted. And it was. It was the smoothest midwinter passage I have ever known.

I felt so good about it the afternoon we closed the Channel Lightship, I told the chief engineer the whole business. He laughed at me heartily from deep in his burly chest. He thought it rather a rare joke. And so it was. All that stuff and nonsense. And there had hardly been a sign of white water all the way across!

I was sitting at my desk while we talked, idly conning the purser's papers I had to sign. The crew list was before me. And suddenly I stiffened and let out a hoarse and angry growl. There, on that list, was a fireman whose name was marked—as plain as day—*Jon Chadwick!*

"Get him up here!" I roared. "Get him up here at once!"

HE CAME up all right, dirty and grimy with engine oil. And when he stepped into my office and I looked up I saw a gigantic coal black Negro! I stared at him, dumfounded.

"What's your name?"

He hesitated, his thick lips trembling a little. Finally he managed to mumble: "Jon Chadwick, suh."

"What!"

He shifted his feet. He rolled his eyes. And then at last he broke down completely. Because he was thoroughly scared, I guess.

"Now looka here, suh," he gushed out. "I ain't aimin' to get into no trouble. He tol' me it was all right, an' he hadn't done nothin' wrong. I ain't neither, suh, so help me!"

"You better tell us about it then, man!" the chief barked at him. "And quick!"

"Yes, suh! A fellah gimme the half o' a twenty-dollar bill in a Liverpool pub for me to sign the ship's articles callin' myself Jon Chadwick. He mailed the other half to N'York, where I gets it when the trip's over, suh. Thass all I know. S'help me, suh, I ain't aimin' to get into no trouble! My real name's George Lincoln Johnson an'—"

The chief's bellowing laughter interrupted him. It reassured him, too, and he went shuffling out, mumbling to himself. But for myself, I didn't think it so laughable.

It wasn't till sometime after that I learned who finally broke Jon Chadwick's jinx. It wasn't his notion at all. He would never have thought of it. It was Julie Sumner's idea.

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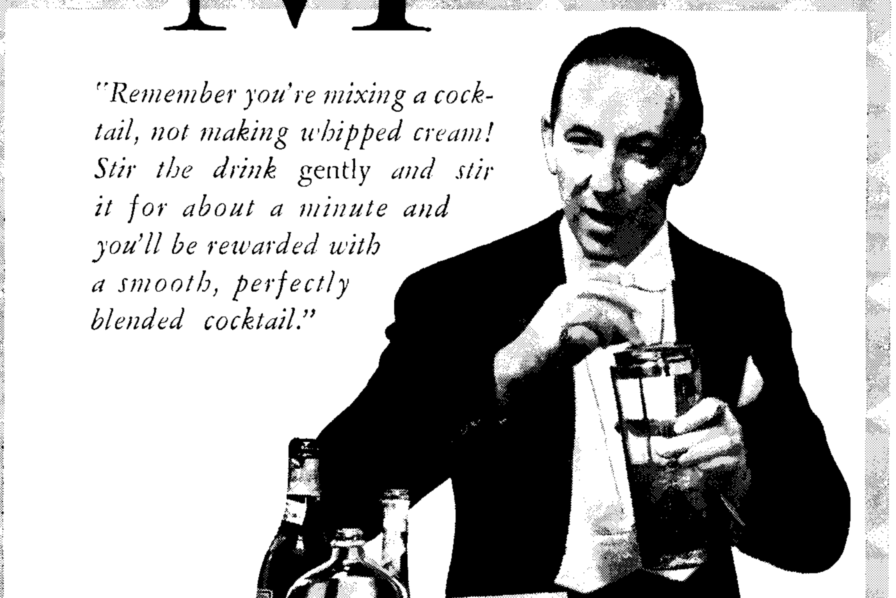

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The Green Parakeet

Continued from page 36

hand she made a friendly gesture and then opened her arms. Pashka, on his side, made some gestures in reply, beseeching the girl to come down into the courtyard and heal his breaking heart, but at the climax of this silent declaration of love a large, mustached woman, wearing a Turkish shawl, completely eclipsed Ludmila, shut the window with a bang and scorched Pashka with a glance flaming with disdain.

Pashka dragged himself home. For two weeks he suffered horribly, spending most of his nights in the Dead End Street Prosvirny, terrifying its peaceful residents who took him for a thief or a maniac. Completely exhausted and at his wit's end, when the third Sunday came, he carefully cleaned his suit with hot tea, donned a rose-colored necktie with green dots, diligently polished his shoes and set out to ask Ludmila's hand in marriage.

IT WAS the young girl herself who opened the door for him. As soon as she saw who it was she uttered a stifled scream and pressed her hand to her breast, but Pashka went straight past her into the dining-room, where her parents, just back from Mass, were having their tea and crescent rolls. Halting in the middle of the room, he said:

"Good day, Citizens! Please excuse me for coming to your home this way *without a special invitation, but I must* tell you that from now on I cannot live without Ludmila. From the first time I saw her my fate was sealed. Do what you will; there is only one course open to me and that is to marry your daughter whom I love tenderly with my whole heart and whom I shall continue to love to my last breath. As for my place in life, briefly it's this: I am a qualified locksmith; I have been a member of the Communist Party since 1923; I do not drink; I do not dissipate; I do not play cards; I have no woman to support nor any children, legitimate or otherwise—in short, I am an irreproachable Soviet citizen. Listen to me, Papa, and you, Mamma—" Papa cut him short without ceremony.

"I am not your Papa and have no desire to be!" he announced, his face distorted with anger. "And what's more, my wife is not your Mamma. Get that into your head once and for all!"

"What do you mean, loafing around our courtyard and forcing your way into a home where you are not wanted?" his wife exclaimed in a voice so ear-splitting that the young man's blood froze in his veins. "We don't like that kind of thing. We snap our fingers at suitors like you. If we give our little Ludmila in marriage, it *will* only be to a man of means who has the capital necessary to enlarge our business. In a word, get out and never dare to set foot here again. Go to your Communists, that's where you certainly belong. Good day, young man!"

"Then you won't give me your daughter's hand?" asked Pashka in an agonized tone.

"No!" shrilled Papa.

"No!" thundered Mama, and got up like a monstrous fury.

"Very well!" replied Pashka with a threatening glance. "The instant you start talking about capital to enlarge your business, I leave. You will soon hear from me; you can be sure of that! I'll teach you a lesson you'll remember to your dying day. You have underestimated me, I think. Goodby, little Ludmila; don't give in to your brutal *parents. Wait for me; have faith in me!*"

Gritting his teeth, Pashka left the apartment and went directly to the Soukhariowka Market, where he bought a large kitchen knife. Going straight home, he locked himself up in his room and no one saw him come out all day.

WINTER came and went. The last blocks of ice were cut from the Clean Lakes and hauled by truck across the city. Pashka had returned to his regular work at the factory, but once the working day was over he shut himself up in his room, locked the door and from then on the house was filled with soft, metallic sounds which aroused the curiosity of his neighbors.

Then one fine morning the ice broke up and the river rolled gayly on its way. Every Sunday Pashka hurried to the Clean Lakes to see if the booth was open. But it still remained closed, giving no sign of life.

But all things have an end. Pashka gave a delighted shout one Sunday afternoon when he discovered that the curtain was gone and the booth open. As usual, a crowd of onlookers filled the doorway. Lights burned invitingly inside and he heard muted laughter and the well-known metallic tinkle.

Pashka hunched his shoulders and made his way through the crowd. He approached the counter with an air of timidity. His large eyes, burning with emotion, seemed to occupy half his face, which had grown thin during the winter. *Ludmila, as usual, was picking up rings.* As soon as she noticed Pashka's arrival the color drained from her face, making it appear transparent, and her eyes grew dark.

"Excuse me, Comrade," said Pashka with an abrupt change of attitude as he pushed aside a young man who had just thrown his last ring. Without paying any attention to Papa, Pashka signaled to the girl. Hypnotized, as though moving in a dream, she handed him a stack of rings. He barely touched Ludmila's cold fingers and tossed a three-ruble note down on the counter.

"Don't forget to hire a carriage to take home the samovars," cried a sarcastic voice from the crowd.

WITHOUT bothering to turn around Pashka took a ring and sent it sailing with nonchalant ease. The knife he aimed at did not even tremble. There was one brief tinkle. The ring had settled in place without touching the handle of the knife. The little old man anxiously scratched his nose and defiantly put down in front of Pashka a package of Babaieff cookies. Pashka absentmindedly pushed this to one side, took a step backward and casually tossed another ring. The latter, with the same winged ease as the first, attained its goal and snuggled about a knife. The proprietor literally did not have enough time to take down another box of cookies before Pashka had thrown, one by one, three more rings with the same precision and the same spectacular success. Fascinated, the crowd grew silent.

Papa turned his little withered face toward Pashka and began to wink his eyes piteously. A dark drop of sweat crawled down his forehead like a bug. Suddenly his clothes seemed to have grown too large for him and to be sagging in folds all about him while Pashka, his legs crossed, supporting himself by one elbow on the counter, sent rings flying like flashes of lightning.

"Well, Papa, what have you decided about Ludmila?" he asked under his breath, glancing right and left with as*sumed indifference.*

"You shan't have her!" the other replied in a shrill voice.

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"Ah!" said Pashka sleepily. "I shan't have her? Well, well!" He turned toward one of the youngsters who surrounded him and said: "Listen, my boy, go and find a carriage at the Pokrowa Gate. I'll give you a samovar as a reward.... Step back a little, Papa. That's it, thank you."

Pashka's face became as inscrutable as if it had been covered by an iron mask. A vein rose on his forehead, tracing a line from top to bottom. His hands moved and once more lightning flashed from his miraculously nimble fingers. The knives trembled and tinkled, unexpectedly captured by rings, not one of which missed its mark. The crowd increased, murmured, shouted. From all sides people ran in excitement toward the booth. Pashka hardly glanced at the shelves which he was attacking so furiously. With a distracted air he allowed his gaze to wander over the proprietor, Ludmila, the crowd, anywhere. He was terrific. Not a single ring fell in the rack below the bottom shelf. In ten minutes or so it was all over. With his sleeve Pashka wiped away the sweat that beaded his forehead. The crowd divided. A carriage stopped near the booth.

"Load it up!" Pashka ordered.

"But what are we going to do now that you have won everything?" asked Papa, articulating his words with difficulty and hovering pitifully around the shelves.

"Nothing special," Pashka replied calmly. "I'm going to dump all this stuff in the lake. And that will be that."

"But look here," the old man groaned in a woman's voice, "I have four hundred rubles' worth of merchandise here. . . ."

"I don't care. Even if you had a thousand rubles' worth, it all belongs to me! I haven't robbed you. No indeed! I can either take these things home or throw them in the pond, just as I like."

"He's right!" shouted joyous voices in the crowd. "Since he's won everything it all belongs to him."

Volunteers quickly loaded the carriage.

"Move on!" cried Pashka when the booth was empty and the carriage full.

"But where do you expect me to go?" cried the proprietor, beginning to weep. "I can't possibly go home; my wife would certainly kill me! Do you seriously intend to destroy all my goods?"

"Oh, quite seriously!" Pashka announced. "Drive to the bridge, boys. I'm with you."

Surrounded by a crowd, shouting and gesticulating in a kind of frenzy, the carriage moved forward to stop a few minutes later near the end of the little bridge across the pond.

As a start, Pashka seized a pair of boots, and, without changing his expression, threw them into the water. The crowd sent up a cry of surprise mixed with admiration.

"Stop!" cried the old man in a strangled voice, limping furiously toward the carriage. "Stop, stop, stop, I tell you! Stop, you madman!"

Pashka put his powerful hands on the articles loaded in the carriage and said softly, with lowered eyes:

"This is my ultimatum, Papa. I want to act fairly and all these people are witnesses. Do you want me to give you back all this?"

"I most certainly do."

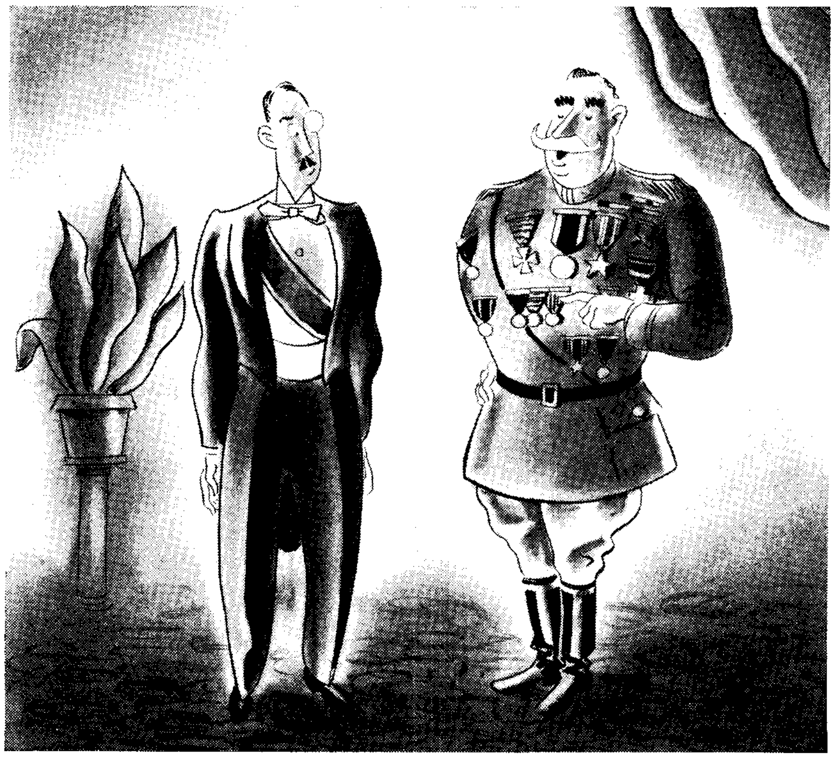
"Then give me your daughter and take back your junk; I'll return it to you gladly. I'm going to do one of two things: either I'll promise to stay a hundred miles away from your dirty shop or I'll ruin you. It's up to you to choose, dear Papa, but understand that I can't live without Ludmila."

"TAKE her!" cried the old man, waving his arm. "Take her and the devil go with you both!"

"Darling Ludmila!" said Pashka, white as a sheet, getting down from the carriage and hurrying toward the young girl. She came and pressed close to him, trembling and hiding her face with her sleeve.

"It's all over, Citizens. You can move on now!" cried Pashka and took Ludmila's arm with as much care as if she had been made of porcelain.

The flowering cherry trees perfumed the evening air. Their fragile blooms were everywhere, catching in the hair, drifting down from the trees and floating in clusters on the surface of the water. The crescent moon, slender as a knife, hung like a thread of gold in the deep violet of the sky just above the line of trees and the reflection of its young light was multiplied and divided into a thousand golden coins rocking on the ripples of the lake as far as you could see.



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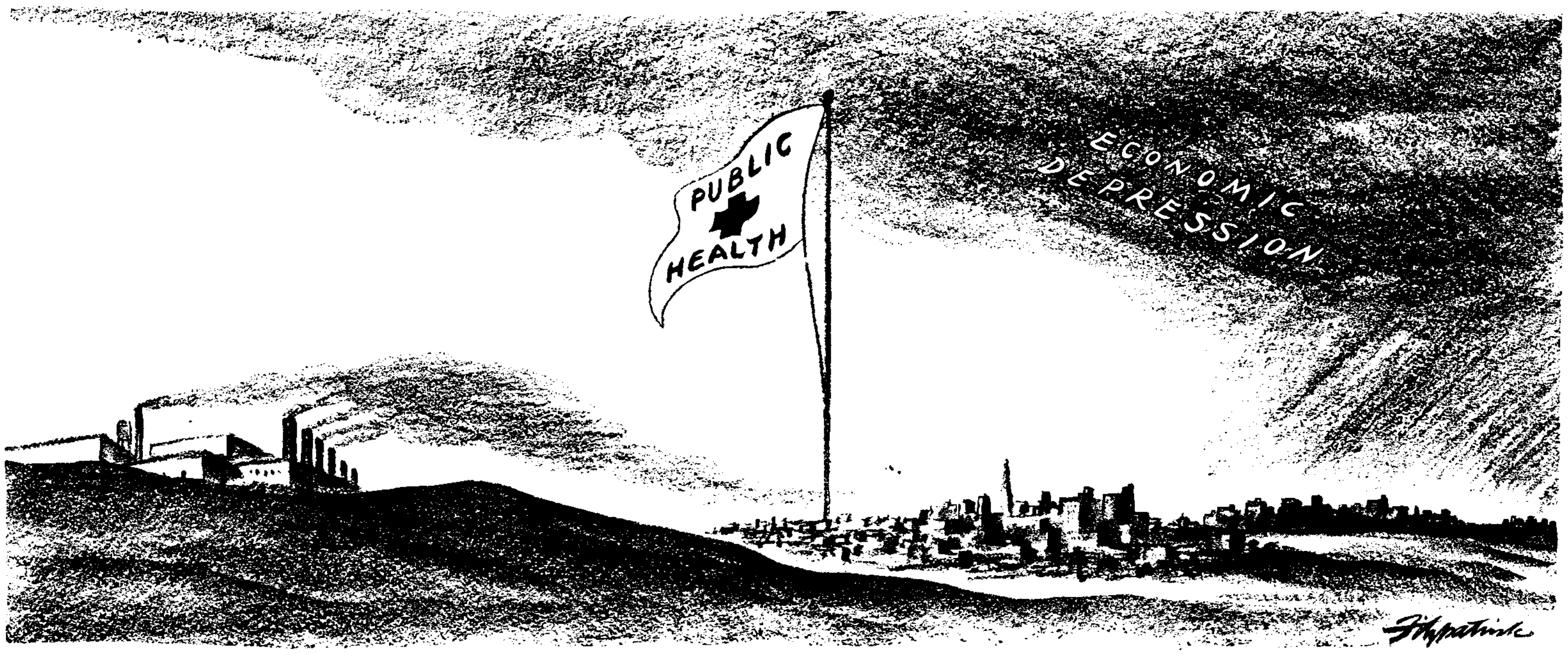

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Recent reports show that the average person in the United States can now look forward to well over sixty years of life. In 1900, it was fifteen years less. Such good health barometers as tuberculosis and infant mortality records are most encouraging. In the past six years, the death rate from tuberculosis declined a third. The current tuberculosis rate is about fifty per hundred thousand. It was about two hundred at the beginning of the century.

Deaths of infants are much less than in any year before the depression. The infant death rate is well under sixty per thousand live births. In 1900 it was about one hundred seventy per thousand. Studies by the United States Public Health Service show that there were no striking differences between the weights of children in 1934 and the average weights from 1921 to 1927.

If we take stock of our mental health we find much the same story. While there have been a greater number of admissions to mental hospitals during the past few years, much of the increase appears upon close study to have been due to a rapid growth in hospital facilities, more intensive methods of treatment, education in mental hygiene, and other similar factors. The financial inability of the families of many patients to care for them at home when hospital treatment was no longer required also added to the number of patients in such institutions. But there is no indication of serious mental breakdown on the part of our people.

Two excellent indices of everyday human courage and optimism are the marriage rate and birth rate. A decline in the marriage rate was one of the first effects of the depression. It fell to its lowest ebb in 1933; but in 1934 there was a definite reaction, and in 1935, for which figures are not as yet complete, bids fair to a continuation of the upward movement.

Young men and women didn't forswear marriage; they postponed it. The past two years have seen a real plucking up of courage and a trend toward the altar on the part of millions of young people who feel now that they can take the step toward personal happiness and the founding of a family.

The trend of the birth rate was already downward before the depression. But for the first time in many years there was an increase in 1934; and, while the complete figures are not yet available, reports from a number of states indicate that there has been no decrease in the past year.

On the basis of these facts, then, at the beginning of 1936, we have a very favorable report on the state of the nation's health. Our pride results from the conviction that the present situation is in part a creation of our own effort. The health organizations, public and private, which had been built up during the last thirty years, proved a mountain of strength. Furthermore, hard times brought a realization to the minds of all of us that great numbers of our neighbors were in distress. We went to work and provided relief, and many who had been neglected during earlier years received substantial assistance.

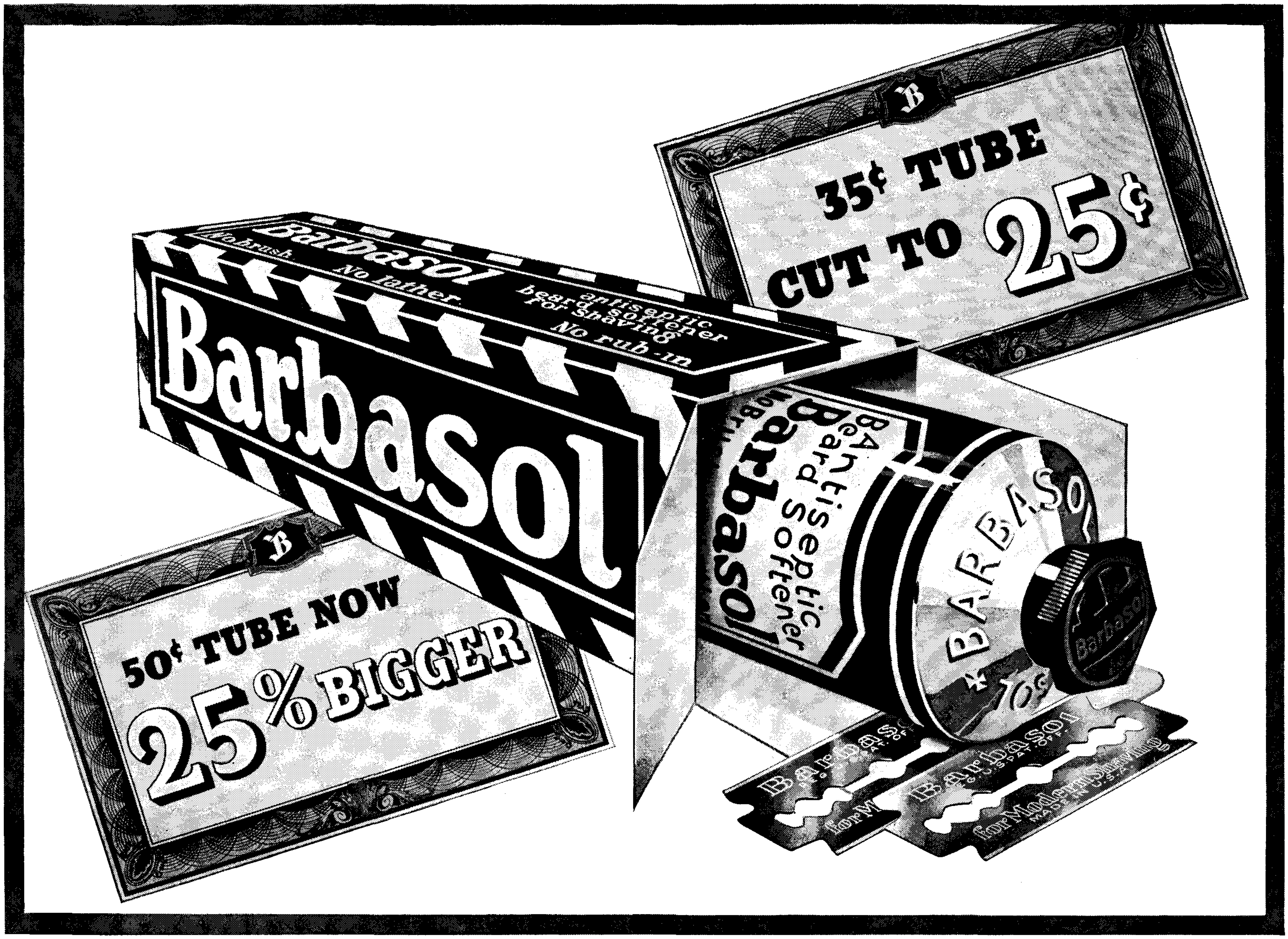
Food obviously has not been more abundant during the depression years. Consequently the sustained weight and health of children must be attributed to a better use of the available food.

The skilled social workers who visited families on relief brought a great deal of dietary information into such families. The government and numerous other agencies distributed millions of booklets on proper diets for children and for adults. The resulting emphasis on the use of milk, green vegetables and other substantial foods must help explain the remarkable health record. Literally, we have lived by our wits.

Thanks to the provisions made by the authorities, federal, state and local, few, if any, suffered from lack of the basic necessities of life. Millions of dollars were made available to provide medical care and nursing. Infants and children were cared for. Real progress was made in improving the hospital situation; and finally the federal government took its first step in the direction of the social security program. Some of the most important work was educational, emphasizing the need for a balanced though inexpensive diet, the value of early diagnosis in certain disease conditions, the great benefits to expectant mothers that come from prenatal check-ups by competent physicians, and the proper care of new-born infants.

The outlook, then, for the men, women, and children of our country is favorable. Apparently the past six years are not going to give rise to increased physical or mental disability. While economically we still have a great deal of lost ground to recover, physically and mentally we are already in advance of our predepression mark and in a position to make further progress. The seeds sown during the depression have proved to be seeds of understanding and helpfulness toward those who are temporarily or permanently unable to fend for themselves.

It is obvious and inescapable that we must continue and expand the valuable activities which helped us, now that the emergency has passed. They proved their worth during a difficult time. They paid large dividends on the investment and they will continue to do so in the future.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